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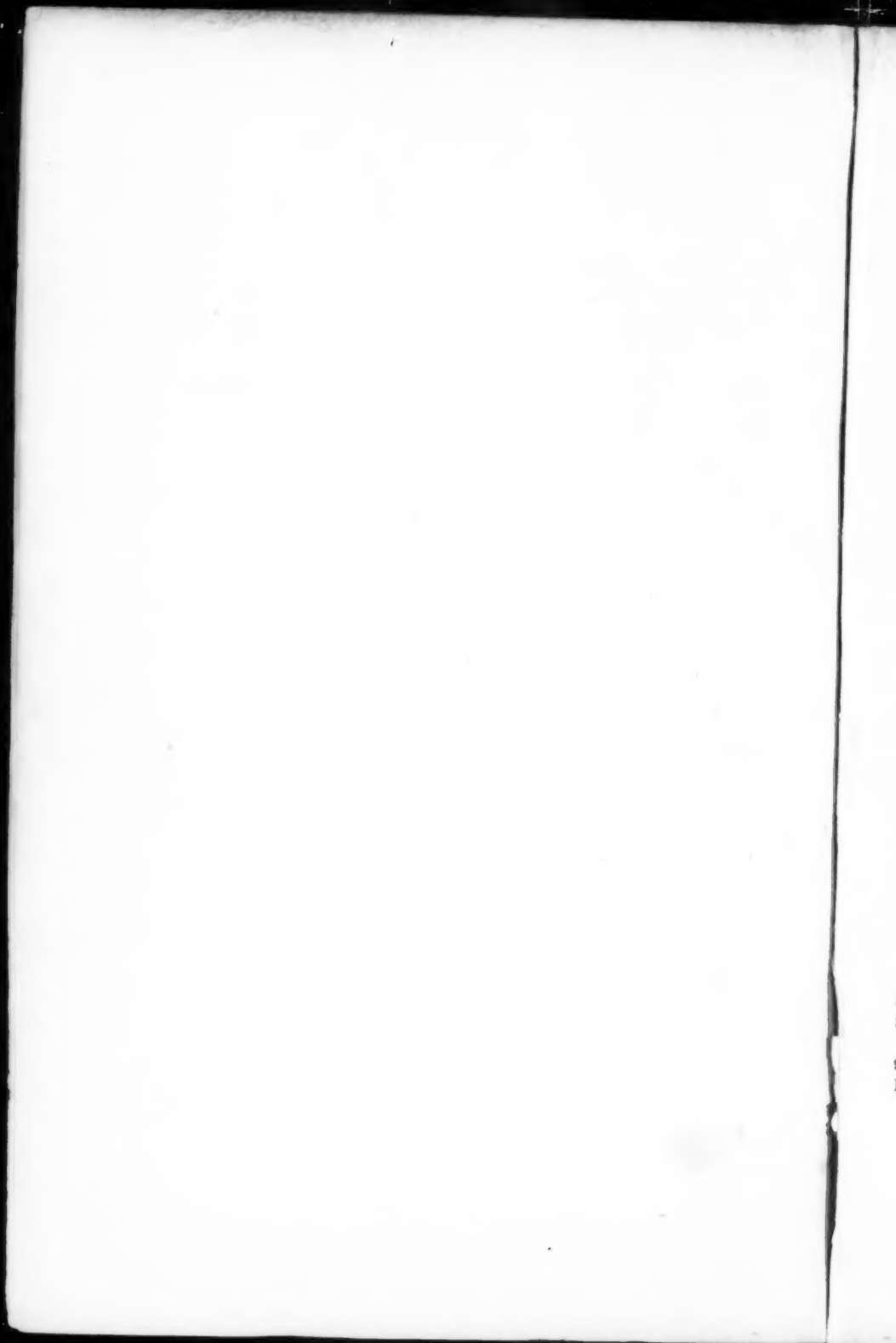
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BOSTON'S THRONE OF WEALTH, WITH NINE FULL PAGE PHOTOGRAVURES. IN THIS ISSUE.

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HERNE.

The ARENA

EDITED BY B. O. FLOWER.

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Economic and Political Papers IN THIS ISSUE.
II. NATIONALIZATION OF ELECTRICITY, Rabbi Solomon Schindler.
III. A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY, A. L. Diggs.
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IX. SOCIAL IDEALS OF VICTOR HUGO, by the Editor.

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Victor Hugo

THE ARENA.

No. LV.

JUNE, 1894.

THE BACK BAY: BOSTON'S THRONE OF WEALTH.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

IT is one of the ironies of life that nearly all the beauty in the world which has its origin in the mind of man awakens almost as much pain as pleasure. Of course this is not by any means an invariable rule, for there are some minds not open to the soul of beauty, and there are others in which an æsthetic complacency excludes all moral feeling. But in the minds of the generality of men the spiritual element is bound up with a strain of sadness; and for such architecture is necessarily the least satisfying of all the arts, as it is so largely an irony upon the dwarfed and pent-up spiritual life of the beholder, reminding him of all those coarse and ugly accidents of life that deny and trample upon his spiritual rights of manhood. That is why poets and musicians look unmoved upon the most beautiful buildings, while poetry and music, the latter especially, release the imprisoned soul in almost every man, even of the least religious feeling. Poetry and music make all the world kin; but architecture, while it may be "frozen music," as Madame de Staël said, is so apt to oppress the imagination as frozen pride and hate that its abstract beauty is lost in the arbitrary moral outrages it suggests.

When, therefore, we say that there are lessons in political economy in bricks and stones, we may be sure that the poor and oppressed in spirit, at least, will understand. The ethi-

cal spirit is still a dubious innovation in political economy and so this figure may seem mere fantasy to many matter-of-fact minds that batten upon fictions. But this is a haphazard application of the new political economy that is beginning to emerge out of the distracting region of circumstance, upon which the light of experimental science is now being thrown, creating greater revolutions of thought than sentiment, and which we pray in due season may devour the old political economy, that has so well served so many generations as the hobby horse of greed and desire. It would, of course, be outraging all probability to assert that some sense of the impending change in the science of political economy is beginning to be felt by the political economists, for their severe adherence to the forms of logic, starting from wholly arbitrary and untenable premises, has long divorced them from logic. Nevertheless, we must say the students of a science which has so gloriously prospered upon sober but fantastical assumptions, the very *cumulus* of fantasy, should be quick to perceive the truth even in a statement containing too much of fancy for strict analysis.

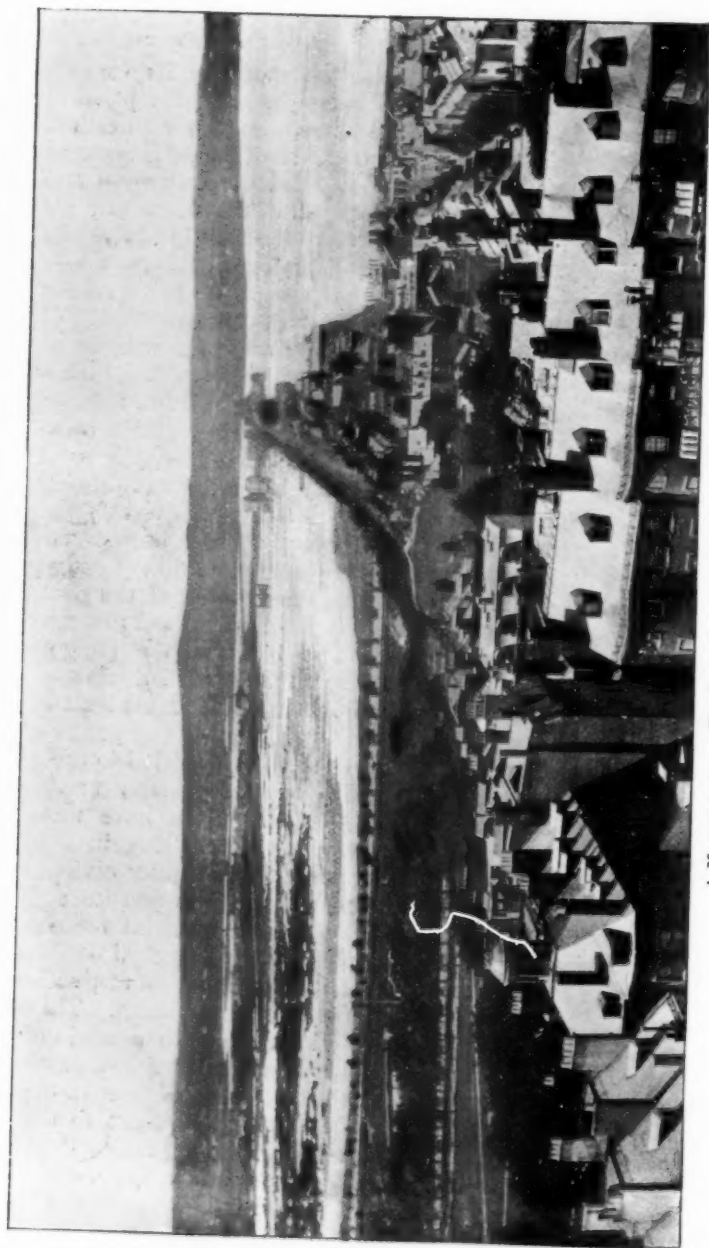
Unfortunately, as we have quite a stroll before us, we cannot linger by the way for a very tempting digression; but we can perhaps leave a hint of it in the air, as cross-country riders in galloping through a village street leave a hint of fox hunting behind them in a whirl of dust and the memory of a patch of color.

The old political economy which still dominates the imaginations of the comfortable classes (and perhaps more emphatically the minds of the comfortable classes in this country than those of Europe, for here a continent has afforded elbow room for both greed and defeat) was a logical artifice, a grave fiction of arithmetic, a preposterous philosophical abstraction which imposed upon ignorance and bolstered up greed as a veritable picture of the real world. As a philosophy (it always commended itself to Shylock as so practical) for the governance of society, the reconciliation of the antagonisms of nature and the repression of the original passions of mankind, it found its final and logical conclusion in the comfortable doctrines and commentaries of Malthus — which, however, should receive the careful attention of all writers upon sociology, for, in unwittingly destroying the canting hypocritical fiction of a lurking provi-

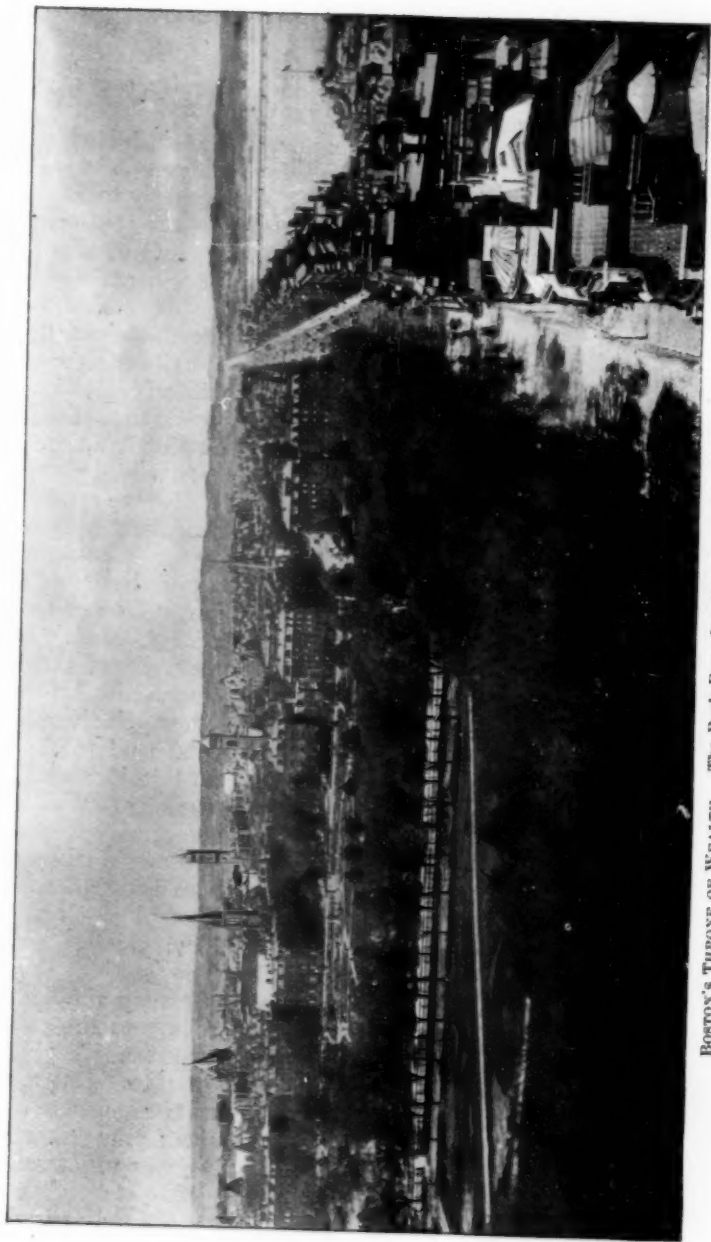
dence behind man's injustice for the succor of its victims, Malthus threw a startling light upon the orthodox political economy of his time and of our time. In this connection, too, Dean Swift's "Modest Proposal," in which he propounds a remedy for the cure of the misery and destitution in Ireland, is pertinent reading. Indeed, all of the amiable dean's writings are well calculated to foster reflection in the minds of those who hate and despise all disturbers of society.

But in this brief paper all we propose to do is to take a walk through the most beautiful and attractive streets of Boston, and reinforce our admiration, after the manner of good common-sense sojourners in strange cities, with an occasional glance at those provokers of æsthetic wonder, figures! We propose to keep our eyes open to all the æsthetic influences which are concentrated in the Back Bay, the most beautiful quarter of Boston. With a guide-book in our pocket—for the writer at any rate is a foreigner in this part of the city, although an inhabitant of another quarter ten minutes' walk away—we are going to explore, to the extent of our limited social opportunities, the beauties of the Back Bay, the region of comfort and grandeur, leisure and pleasure and luxury, fine dressing and fine manners, the land of opportunity, if not of extraordinary intellectual distinction—the colony of fortunates whom Almighty God sent ready booted and spurred to ride over the millions.

In a sane society, leisure would only be permitted to those who made some return in art or science or poetry to the community. In our beautiful anarchy those have most leisure among the merely rich who are most lacking in that moral and intellectual equilibrium, which, in older civilizations, sends the so-called "higher" classes into politics and other avenues of public life. But it is disgraceful for our higher classes to meddle with politics, except as the invisible intelligence behind the "machine," and so the most distinctly superior beings in our society make us but one return. They dine and wine and dance and dress and play in a world of security and sunshine, and then they live each week of beatitude over again in all the alluring importance of print in the Sunday newspapers. They make this one sacrifice to the claims of vulgar curiosity; and even the trifling expenditure which is necessary to balance the journalistic homage, could perhaps be better invested in purchasing some poor devil,



A MARSH-LAND. The Back Bay in 1838, from a photograph.



BOSTON'S THRONE OF WEALTH. The Back Bay of to-day, from photograph taken from Beacon Hill.

whose hunger has rather preyed upon his vanity, a respite from the agonies of emptiness.

Our walk from the social wilderness of the South End, in which we dwell so resignedly as to be invariably "out" to all callers except the letter carrier, leads us naturally to Park Square, where, ordinarily, we turn sharply to the southeast and go about our business in the social promiscuity of Washington and contiguous streets. To-day we pause; and looking up for the hundredth time at the Emancipation statue, it brings a train of different reflections from those usually associated with it. Our colored brethren are to-day as free as we are. But to what extent are the millions of toilers free? Is the writer, daily concocting abominations for a degraded journalism, under the scourge of necessity, a free agent? Are these wretched industrial serfs, huddled together in all the back streets surrounding this bronze symbol of liberty, free in very truth, or is their freedom merely a philosophic abstraction with but one reality about it — the alternative of starvation? Lincoln was one of the world's great men, and this statue symbolizes the destruction of the ball and chain, but not the establishment of *freedom*. It will take many, many generations, and the sacrifice of thousands of the highest lives in those coming generations, before the world ever sees a glimmer of that freedom which alone is *real* — the freedom of the mind and will and soul to find their best and most perfect expression. But this is heresy! Well, we have the support of good Tory orthodoxy. Walter Bagehot, one of the Tory school, but also one of the clearest thinkers and most authoritative of modern economic writers, says of slavery: "It is so congenial to human nature that it has arisen everywhere in past times, as history shows; and even now, taking the world as a whole, the practice and theory of it are in a triumphant majority."

Our business to-day, however, takes us among the free, among those for whose freedom we, who belong to the substratum of society, pay such a terribly heavy price.

As we pass through the Public Garden into Arlington Street, the roar of the city comes to our ears chastened to an agreeable rumble, that ever and again dominates the rustling of the wind in the trees without bringing any unpleasant reminders. The clatter of a great city at this distance has a touch of peace and exaltation in it; this bustle and strife is

Y. alas! the writer himself is one of those who will not permit his neighbor freedom of mind, Will, and Soul. —

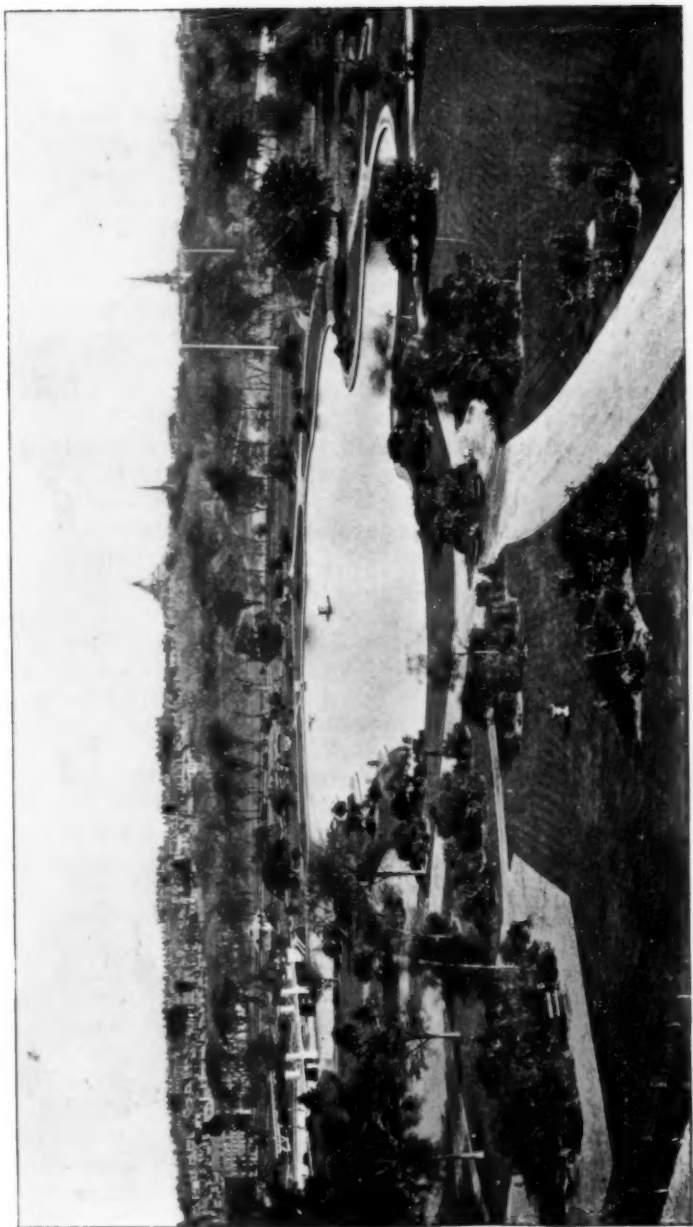


THE PUBLIC GARDEN, LOOKING TOWARD PARK SQUARE.

then sufficiently abstract to suggest the pity and futility of it all, in the presence of the lurking sphinx of old Time, the keeper of the secrets of eternity and death, the silent mocker of life. Thrift and passion, hate, ambition, war, trade and the murderous strife of peace—all shrink to the importance of gnat stings in the mind, when it is seized with an unescapable but peace-bringing sense of the infinite stretch of days and nights. Only love, of all our human passions, retains a shred of grandeur and dignity in the shadow of this vague but Titanic evocation of consciousness. Surely under such a ban men need no spur to philosophy, to love and goodwill.

But here on the north corner of Commonwealth Avenue stands an imposing building. It looks massive enough to suggest that it was built to last hundreds of years. It is large enough to comfortably house two or three hundred people. Is it a hospital, a college, or an art gallery belonging to the state? We glance at our guide book. It is the town mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Thingumyjig—this great pile of stones is devoted to the sheltering of two not extraordinarily indispensable persons. Within thirty minutes' walk of this mansion are men and women huddled together, sometimes as many as seven or ten people in a cellar, without heat, without food, with but a bundle of rags to serve all as a bed, entirely deprived of the privacy and decencies of life, without which human associations are in danger of becoming lower than those of the beasts. Oh, but put away those disagreeable thoughts, and look down Commonwealth Avenue. What a noble thoroughfare! What delicious dreams one can dream beneath the swaying, sun-glinted, green arch of the mall. Yes; but we can appreciate the mall better at night, when the impudent stare of these windows is less constant and visible, and the trees whisper their tenderest sympathies to the torn spirit.

A glance around will reveal a great many spires pointing heavenward. There is no district in Boston where the churches are thicker. Evidently there are not lacking spiritual consolers among the rich. And then these are all *Christian* churches, temples erected to the honor and glory and worship of the humble carpenter, *Jesus Christ*, who ate and drank with publicans and outcasts, and whose gospel upon earth was summed up in His answer to the Pharisees



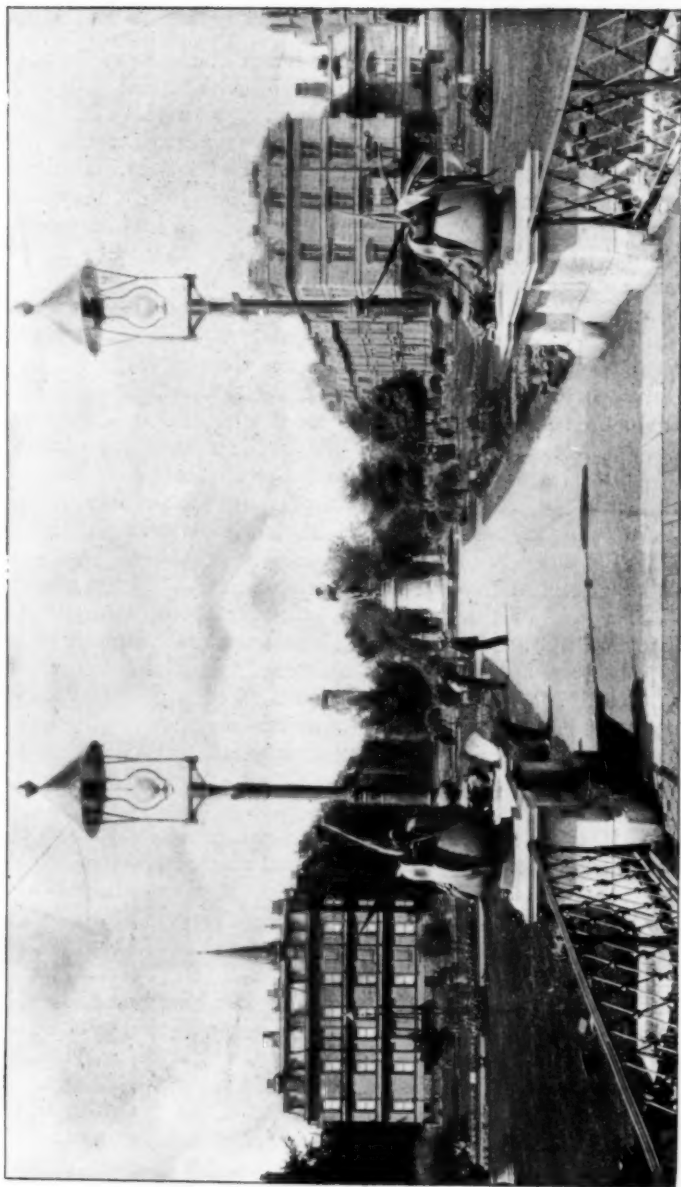
BEACON HILL, from near the Arlington Street entrance of Public Garden

as to the greatest law of life: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is *like unto it*, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." We quote this at length, because it must certainly have escaped the attention of some of the most eminent expounders of Christ's gospel of universal brotherhood. The following chapter, the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, is also well worth perusal by some of the great personages of the churches. We should not so audaciously commend it to their notice, if we did not suspect from their harangues that they were so burdened with theological learning as to have acquired some distaste for good, homely, plain speech.

On the south corner of Arlington Street and Boylston Street stands the Arlington Street Church. It is a fine structure, with more simplicity of architecture than characterizes many of the more recently built churches in the Back Bay. It is worth noting that the original congregation of this church gathered in 1727 in a barn at the corner of Berry Street and Long Lane, now Channing and Federal Streets. In 1859 the old site was sold and the church followed the tide of fashion. The Arlington Street was the first church erected on the Back Bay lands. We go up and try the door. Like all other houses of God of the Protestant faith this temple is securely locked, except upon those regular occasions when it is opened for ceremonial and exhortation. The churches of Christ are horribly afraid to let a man inside their doors unless the calendar certifies that he is in a sabbatical and not a secular frame of mind. This house of God, locked while God's poor are houseless and cold and hungry and desperate, represents, according to the valuation of the city assessor, \$350,000.

On the south side of Newbury Street, going west, stands the St. Botolph Club, which is the meeting place of the professional men of Boston, and is also, we understand, unique among the clubs as being in some fashion identified with the intellectual, and especially the literary, life of the city. We are told that literary men are on the membership list of the club, and, as we glance at the solid and imposing exterior of the building, and imagine something of its interior, we have a feeling that the work-a-day rank and file of American letters could not escape a sense of violent contrast between the

*Palas! those who really do love their neighbor
as themselves, and care nothing for things of this world -
are pronounced "religious cranks"; the average man
feels unworthy before such love, and becomes*



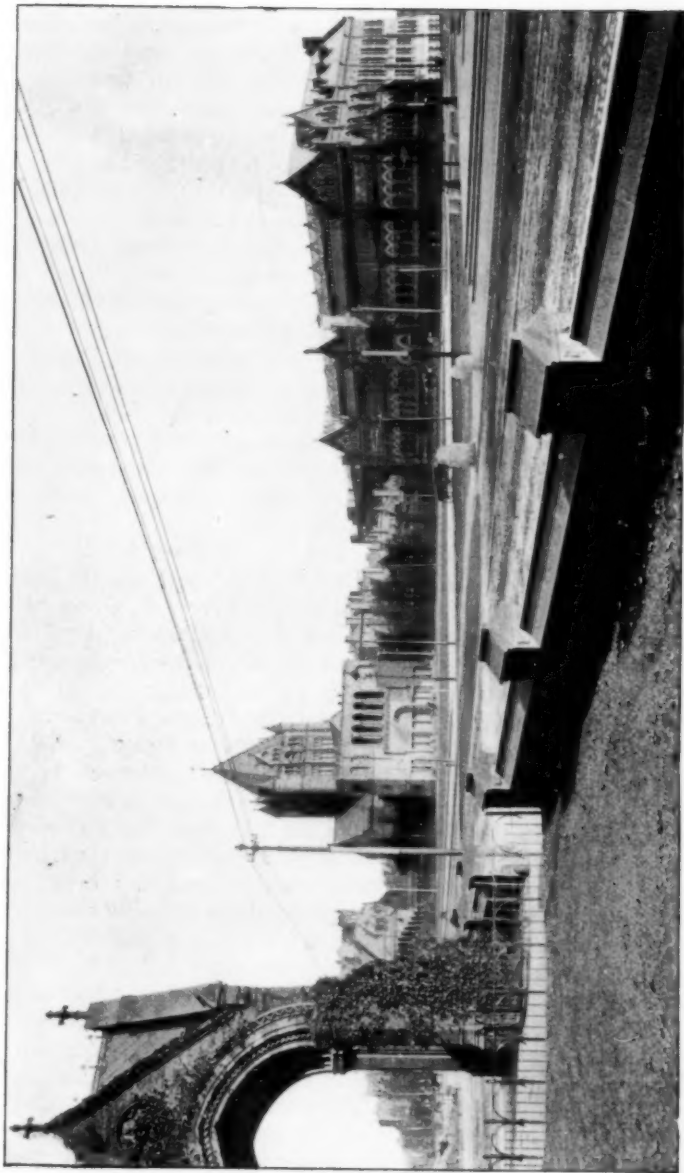
ENTRANCE OF COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, FROM THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

—alarmed at such divine brother-love in
a friend or neighbor. —

aristocratic usages of such a club and the esteem in which they and literature are generally held in the utilitarian world outside. Such a cosy place as a glance in the window reveals, is surely too enervating an atmosphere for the well-being of those vowed to a monastic life of letters. But then it is to be remembered that there are probably as many mild-mannered Jesuits, mere purveyors of words, in our contemporary literature as there are in Protestant pulpits; and there are hundreds of empty heads, just wise enough to hide their asses' ears beneath the cowl of the Sublime Order for the Dissemination of Fog, and these prosper in a commercial society, which dreads ideas as it does the plague.

Nearly opposite the St. Botolph Club, which symbolizes the recreations of the intellectual element of Boston, is another establishment, symbolizing the spiritual aspirations of Plutus, who seems to be cast by the fates for motley in this world, considering his love of religious mummeries and his temples raised to Pluto. This is the Emmanuel Church, which, however, is not so distinctly fashionable as some other churches in its immediate vicinity — Trinity, for instance; and in the assessors' books, it is only valued, land and building, at \$168,000. These assessors' volumes at the city hall are an infallible barometer of the spiritual condition of Boston. A congregation possessed of proper fervor and devotion is always in a state of social ferment over the bricks and mortar question. Piety finds a safety valve in a passion for architecture and building. The Catholic church is the only one that is not ashamed of having poverty clinging to the skirts of its most beautiful temples; and although this bitter contrast is not that of an ideal state, still our meaning is clear — we are dealing here with *actual* conditions — the Catholic church is, and has always been, in closer touch and sympathy with the poor and miserable than the Protestant. The magnificent military organization of the Catholic church, and the intimate hold it has upon the imaginations of its people, prevent it from ever being seized with the complete lethargy that is practically making the Protestant churches merely social leagues among the rich, for the dissemination of a system of canting ethics in direct contradiction to the teachings of its Founder, from which the poor are turning heart-sick, disgusted, desperate.

But another fact shows how strong the religious instinct



COPLEY SQUARE, from entrance of the New Old South Church, showing Trinity Church and the Museum of Fine Arts.

is in the race. The masses, indifferent to the churches, fast learning to comprehend their real hidden political objects, are beginning to be curious about this religion of humanity which is creeping into the new literature and through all social modern thought. But it is the testimony of almost all who have seen anything of the slums that the most active agent for physical and moral good is the humble Catholic priest, whose business is the welfare of his flock, and not social ambition and the diplomacy needed to keep in the good graces of his deacons. The Catholic priest is, luckily, freed from all necessity to pander to the prejudices of his deacons, and is truly a minister and not an entertainer. To be quite fair, the Methodist ministers, who often suffer great privations on small salaries and short tenure, are the most devoted and sincere of the Protestant clergy, and they divide the honors of consecration to arduous and unapplauded work in poor parishes with the Catholic priest. In this matter of praise, we are taking the common view of the world, which only values applause from the rich.

A few steps along Newbury Street, and we come to the Central Church, on the corner of Berkeley Street. It is a fine-looking building, and has the tallest spire in the city. Over the main entrance is the inscription, "Christ is Risen," which may be interpreted as having absolved Christians of all moral obligation toward their fellow-men, or it may be interpreted as a severe indictment of the followers of Christ, who accept His gospel of "Do unto others as you would be done by" with a mental reservation of superior worldly wisdom. For what are we to think of Christians, who profess to believe in the divinity and teachings of Jesus Christ — who said of Himself all through His ministry that He came to teach publicans and sinners, to heal the broken-hearted and lift up those bruised in spirit — and who absolve their consciences with abstract fervor and perfunctory givings, which are as devoid of charity as manslaughter? The assessor says of this building that it is valued at \$276,000.

We turn out of our way for a few moments to have a look at the First Baptist Church, on Commonwealth Avenue and Clarendon Street. It is notable as being worth \$192,000, and it is conspicuous even in this region of fine palaces and temples, for its ponderous square tower, crowned by the four angels with golden trumpets, typifying the angels of the

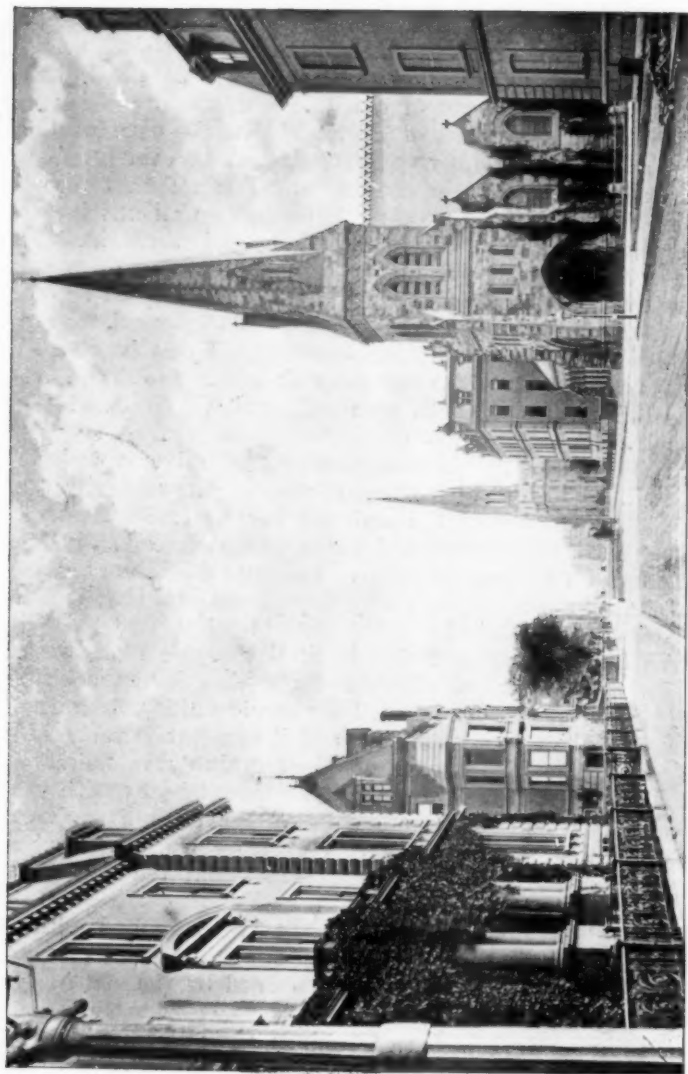
judgment. This is a rather curious idea, since, if one were strictly orthodox, it would be very difficult to believe that many of those who offer up their praises in the church below could possibly be saved, with their hearts so filled with mammon and so empty of charity.

Oh, but read the list of Boston charities — examine the figures! Yes, they are very interesting as an evidence of a conscience smothered in possessions. But we must repeat over and over again that throwing sops to Cerberus is not *charity*. Human hearts and minds and souls are the grandest of temples, and as long as millions of these are crushed and trampled under foot, broken and bruised by our laws and our trade and our pleasures and our greed, we can out-build Babel and our churches will still only be piles of bricks and stones, with no sanctity about them to save them from the scorn of God's true ministers, the poets of the people.

The reader will perhaps have observed the figures we have quoted. They are interesting, as showing how heavily the Almighty Creator of the universe has become interested, through His vice-gerents and the apostolic succession, in the holding of valuable real estate. So long as the churches are intrenched upon property, they may preach Malthus; it is a farce to preach Christ!

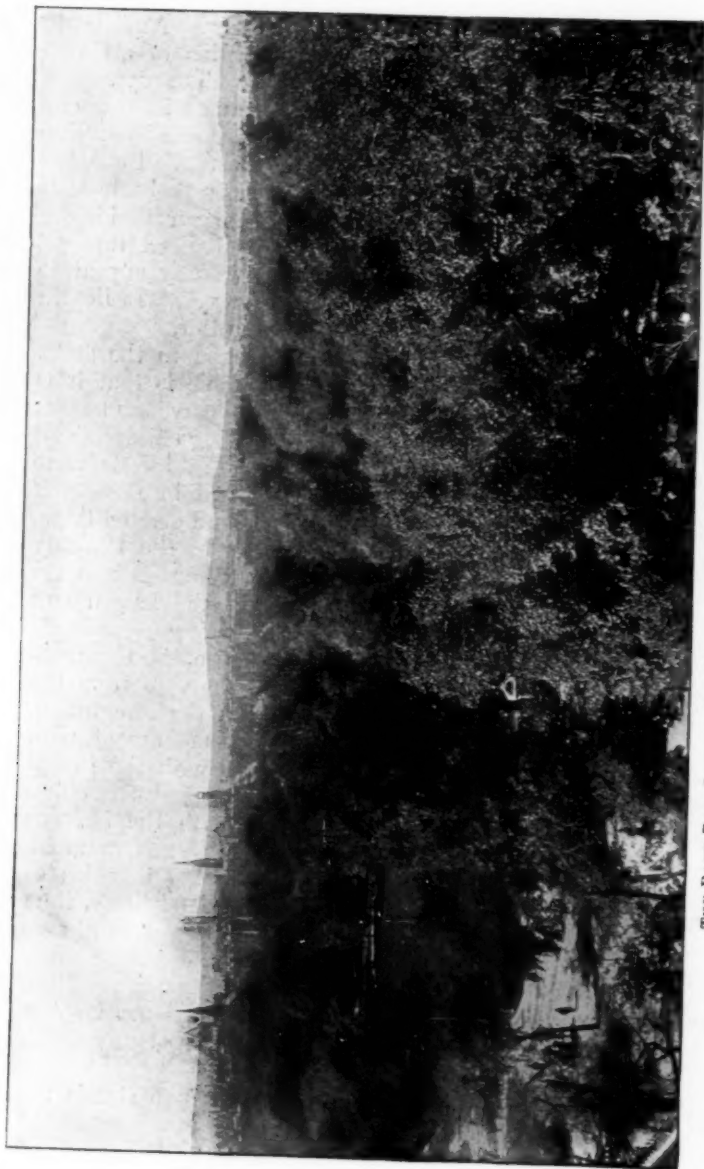
With the opening of this Back Bay region there was a remarkable exodus of clergy and churches from the bleak wilderness of streets invaded by semi-gentility, boarding-houses, dubious respectability and downright poverty and misery. The vice-gerents of God, probably in imitation of Mohammed's experience with the mountain, fly with the rich. The Ishmaelites are sure of heaven, we suppose, through their sufferings in this world — this is a popular doctrine among fashionable preachers — but the rich need laboring with.

On either side of this magnificent avenue, called, with a touch of reminiscent irony, Commonwealth Avenue (for all this region was created and once owned by the state), are the mansions of those fortunate ones who graciously permit the millions to toil for them upon their terms and conditions and for such length of time as they see fit, and then, dividing the proceeds, hand over to the workers enough to keep breath in them so long as they are needed, and devote



A VIEW OF NEWBURY STREET, FROM BERKELEY STREET.

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THE BACK BAY, from an elevation on Tremont Street, overlooking the Common.

the remainder to maintaining themselves and families in such a fashion as to command the admiration of all who study their "Poor Richard" assiduously. The aggregate cost of the mere luxuries of the table consumed in this one street, would be sufficient to properly house the poor, stifling and degraded in the filthy tenements of Boston. But what is the use of saying these things? It is most probable that human nature, which through the centuries has made history so unnecessarily revolting, will remain unchanged through the centuries. The remedy does not lie in any appeal to humanity. That never served any cause yet. It lies in breaking the bonds of slavery through the ballot.

Here is a park and an avenue that belonged to the state. The only hold the state retains on the avenue is that it is to maintain a public mall in the centre. The avenue houses about three or four thousand people, including children and men and women in service. The state could have almost completely abolished the tenement-house evil in Boston, if when it owned this property it had kept it and erected large, healthy apartment houses after the manner of the Peabody and other buildings in London. There is room enough for more than a hundred thousand people in the length and breadth of Commonwealth Avenue.

But to whatever reflections it may give rise, the Commonwealth Avenue is a noble thoroughfare. The view from the Arlington Street end, the Public Garden in the foreground, with its foliage crowned with the soldiers' monument, with tier upon tier of windows and roofs, topped with the gilded dome, rising in serried lines, broken by spires and tall chimneys, of the semicircle of Beacon Hill, with the heavens ablaze with the sunset, is more than beautiful. Our architecture loses its harsh outlines under the humid skies of New England, and the panorama of the Back Bay, from Beacon Hill or some height on Tremont Street, is always beautiful, whether it be on a misty, a sunny, or even a rainy day. It is wonderful what satisfying grotesques, recalling chaotic dreams or Doré, the Back Bay with its many spires resolves itself into during a rainstorm or on a cloudy night, seen from Beacon Hill.

On the south side of Commonwealth Avenue stands the Hotel Vendome, of which it is only necessary to say that the luxury and the charges indicate the desires and mode of



REAR VIEW OF TRINITY CHURCH, LOOKING TOWARD COMMONWEALTH AVENUE.

living of the denizens of this neighborhood and of those who come here to visit them. Nearly opposite is the Algonquin Club, which exists because the membership lists of the Somerset and Union were full, and the waiting list must of necessity include many who would be dead before they were socially eligible. In order to escape the fate of not making their proper entry into swell clubdom until they joined society in a better world, the more recently rich aristocrats of Boston created the Algonquin and Puritan Clubs. The Algonquin from the outside is a palace of luxury, and as its sole object of existence is sociability, and the membership is composed of men of relative position in a money sense, the character of the club can be guessed.

Before leaving Commonwealth Avenue, we may perhaps be forgiven if we repeat a dreadful rumor. One side of the avenue is not so fashionable as the other. The writer does not know which side it is, but he has been told by persons supposed to be unimpeachable authorities on social Boston, that a person can live on one side of Commonwealth Avenue and still linger in that chill social world whose greatest crime is that, like the heavens, it is so vast.

Turning into Dartmouth Street we pass the Art Club, where the money of men of business keeps art in some sort of social countenance. And then we come out into Copley Square beside the New Old South Church. From whatever quarter one views Boston, the group of spires in and around Copley Square dominates the landscape. A Frenchman has said of Trafalgar Square in London that it is preëminently a centre for a great revolution, and the same compliment might be paid to this noble open space, which is especially striking, since such squares in the valuable portions of American cities are comparatively rare. But we must admit some larger measure of civic pride in the average Boston man, rich or poor, than is characteristic of the dwellers in some other American cities.

The New Old South Church is unique in its architecture. The massive tower, which leans a little, like the tower at Pisa, is the most notable feature of the structure; but a large lantern of copper, with twelve windows, lends it something of a Moorish appearance, which, while it may be architecturally a little hybrid, makes a very effective picture when the building is seen rising vaguely in the dusk of mid-

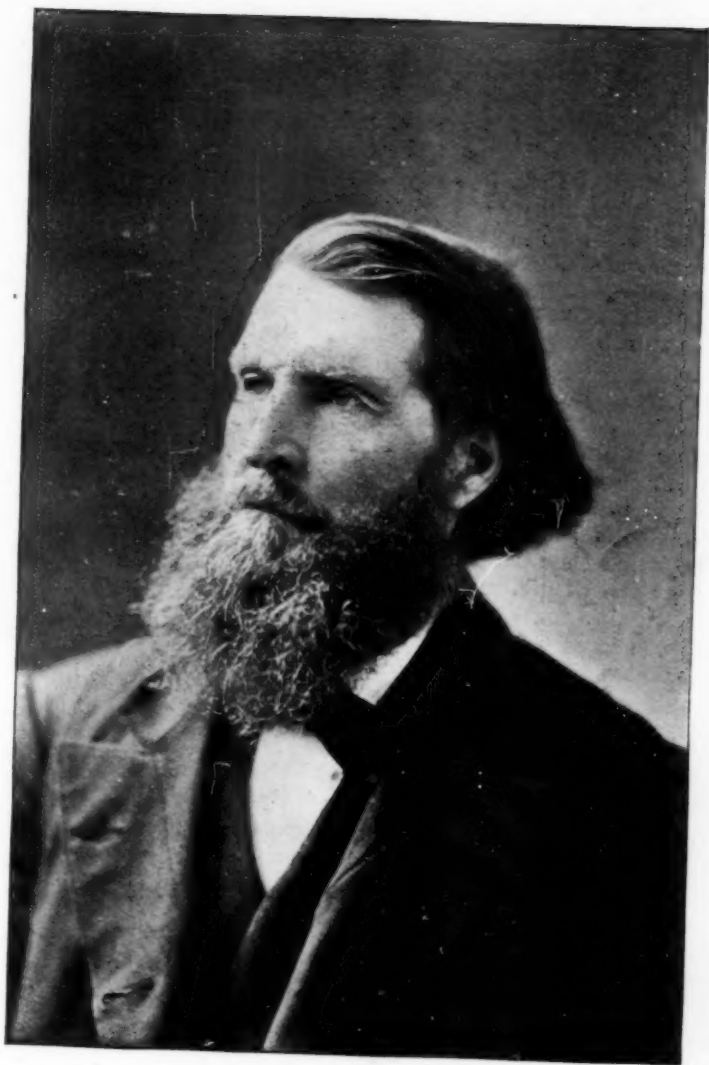
night. When it was built the church cost nearly \$500,000 ; it is now valued by the assessor at \$505,000.

But the pride of Boston church-going people is the Episcopal Trinity Church, which is declared to be the finest specimen of church architecture in the United States. It is built after the French Romanesque style, and in its pyramidal massiveness it resembles many of the cathedrals in the south of France. The tower is entirely different from the campanile form, and it rises massively to a height of over two hundred feet. All the rest of the building is subordinate to this one great ponderous shaft. The red Ohio tiles, with which the tower is roofed, make it twinkle almost as brilliantly in the sunshine as the gilded dome itself, and on fine days it is seen from many points of the harbor rising like a flame out of the gray-blue mass of the city. Everything about the church, although in perfect taste, suggests wealth and luxury. This temple of the lowly Christ is valued at \$800,000, and the pew-holders are worth many millions of dollars. Coming from the lips of these purse-proud, extravagantly dressed worshippers, the words of Christ's gospel strike the ear of a publican and sinner as the veriest travesty. If these disciples of Christ sold one hundredth part of their possessions for the housing of the poor, there would be hundreds of temples where there is now only one.

In this quarter one great pile of buildings succeeds another. In the immediate vicinity of Trinity are the Museum of Fine Arts, the New Public Library, the buildings of the Institute of Technology, the Natural History Hall, the Harvard Medical School and the palatial Hotel Brunswick. On Beacon Hill are the Puritan and Somerset Clubs, but since we cannot pass their portals, we will rest here on one of the free benches of the commonwealth in the Public Garden, redolent of flowers and peace. It is good to forget the world's great men, the great ones hailed by our contemporary society, in the long waves of music breaking through the trees. These blow true, no matter upon whose land they grow.

A word in conclusion. We have paid a good deal of attention in our walk to the churches. The reason is that they are not only the most beautiful buildings in the Back Bay, but they emphasize in the most obvious fashion the

conflict between the social laws and villanies of our civilization, and the laws for the conduct of life enforced and reiterated over and over again by Christ in His teaching and in His positive commands to His disciples, among whom these people claim a place by faith. But as St. Paul says, "Though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." There is learning enough, and possibly abstract enthusiasm enough, in these churches, but no charity. It is fitting that this cluster of spires should dominate the sea of roofs, as they do, from whatever quarter one looks out over the panoramic sweep of the city. They are the symbols of complacent creeds of moral subterfuge, and as the popular zenith of the moral progress of our civilization, they should be conspicuous. These churches, as much as the mansions which surround them, are built with blood money, at the cost of blighted human lives and human souls. If we were not in charity bound against it, we could warmly wish that the orthodox ideas of the expiation of iniquity might not lack for absolute fulfilment.



Very truly yours
B Haskin

A PIONEER POET.

BY HELEN E. STARRETT.

FIFTEEN years ago it was my fortune to be invited to read a paper before one of the then foremost literary societies of Chicago—the Philosophical. At the close of the reading, among friends and others who waited to speak a kind word of comment, I noticed an elderly gentleman whose face and garb indicated by almost unmistakable signs that he was from the country and that his profession was that of a farmer. Upon being introduced he said he wished me to accept a volume of poems which he had written. He also added, as he handed me the book, “I brought this with me with the intention of giving it to you if I liked your paper, and of taking it back with me if I did not.” Such plain, direct speech at once interested and embarrassed me. Occupying at that time the position of literary editor of a Chicago paper, my first thought was that I was in for a review of a volume of verses that might be poetry and might be chaff—most probably chaff.

It was a bitterly cold night and the ride was long to my home, where I found that owing to the lateness of the hour the fire had died out and the rooms were of a zero temperature. Seating myself for a moment under the gas light, still muffled in my heavy wraps, I mechanically opened the book at the dedication page. The first words that struck my eye were:

All hearts the poet fires are his:
The subtle link of mind to mind—
The link we do not forge or bind—
Most precious is.
We mine, not make, the golden ore,
And love, like fabled fairy stone
Divided, is not less but more,
And true love hath no jealousies.

I scanned the page critically to see if these lines were in quotation marks but could discern none. I turned another page of two and read,—

Who shall the life so beautiful unseal us —
 The life whose labor is a work of bliss?
 When shall our doing of our doing heal us,
 Our toiling rest us of our weariness?
 Thou God within us, to ourselves reveal us
 In perfectness!

and a little further down the page, —

Might bread alone appease this deathless yearning,
 For bread alone to toil were meet and fit;
 But oh, we feel, however dimly burning,
 Within the soul the fire celestial lit;
 If love be not the wages of our earning,
 What profits it?

Another random turn of the pages and my eye fell upon, —

And if thy path no longer lies
 Through spirit-haunts of moor and fen, —
 If, as of old to prophet-ken
 To thee the hills of Canaan rise,
 With broader fields and ampler skies
 And peopled wide with holy men, —

Remember still in charity
 Thy brother's need is not as thine;
 Or, conning deep each darker line,
 Thou too, mayst find the mystic key
 To every ward of mystery,
 And see in all a truth divine.

"Why, he is a poet," I exclaimed; and despite the chaffing of a friend I sat for nearly half an hour under the chandelier in the icy atmosphere, reading poems that transported me into gardens gay with every flower of spring or summer, and fragrant with breath of roses and thyme. But beautiful and musical as were the descriptions of nature's aspects and voices, that which struck me most of all was the insight into the deeper questionings of life, with which the air then as now was rife. This man, this writer, this poet, I said, has considered all the vital questions of the day — labor, education, the emancipation of thought from the rule of dogma, the advancement and emancipation of women, the mission of sorrow — and his insight throws light upon them all.

To learn who my unknown friend was, was the next question. This was easily done, for I found that though so worthily entitled to fame on his own account, he was best known in literary and philosophical circles in Chicago as the husband of a very gifted woman; a woman whose essays on

the German philosophy and philosophers were looked forward to each winter as red-letter evenings in the Philosophical Society. I learned that he was, as his appearance indicated, a farmer; that his was the prize fruit farm of Michigan and that it had been redeemed from the prairie principally by his own hand. In addition to his work on the farm, I learned that he had been a practical cooper and had with his own hands made hundreds and thousands of barrels, in the early days, carrying them by wagon to St. Joseph, thence to Chicago by boat — a distance of one hundred miles.

Of school learning he had little. Where, then, did he acquire the knowledge of rhythm and metre that enabled him to polish his verses into such perfection? I learned that he was a diligent and admiring reader of the old and standard poets; but the principal source of his ability was his innate poetic genius. Of this genius he was himself conscious. He regarded his gift as an inspiration from something outside of himself. Surely if ever there was an illustration of the truth that poets are born and not made, it was to be found in this farmer-poet of Michigan.

Mr. Hathaway's first volume of poems, the one that is still my favorite, was published nearly twenty years ago. It is entitled "Art Life and Other Poems." It takes its name from the first poem of the book, which is, in my opinion, one of the finest poems of aspiration in the English language. Not only this, but it is a poem of prophecy. Written over twenty-five years ago, it yet contains the germs and the foreshadowings of every great movement in civilization since. Its opening stanza is —

What prophet wide with trumpet tongue is teaching
The chained world its thought of liberty,
Till loving hearts go out in meek beseeching
And wild, unbosomed longing to be free?
What stranger truth is new evangel preaching
Of life to be?

No mere synopsis of this poem, which expresses the aspirations of humanity, can give any idea of its force and beauty. The poet, the prophet, is not daunted nor discouraged by the fettering conditions, the strife, the unrest. He says, —

We are the lights on Life's mysterious dial,
The radiant stops on Love's celestial horn;

High heaven's orchestra on untutored trial,
 With harps discordant, dolorous and forlorn;
 Or waiting, hushed, like Egypt's stony viol
 The flush of morn.

And again,—

As mountain pine, in rugged grandeur growing,
 Finds nature's fullness in that bleak abode,
 Or lowly blooms, its inner life outshowing,
 The humblest flower that decks the meadow sod;
 So finds the soul in art's diviner doing
Its home in God.

But surely there must have been some unusual ancestry behind this singer. And truly there was. His father was a poor orphan boy who in the early days of the century first bound himself till he was twenty-one, to a man of standing and character, and at the close of his apprenticeship married his master's daughter. He became a successful and, for the times, wealthy man in the lumber business. The commercial panic of 1837 swept away his accumulations, and to retrieve his fortunes he came, with his wife and children, to the wilds of Michigan — now the garden spot of the state. Here in a few short years death overtook him, and the burden of guiding the family fell upon a heroic mother. All the employments of pioneer days were hers — spinning, weaving, dyeing, and above all holding her family of seven children together at home. Benjamin was her main helper and stay and ever congenial companion.

Mrs. Hathaway was a profound thinker. Never shall I forget the impression made upon me when I saw her, in her eightieth year. Our talk happened to turn on Swedenborg. She told me, in the simplest and most direct terms, how she had thought out for herself a belief so in accordance with Swedenborg's doctrines that she was willing to subscribe to the belief of that church. Her look revealed the spirit that asked no aid from any human being in thinking out a faith for herself; as Emerson says, "There was no supplication in her eyes." Self-poised, self-sustained, she asked no intercessor between her spirit and eternal realities. She had the discernment to see the poetic, philosophic thoughtfulness and insight of her son, and she appreciated and encouraged it. There was no chiding or ridicule for verses chalked on barrel heads, or for hours spent in reading. That Mr. Hatha-

way appreciated his mother is shown in his dedication of his first volume of poems to her:—

Thou noblest type of womanhood!
 Thou who in manhood's evil day,
 As by the couch of infancy,
 Still faithful stood;
 Unflinching, and with purpose strong,
 Rebuking all the hosts of wrong
 With, "Love is more than gift of song,"
 And "Virtue is the highest good."

Perhaps it is due to his mother, and to his wife—a truly wonderful woman, whom he met when he was a special student, as she likewise was, in the University of Michigan—that Mr. Hathaway's estimate of womanhood is the highest. Indeed he is radical to the last degree in what he would demand for and concede to her. In his most ambitious and profound poems, "The New Crusade" and "The Enchanted Wood," there is abundant proof that Mr. Hathaway considers the social upheaval in the ranks of labor as mainly inspired by her, never to be rightly adjusted till settled on the basis of the complete emancipation of woman along with her fellow toiler, man.

At the age of seventy-one our poet still cultivates his farm, and in appearance and energy would easily pass for a man under sixty. He comes to Chicago in the spring; sometimes bringing a car-load of fine apples, sometimes tons of dried fruit, the produce of his evaporators.

Mr. Hathaway himself regards his epic poem, "The League of the Iroquois," as his best and most enduring work. We are perhaps a little too near the Indian fully to appreciate and sympathize with the author in this fine epic, but doubtless it will be a classic for future ages. It was the product of years of special study. His last book of poems takes its name, "The Finished Creation," from the first poem, the myth of Isis and Osiris. It is a poem whose full beauty and import can only be appreciated by the mature, philosophic mind, but it, too, will become a classic. Mr. Hathaway has at present several other poems in various stages of production, and the earnest hope and expectation of his friends and admirers is that his present physical and mental vigor may long remain undiminished, and that we may have many more poems of insight and power from his pen.

THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

A STORY OF THE DRUIDS.

BY BENJAMIN HATHAWAY.

THEY who of old deep in the sacred shade
Of forest aisles their unhewed altars piled,
In thousand rhythmic voices understood
The mystic language of the leafy wild;
Though reverent, unafraid,
They dwelt, as meet for nature's loving child,
In an enchanted wood.

Now vanished all,—the Druids of old days:
Fled is the faith that lit each altar flame,—
A faith as vast as is our human need;
A faith to bid the fainting heart aspire;
Whereof alone delays
A failing memory, a forgotten name,
In ritual and creed.

Oh! who shall bring again the vanished lore?
Who read anew the secrets of the trees?
A tongue evoke from the insensate clod
To minister our doubt, the soul's disease?
Who shall again restore
The old-time wisdom, that, inspired, sees
Truth as it is in God?

* * * * *

A tale of vanished days: Though quaint and old,
It is not that which moves me to rehearse
The story that I read when I was young;
Nor yet for fame I fain would put in verse
What clamors to be told;
A simple tale, clad in rude speech and terse,
And not in poet's tongue.

A story brief. A youth aspiring, bold:
"Truth clothed in myth?" Aye! that is why, may be,
That tale, so long ago, so far away,
At threescore years and ten comes back to me.
A paragraph may hold
More truth than will suffice to filigree
Ten sermons of to-day.

It was the faith of a once noble race,
 That in the shade where sacred altars rise,
 They who for wisdom yearned, for virtue strove,
 Held converse high with spirits pure and wise,
 Held converse face to face;
 To-day we look with sceptic's duller eyes —
 See but the leafy grove.

No less than in all true belief, there lies
 In unbelief a deep philosophy —
 Philosophy to move the sceptic's awe;
 He that is wise to-day, was yesterday
 Aspiring to be wise;
 Man sees no truth but that he wills to see,
 In God's eternal law.

"The story!" Aye, indeed! I should have known;
 The story — that is new, all preaching stale:
 "Give us the tale! give us the tale!" Ah! well,
 That story, too, is old. "Give us the tale
 And let the moral go."
 Nay! nay! the moral can alone avail —
 For that the tale I tell.

It chanced a youth, from wonted paths astray,
 Vain seeking far, he knew not what or where, —
 Vague yearning for a more transcendent good,
 A fairer world, a world where all is fair,
 Beyond the beaten way
 With vagrant footsteps wandered, unaware,
 To an enchanted wood.

Behold! before him rose a vision bright:
 A maiden fair, supreme in every grace
 Of womanhood, such as all bosoms sway,
 Upon him smiled; bent on him such a face
 As images to sight
 All that we dream of an immortal race,
 And beautiful as they.

Abashed he stood, but reassured ere long,
 While from her lips fell, like the dews of heaven,
 In accents mild: "O fond, aspiring youth!
 High-yearning heart! life's fairest gifts are given
 Not to the brave and strong,
 But him with whom the very gods have striven,
 The seeker of all truth.

"O youth!" she said, in love's most witching tone,
 "Thy simple faith my maiden heart has won;
 The Genius of the wood behold in me!

Go find my home, and come at set of sun,
 And I will be thine own;
 Forevermore, the long day's labor done,
 I will abide with thee.

"Yet know, some things there be thou canst not ken:
 With seeking far my home thou canst not find,
That only is to inward vision known;
 Not until one with me in heart and mind,
 In life; then, only then
 Shall that abode, in shady wilds enshrined,
 Unto thine eyes be shown."

Though from his sight had fled that peerless maid,
 The wood more lonely that he wandered through,
 Oft rapt, he bore to each familiar shrine
 His steadfast faith, and hence such comfort drew
 As all his grief allayed;
 For somewhere surely waited, fond and true,
 That being most divine.

O woman heart! what fearful gift is thine,
 Through which alone all men take heart of grace.
 Warm as the noonday sun, yet chaste as warm,
 Was hers, that daughter of the Druid race:
 All virtues in one trine —
 Truth, mercy, love — one in that peerless face.
 One in that perfect form!

Though his the fate, despite deeds nobly done,
 Unknown and poor, to wander up and down
 A cold, unpitying world, one thought of her,
 His bride to be, could all his sorrows drown:
 Thought of that glorious ONE,
 New in his soul, forgetting scoff and frown,
 Could lofty purpose stir.

Skilled in all handicraft, his footsteps led
 Where toil its guerdon brings; he sought to win
 Thereby wherewith his heart might mercy show;
 So oft the homes of grief, of want and sin,
 Knew his familiar tread;
 "I will," he said, "through ministry therein
 Into her likeness grow."

And giving free to poverty its dole,
 He sought thereby some erring one to save;
 From passion's thrall to set the captive free;
 And oft with pitying word, strong, helpful, brave,
 Its sting from sorrow stole;
 For with each pittance small his heart he gave —
 The crown of charity!

On sped the years. That youth to manhood grown,
 So learned in all the secrets of the wood,
 Knew, as his own, the name of every tree;
 Of each the mystic language understood;
 All plants to nature known
 He knew; knew which was evil, which was good,
 And what their potency.

“My love is wise,” he said, “both good and wise.
 Does wisdom grow as from a tiny seed?
 Or is all wisdom born with womanhood?
 Though all I know thereof is wisdom’s need,
 This much in reason lies:
 He that is wise — he that is wise indeed —
 Must be both wise and good.”

With joy like his who costly treasure finds,
 Where pilgrim-feet the shrines of learning throng,
 For love of her, all heights he would essay;
 Become through knowledge wise, in virtue strong;
 If with earth’s master minds
 On life’s profounder themes he pondered long,
 He might become as they.

To years of toil he gave still other years:
 His heart through all held to its noble aim,
 Nor owned the thrall of love’s more tender ties,
 Save of the ONE whose smile was more than fame, —
 Love, time but more endears, —
 Till, wiser than his teachers, he became
 A teacher of the wise.

Yet not alone did wisdom’s high desire
 His aspiration bound: the poet’s art
 Could in his soul love’s deepest fountain stir;
 With simple song he could allay the smart
 Of long delay; inspire
 Each failing hope; therethrough his waiting heart
 Lift nearer unto HER.

As to his harp he sang in measures strong,
 Sore, fainting souls, fired to a nobler aim,
 And touched to tears, their heart-full tribute brought;
 He heard the sceptic’s scoff, the critic’s blame,
 Nor hushed, for these, his song:
 The songs he sang for love had brought him fame —
 The fame he had not sought.

And ever thus, the poet’s sweetest song —
 A song, perchance, to charm the listening age —
 He sings to give his aching heart relief;

Of when he seems, through his impassioned page,
 To voice a people's wrong,
 His soul but sings its sorrow to assuage,
 Touched by a private grief.

"The story!" Ah! indeed — I so forget,
 Still so afraid you will its moral miss,
 I miss the tale. Now to the tale once more:
 As stays some ill to mar life's highest bliss,
 The saintly soul to fret,
 Though fortune's smiles had made old burdens less,
 He hence new burdens bore.

Though good to quench our thirst, deep waters drown;
 Too glowing warmth becomes consuming flame;
 Smiles that to virtue woo, to sin entice;
 A friend can lift the heart to nobler aim,
 A friend can draw it down;
 The syren voice of soul-alluring fame
 Is Satan's last device.

What wonder he, to whom came thronging all
 Earth's fairest gifts — gold, honor, woman's smile —
 Should feel again youth's fiery pulses stir;
 His hungry heart, allured by passion's wile,
 Should yield to beauty's thrall?
 But not for long; that heart, unknown to guile,
 Unsoiled, came back to HER.

Still seeking far, he deeper wisdom won,
 The wisdom hid from all profaner eyes:
 Throned on Orion's flaming car, to see,
 In light beyond the light of morning rise
 Or light of setting sun,
 Where, through the circling constellations, lies
 The path of destiny.

Why should we count it marvellous to find
 That the untold vicissitudes that wait
 On the revolving spheres, all heights above —
 All cosmic change, with man coördinate,
 Should, too, his being bind?
 Not the malignant power we miscall fate,
 But fate whose name is love.

O sacred lore! condemned of sceptic bold: — (cold?)
 To read through all creation's wider plan
 Love's horoscope: to know the worlds that roll,
 That still shall roll through time's remotest span,
 His ampler arms enfold;
 To see in all, through all, the larger man —
 In all the human soul.

More learned, he saw new mysteries untold;
 With deeper sight, a deeper mystery
 He saw in each — its use, its end and aim;
 And in the *use* he found the mystic key
 To wonders manifold.
 He in each bush a burning bush could see,
 With Deity aflame.

He saw that up through earth and tree and brute,
 Up from the clod, to souls in love enshrined,
 Up through all things, a common purpose ran:
 One life in all, though not a one in *kind*;
 In each some *attribute*,
 And not a whole — part of the heart and mind
 Of man outside of man;

Still questioned why, of all phenomena;
 Until he saw, as with new sense and fine,
 In things diverse, a ONE in several parts;
 Out of one heart the music most divine
 And wood-birds' roundelay;
 The love that murmurs in the mountain pine,
 Yearns in all human hearts.

So deeply learned, he saw the Maker's plan
 Alike in all; and, rapt in loving awe,
 Looked on the vast, where Love Eternal broods;
 Through aeons far creation new he saw
 Slow toiling up to man;
 The tablets read of God's eternal law
 Writ in similitudes.

Though far in learning's paths his feet had trod,
 He held no less his youth's familiar creed —
 His childhood's faith, through knowledge understood;
 The faith that meets alone all human need,
 His childhood's faith in God:
 More clear he saw — he that is wise indeed,
 Must be both wise and good.

As unto age comes childhood back again,
 He, from afar, with wealth, O priceless store!
 Won through long years in farthest clime and land,
 From nature's deeply hid, profounder lore
 And converse high with men,
 Unto that forest home came back once more,
 Led by an unseen hand.

To that enchanted wood, an honored sage,
 Full-crowned with years, and not unknown to fame,
 In virtue strong, last of the Druid race,

He to that shrine a weary pilgrim came;
 Though bowed with toil and age,
 If not the same, in love and faith the same,
 With wisdom's added grace.

There still, as erst, the unhewed altars stood;
 Or bowed, like giants old, in silence grim;
 Their message sealed, save to his clearer eyes;
 The Runic page with moss of ages dim;
 Low sighed the solemn wood,
 As if it mourned the once familiar hymn,
 Or fore-time sacrifice.

And oh! what thoughts of HER, that glorious one,
 What tides of feeling swelled that bosom lone:
 Had she, like him, love's long, long vigil kept?
 Would she come back to claim him for her own —
 Come at the set of sun?
 "Oh! not until into her likeness grown,"
 He said; and, resting, slept.

A sunset glory lay on all the land;
 Along the wood the autumn splendors glowed;
 Lit by that flame, his brow, transfigured, shone
 As with the peace of some divine abode.
 By airs celestial fanned;
 The face of some old Druid priest it showed —
 Looked from the cromlech stone.

The sunset deepened to a ruby sea.
 An angel touched his eyes, and lo! his bride:
 Behold! that peerless form before him stood,
 Robed in a garb with hues celestial dyed:
 "At last! at last!" said he.
 "I have been with thee always," sweet replied
 That Genius of the wood;

"But not until to perfect stature grown,
 Of manhood come to its full heritage,
 Couldst thou, dear love, behold me as I am;
 Henceforth as one, our souls from age to age
 Shall range the vast unknown;
 While wisdom's blissful toils our hearts engage —
 Life's crown and diadem.

"Thé vintage must full ripen in the sun
 The summer long, before the juice is meet
 To cheer and strengthen; so all love must be
 Through knowledge ripened to be all complete;
 And oh! beloved one!
 The long, long years can only make more sweet
 The tie of destiny.

"O joy supreme! Yet not without their price
The joys of heaven: the harvest sown in time
The soul shall reap throughout an endless day;
Whoso would gain the height must, tireless, climb;
Fate-weighted are the dice
We throw of life! God's justice sits sublime,
Throned in eternity.

"Now to our home! There love shall youth restore:
Henceforth one aim our kindred souls shall fire;
ONE will we climb life's ever-brightening goal;
What we become we have; what we desire
We have forevermore;
To more and more become as we aspire
The while the ages roll!"

* * * * *

To whom so wills, that story may come true:
All souls may win a destiny as great;
For each some treasure beckons to be won;
He that would win the prize must toil and wait,
Must toil the long day through;
Nor less for each there waits a glorious mate —
Waits but the setting sun.

THE SIXTH SENSE AND HOW TO DEVELOP IT.

BY PAUL TYNER.

PRESENT-DAY prognostications as to the future of humanity, wrought out by strictly scientific methods, point to developments no less strange than the prophetic dreams of the poet and the novelist. This is true in the domain of psychology as in that of sociology—sciences related much more closely than we are in the habit of considering them. Plato's vision in "The Republic," and Sir Thomas More's fanciful "Utopia," like William Morris' latest and most delightful picture of an ideal society in "News from Nowhere," are thrown into the shade by the unimaginative pictures of life in the twentieth century that have been built upon the logical development of the economic facts and tendencies set forth by Laurence Grönlund and other exponents of the scientific German school of socialism. M. Louis Figuier, in his "To-morrow of Death," and more recently in "Joys Beyond the Threshold," similarly evolves by irrefragable reasoning from absolutely scientific laws and phenomena, proof of the soul's existence after death, and evidence as to the probable nature of that existence, its occupations and pursuits, beside which every poet's dream of life beyond the grave, from "La Divina Commedia" of Dante to Mrs. Oliphant's "Old Lady Mary" and Mrs. Stuart Phelps Ward's "Gates Ajar," seem realistic and prosaic.

The famous French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, has recently given us a forecast of the history of the world from the present day until the final catastrophe, based, like M. Figuier's deductions, on scientific facts, and proceeding on scientific methods. Not the least interesting of the changes in the race which he traces is "the development of psychic faculties dormant for, perhaps, millions of years," and especially an "electric sense." M. Flammarion's prophecy is doubtless suggested by the fact that many individuals have already developed in some degree a "sixth sense," known

variously as "clairvoyance," "clairaudience," and "psychometry." Except in confidence and among intimate friends, the individual in whom this sense has been developed is apt to be reticent regarding the fact, and is generally averse to any allusions to his power in this respect in mixed assemblages. Still I venture to say that there is hardly a reader of this page who is not himself or herself developed in this direction in some degree, or who does not number among his or her friends, one who "sees" or "hears" or "feels" things that are ordinarily beyond the so-called physical senses.

It seems to me that if we are to get substantial results from the investigation of this class of phenomena, the conclusions of one accustomed to analyze emotion and experience, on whatever plane it presents itself, and who brings this habit to bear on his own psychical experiences, should be taken into consideration. Many very worthy people, I am aware, insist that development of the psychic sense is an unconscious process and one that cannot be helped, though it may be hindered, by thinking or reasoning about it — that its processes are, in fact, unknowable and past finding out. Michelet says, "No consecrated absurdity would have stood its ground in this world, if the man had not silenced the objection of the child." In theology, in government, and in society, more than one iniquity has been perpetuated by this custom, now fast becoming antiquated, of smothering questions with the objection that a thing is "an incomprehensible mystery, reserved from man's knowledge, and beyond the finite understanding," — simply because the thing is not at once apparent. I believe not only in asking questions, but also in getting answers to them. The desire to know the nature and the laws of any phenomena, natural or supranatural, is, to me, evidence that such knowledge is obtainable. We shall develop the psychic sense most rapidly, not only in individuals but also in the race, by asking questions and knowing about it. More than that, I believe that the development of this faculty, as of all other faculties — beyond a certain initial, crude, and uncertain stage — must be conscious, and be thought about.

I class what are called psychometry, clairvoyance, and clairaudience together as one faculty, because, for reasons which will appear in another part of this paper, I believe all these phenomena to be the manifestations of one and the

same sense in various stages of development. It is more than possible that the phenomena of hypnotism, telepathy, and the projection of the astral belong also to this sixth sense, and with other "phases," as the Spiritualists call them, are combined in its fuller development.

If I may be permitted to speak from my own experience, under certain unusually favorable psychic conditions, a sensitiveness of the psychic perception to objective thought images or pictures, sometimes taking the form of flowers or other symbols, then of places, cities, houses, landscapes, is first developed. Then follows the seeing of faces and forms — of those aggregations of thought and feeling we call persons. Seeing these things conveys to the mind distinct and intelligent messages, much as did picture writing among the Aztecs. Describing as simply as possible what is thus seen, one seems to be thrown upon his own mental processes to interpret in words the meaning of these pictures.

Soon it occurred to me that the persons who thus talked in symbols and pictures, must be quite capable of addressing me more easily and directly by speech, if I could only hear them. Why had I not heard them? Why is it that we often do not hear words distinctly addressed to us on the physical plane, from stage, platform, or pulpit, or in private conversation? It is because we do not *listen*. Listening is as active and positive a mental action as is speaking, sometimes. To hear the words spoken "in the astral light," to adopt the convenient Theosophical phraseology, listening with absolute concentration is all that is required. Listening so, the words must come with illumination and recognition to the brain. This I proved in subsequent experiences. Sitting quietly alone or with one or two sympathetic friends, my attention would suddenly be caught by hearing a new voice announcing an unseen visitor, or joining in the conversation. The words seemed to arouse the psychic sense more fully; the sense of presence would be followed by visual illumination, out of which appeared, vividly as in the flesh, the form and features of the ethereal visitor. Seeing, hearing, and "sensing" (if I may use the word to indicate a mode of perception for which we have no name, but which many people mean to express when they say they "feel it all over") seem to be combined in the marvellously rapid and easy interchange of thought which followed. Often words

from the astral visitor would come quickly in response to uttered or unuttered questions of my own or of those sitting with me. At times these words reached me audibly, though their full meaning seemed to come slowly, as I endeavored to repeat them. Later this comparatively slow process was reversed, and the thought of the spirit would be flashed upon my brain and instantly grasped, only becoming audible as I heard my own voice expressing the spirit's thought—not in my words, but in those of the spirit.

Here, certainly, there was spirit communion in which were combined what is called clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, telepathy, and hypnotic control, all merged in a single psychic sense, or rather sensitiveness, and all depending, evidently, on the degree of *rapport* established between the thought of individuals outside my personality, and the thought belonging to my own individuality. In none of these experiences am I unconscious, or entranced, for a moment. My own physical and mental consciousness is always held on to distinctly. Consciousness on the psychic plane is added to consciousness on the physical plane, not substituted for it.

Experiences in regard to the development of the sixth sense, I find, vary with differences of character and temperament. Other sensitives tell me that with them hearing came first and seeing only long afterward. Others, very delicately organized, are at first exceedingly sensitive to "impressions" or intuitions which plainly indicate the projection on their consciousness of thought from an intelligence quite outside their own, without coming through sight, touch, or hearing. Still others begin by acquiring remarkable sensitiveness to the psychical atmosphere of a room. For no material reason, their sleep is disturbed in one room, and all sorts of uncomfortable and disagreeable sensations are experienced; while in another room, perhaps in the same house, they will breathe freely and have a delightful feeling of serenity or cheerfulness. Still others begin by noticing peculiar sympathies or antipathies to the touch of certain objects. Comparing these various instances with my own experience, I cannot help thinking that the development of the sixth sense depends very much upon the side on which it is first recognized, and consequently to some extent restricted by force of habit. Development comes more quickly

to the "seeing" than to the "hearing" sensitive, if I may judge from the cases familiar to me. Is it because form and color suggest sound more quickly than sound suggests form and color?

I am led to believe that the key to the best development of the sixth sense is to be found in its "psychometric" side. "If walls could talk!" "If things could speak!" are exclamations often heard from people, who would scout the idea, if told that walls and other things *do* talk, if we would only listen. Yet these same people would be puzzled to account for their strange inward sense of possibility, even while making a suggestion which they outwardly consider impossible.

I remember how, only a few months ago, the immense possibilities of the psychometric side of the sixth sense were suggested to me when witnessing a "reading" by a lady who enjoys a national reputation as an art critic, but whose remarkable psychic powers, or even her interest in such subjects, are hardly suspected outside a small circle of intimate friends. A letter in a sealed envelope was put into her hands, and she was asked to tell what she "saw." It was an ordinary letter accepting an invitation to dinner, from a person she had never seen or heard of in her life, and of whose very existence she was, up to that time, unconscious. The lady at once described the personal appearance of the writer of the letter, exactly and in detail, outlined his character, and related many remarkable episodes in his life, bringing his history up to the thought which swayed him in writing the letter. It was proven subsequently that her description and recital were accurate in every particular.

Soon afterward an opportunity came to me to test, for the first time, my own development in this direction. A guest in the house in which I live, of whose past personal history I knew absolutely nothing, had mislaid a small gold watch, in searching for which she manifested much anxiety, saying she would not lose it for the world, because she valued it as a keepsake. When the watch was found I was suddenly impelled to request that I be permitted to take it in my hands a moment. No sooner had my fingers closed upon the watch, than I saw a man wearing a peculiar smoking cap, whose appearance I described in detail. Then I seemed to be taken into his surroundings in the past, and

described his habits, his circumstances, his manner of life, and even the furniture in his apartments, recounting a peculiar episode of his last illness. This was followed by distinct communication to the woman in the flesh from the man in the astral, with information as to his present condition, occupation, and opinions. The watch had been given to our guest by a near relative, whom she had nursed in his last illness ten years before, who was fond of wearing the peculiar cap described, and whose appearance and character, she said, had been accurately described.

This success, of course, led to further experiments in the same way. The results were varying, but sufficient to indicate to me that the personality, the thought and emotions of individuals remain in the *aura* of articles closely associated with them. This is particularly the case with handwriting, especially in letters of an emotional character. Going beyond the perception of what might be called these photographs in the astral light, it is evident to me that there is a close connection between this *aura*, impression, reflection, or whatever one may please to call it, and the living, intelligent entity of which it is an emanation, and that through perception of the *aura* is attained the power of establishing *rapport* — and consequent communication face to face — with that entity. The ego whose astral principle is thus projected upon the psychic perception of the sensitive may be still living in the flesh, or may have passed from the body a hundred or a thousand years before.

The important point, it seems to me, in connection with all this mode of perception, is a community of sensation between the perceived and the percipient. I have been able to describe with precision the emotions — whether of exaltation or depression, lightness or heaviness, health or disease — perceived by me, because I myself, in my own nervous and mental organization, *felt* those conditions. To illustrate more clearly, while recently sitting on a mountain-top veranda with a company of friends in the twilight, I saw in the astral a lady, who was an entire stranger, approach, and, looking earnestly at one of the company, suddenly put one hand to her left eye. "What does she mean by that?" I asked mentally. Instantly I felt a dull pain in my own left eye, which was succeeded by a gradual going out of the sight until there was total blindness. This sensation I described

to my friends. One of them immediately recognized the lady as an old friend of her own, the wife of a United States senator, prominent in the history of the West, who had died about fifteen years before. This lady had received an accidental injury in the left eye, which resulted in entire loss of sight. She came now to deliver to her friend an important message concerning that lady's future work in the West. The pain and blindness in my own eye passed away in a few minutes, and have apparently left no unpleasant effects.

Anxious as I am to contribute what I can to the elucidation of this class of occult phenomena, I have been exceedingly reluctant to make my paper personal in so large a degree. But I find this is inevitable if I am to make it plain that I speak from individual experience, and not from information obtained at second hand. Like Mrs. Underwood, whose interesting experiences in regard to her writing under the control of invisible intelligences were related in *THE ARENA* some time ago, I had been for years as much an agnostic to all spiritualistic phenomena as a good orthodox Episcopalian can be expected to be. So far from desiring notoriety in regard to my own psychic experiences, I have sedulously avoided mentioning them, and not half a dozen persons outside of my own family have hitherto known anything of them. My field of work is so far removed from professional mediumship, that I am much more likely to be hurt than helped financially by the present revelation, so long as the mediocre-minded majority continue to verify Rochefoucauld's aphorism by "condemning what they do not comprehend."

I have said that I regard psychometry as the key to the development, on rational lines, of the sixth sense. Psychometry itself seems to be a development on the psychic side of that physical sense, which is at once the finest, the most subtle, the most comprehensive, and the most neglected of all the five senses—the sense of *touch*. While distributed over the whole surface of the body, through the nervous system, this sense is more delicate and sensitive in some parts than in others. The marvellous possibilities of its development in the hands, are shown in the cases of expert silk buyers and of coin handlers. The first are enabled, merely by touch, to distinguish instantly the weight and

fineness of a score of different pieces of cloth hardly distinguishable to the eye. Girls employed in the mints, while counting gold and silver coins at an astonishingly rapid speed, detect at once the minutest difference of overweight or underweight in the coin passing through their hands. The remarkable sensitiveness developed by the blind in the tips of the fingers, under such scientific cultivation as that provided in the Perkins Institute, of which Laura Bridgman in the past and Helen Kellar in the present are such conspicuous examples, is familiar to most readers.

It may not be so generally known that recent *post-mortem* examinations of the bodies of the blind reveal the fact that in the nerves at the ends of the fingers, well-defined cells of gray matter had formed, identical in substance and in cell formation with the gray matter of the brain. What does this show? If brain and nerves are practically identical, is it not plain that, instead of being confined to the cavity of the skull, there is not any part of the surface of the body that can be touched by a pin's point without pricking the brain? It shows, moreover, I think, that, given proper development by recognition and use, a sensation including all the sensations generally received through the other physical organs of sense may be received through the touch at the tips of the fingers. It proves that a man can think not alone in his head but all over his body, and especially in the great nerve centres like the *solar plexus*, and the nerve ends, on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet. The coming man will assuredly perceive and think in every part, from his head down to his feet. Need I suggest the importance of remembering, in this connection, how much in our modern life is conveyed by the hand clasp, or the deep delight that comes to lovers in caressing touches, when impelled to pat the hands or the cheek of the beloved one, or to stroke her hair? It is through the emotional life that our sensitiveness is led from the physical to the psychic plane of sensation.

Through the sense of physical touch, apparently, one is first brought, on "psychometrizing" an object, into a vivid perception of an *aura* or atmosphere surrounding it. Every individual and every distinct object, animate or inanimate, is surrounded by an *aura* of its own, just as the earth and every other planet has its surrounding atmosphere. In this *aura*,

as in a mirror, the sensitive sees reflected the history of the object, its significance in connection with the emotions, and such other associations with the personalities of its possessors — of the life and experience of which it formed a part — as he may bring himself *en rapport* with. As already noted, all this is not only perceived objectively, but is also “sensed” subjectively. The sensitive seems to merge his own personality in the *aura* of the object, and in his own person feels the pains and pleasures he describes.

The fact of this community of sensation, and its general recognition as a leading feature in the phenomena of psychometry, mind reading, thought transference, and hypnotism, bring us to the consideration of the force or agent outside of the personalities of either percipient or perceived, which is of vast importance. Nearly two years ago Dr. R. Osgood Mason published a suggestive study of a series of well-authenticated hypnotic experiments, in which he advanced the opinion that the chief agent in this and in a large class of other occult phenomena is a certain “vibratory medium.” This hypothetical medium he compared to the atmosphere, in its quality as a transmitter of light and sound and smell, but far exceeding that medium in sensitiveness. He says: —

In its widest sense, this force, by whatever name it may be known, is the medium of influence, which manifests itself throughout the world of organic life, from the simple cell to reasoning man; from diatom to prince, philosopher, or poet; the medium through which qualities are perceived, opinions formed, and loves established, independent of knowledge gained by ordinary sense perceptions, or any process of reasoning; the medium of intuition.

Dr. Mason, however, frankly confesses himself “unprepared to say whether this psychic medium is constant, existing in and pervading space, without special reference to its actual use, or a rare effluence . . . ether, vital force, or emanation — existing as an attribute of living, sentient beings, always in use to some degree, and, under favoring conditions, producing what seem to us marvellous phenomena.”

My experiences and investigations lead me to believe that Dr. Mason’s hypothesis, while exceedingly valuable and suggestive, falls short of accounting for the phenomena he describes. Neither a universal ether, constant and pervading all space, nor a rare effluence, existing as an attribute of living, sentient beings, will alone account for thought trans-

ference, clairvoyance, psychometry, or hypnotism—to use many names for the one phenomenon of psychic perception. As has been shown, this perception depends more than aught else on that degree of *rapport*, which we can only designate by the entirely inadequate term, “community of sensation.” To my mind, it is plain that these phenomena depend absolutely on *both* the universal ether, as a *medium*, and the emanation from sentient, living beings as a *force*, working upon that medium—as the painter works in colors or the sculptor in stone. We have two good English and all-sufficient words for that personal force, and for its operation. These words are *mind* and *thought*.

* It is impossible to conceive of a universe without mind, for no matter is so crude that it is not the expression of mind—the result of thought—in some degree. But we can imagine a universe void of man, void of living, sentient beings, just as we can imagine the desolation of the middle of the Desert of Sahara, and comprehend that, with no ear to hear, it must be soundless; or imagine the depths of interstellar space, and know that, with no planetary atmosphere to refract the light of suns and stars, there must be blackest darkness. In an uninhabited universe—a universe filled simply with the primitive, universal ether—there would be mind, but it would be the expression of the negative thought of mind—the sculptor’s stone waiting in the quarry, the painter’s pigment still on the palette. So for all purposes of demonstration we may be permitted to distinguish “mind” from “matter,” as the force itself, distinct from the medium in and through which it operates.

The next question is *how* individual thought operates on the universal ether. To answer this question completely will be to unlock the mystery of the ages. The mystery will be unlocked some day, as surely as the North Pole will be reached. Simply as the faintest suggestions, born out of the fleeting glimpses of illuminated teaching that have so far penetrated to my consciousness, I can only venture to present for the benefit of brother explorers some of the landmarks I have noted in pursuing this line of investigation.

The facts cited in regard to psychical phenomena seem to indicate that there is a certain *quality* or *condition* in the universal ether, only to be perceived by the development of a conscious perception and sensation of the same quality or

condition in the constitution of the individual, of which constitution that universal ether must form the greater part. That this quality is not discoverable by mechanical processes must be apparent, since in its very nature it transcends matter in the ordinary sense of the word, and is beyond or outside the realm of physical perception.

It seems to me, therefore, that to perceive this quality of the ether or spirit filling all the universe, permeating all space, and pervading every particle of what we call matter — this substance whose universality, oneness, and constant vibration bring us into instant touch with the most distant stars — it is necessary that the percipient should be able to place himself *en rapport* with this quality. The clearness and fulness of his perceptions will be in exact proportion to the completeness with which he succeeds in attaining this state of consciousness.

In art, we already recognize the truth that the *quality* of the poem, the picture, the statue, or the musical composition — that is, its essential reality — is a thing beyond demonstration in terms of physical or material analysis. Like faith, it is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen." It is sensed not by eyes, or ears, or hands, but by the sixth sense. We appreciate the beauty of a poem or a picture only in so far as we can place ourselves in sympathy with the thought or emotion of the poet or the painter — so far as we can think *the same thought*, or experience the same emotion, that is expressed in the poem or the picture. To a certain extent, this power may be attained by intellectual cultivation. It is oftener the result of a development of that subtler spiritual faculty we call intuition; and the intuition, like the intellect, may be developed by education, by environment, and by exercise. All the intellect and learning of Carlyle did not enable him to appreciate, much less to write, such a poem as Keats' "Endymion," nor to enjoy the melody of Mozart's masses.

The question now arises: In what does this quality, so necessary to psychic perception, consist? By analogy with artistic powers and perceptions, and even more clearly, perhaps, with the familiar phenomena of chemistry, we may be justified in regarding this quality as harmony — harmony, in the first place, between the elements of one's own nature, and, in the next place, harmony of the individual nature

with the thought or the person to be perceived psychologically. And the thought which alone can create and sustain this harmony is *love*.

Science is constantly expanding our knowledge of the marvellous qualities of the universal ether. Professor Draper, in his work on "Light," avows the conclusion that the universal ether, through light, registers and retains photographs of persons, scenes, and actions, ordinarily invisible, but which under certain conditions may become visible. The walls of every room, he says, contain, and might, if we knew how, be made to show forth the pictures stamped upon them, by the light, of every action that has taken place within them.

In the *Century*, recently, Professor S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institute, described certain experiments, which demonstrate that bodies thousands of times heavier than the air itself, may be sustained in the air and propelled in it at great speed—the greater the speed, the less the power required to sustain the travelling body. Aside from Professor Langley's experiments in aerial navigation, we know that the ether sustains millions of planets in perfect equilibrium and moving in their orbits with almost inconceivable velocity. We know that it is capable of transmitting light, heat, and sound, and that it permeates every atom of the universe, even to the most infinitesimal molecules of the densest solids. We are beginning to learn that from this ether all the forms of the material universe are primarily evolved, and that into this ether the substance of all forms finally returns.

Harmony in color, in sound, or in form, is a matter of proportion arrived at by the appropriations or attractions of affinities. A form is perfect to the sight, in so far as its relative proportions in line and dimension harmonize with each other. The perfection of every living organism depends on the harmony of its vibrations. We know that all consciousness on the physical plane, comes to us in waves—vibrations, whether of sound or light, heat or cold. We know, too, that these vibrations vary almost infinitely in rapidity, and that, as a certain rapidity of vibration in the light waves produces red and another green, yellow or other shades, so a greater or less rapidity of vibration, in the sound waves, causes the different notes in music. The same law

in regard to vibrations acts in causing health or disease, joy or sorrow, life or death.

Fill a room with air in which there is a certain proportion of nitrogen to oxygen, and that air is healthy and vitalizing. Change the proportions, by increasing the nitrogen or by cutting off the oxygen, and the air of that room becomes poisonous and deadly. In the same way, it is found that the body of a human being, in the last analysis of its material structure, is composed of oxygen and nitrogen. While a certain proportion of these elements is maintained, the body is in a healthy condition. Disease and death occur when this healthy equilibrium, or harmony of vibrations, is disturbed or destroyed by too great an increase of the proportion of nitrogen, or decrease of the proportion of oxygen.

The statement is made — and its suggestiveness is startling — that the proportions of oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen in the body of an individual, at any one time, are not only an absolute indication of his bodily condition, but will indicate his spiritual condition also. That is to say, the character and development of the ego itself determines the composition of the body, and the proportions of oxygen and nitrogen will be blended in exact relative proportions with the good and evil in the man's nature. Every good thought increases the proportion of oxygen, as a deep breath does, and lessens that of nitrogen, making the body finer and more beautiful. Every evil thought or impulse that is indulged increases the nitrogen, and has the reverse effect on body and soul.

Every one knows how true it is that debauchery, sensuality, anger, and avarice leave their marks on the face and in the figure of man and woman, in a plainly perceptible coarsening of the outward appearance, making it accord with the true inner nature of the person. It has not before been shown in print, I believe, that this coarsening of the form, of the texture, the color, are the indications of an actual material change, corresponding to the changes in the spiritual or inner man. Yet, on reflection, it will seem as natural that the quality of the soul should determine the quality of the body, as that the thought of the painter, rather than the size of his canvas or the quantity of his colors, should determine the quality of his picture. Long ago Spenser, in his "Faëry Queen," voiced this truth:—

For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

It may seem unfair to adjudge as bad all who are uncomely or deformed, or to consider a handsome man or woman as necessarily good. It must be remembered that no form is final or fixed. Every form is subject constantly to the action of thought. The form of to-day may be the result of thought through a series of previous incarnations, working out slowly and gradually. The hunchback may be transformed into an Antinous, or the Antinous into a hunchback; but not suddenly. Nature makes no sudden leaps. The possibility of descent in the spiral progress of the soul continues even to the gates of paradise, as the possibility of ascent, through regeneration and reincarnation, is open, even to the soul sunk into the depths of hell.

Two facts of importance must be kept in mind. First, that actual *quality*, susceptible of chemical analysis, is the test, and that this quality may be in part concealed by appearance. All is not gold that glitters. Second, the attainment of a perfectly spiritualized body, i. e., of a body in which the chemical elements are blended in complete harmony, is in all probability the result of the garnered experiences of thousands or hundreds of thousands of years, through repeated incarnations of the ego in a series of bodies. It is the fruit of *experience* — of countless errors, of persistent effort of the divine germ to express itself.

In this connection, it is exceedingly interesting to know that this law, as to the relation between the spiritual development and the physical constitution of the body, may be carried to the logical conclusion that the quality of the body affords an infallible indication of the accomplishment of the object of reincarnation on this earth. Once the elements composing the body are combined in a certain proportion, necessity ceases for further reincarnation, for further experiences on the material plane. The achievement of this goal can only be determined, probably, by the soul's expression of its quality, and by its attraction of embodied or disembodied spirits of the same quality and development. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The future life and growth of that ego must be on higher planes of existence, in embodiments of finer or more spiritual substance, on more advanced planets.

From all which, is it not plain that investigation which is to increase our actual knowledge of the nature of the universal ether in its quality as a medium, and of the individual thought in its quality as a force, must leave the beaten track of mechanical tests and measures, and seek the more spiritual and more scientific method of so analyzing and examining psychical phenomena, that we may learn how man may consciously and intelligently establish the utmost harmony and correspondence between the nature of the spiritual man and the nature of the spiritual universe? By thus bringing the mind into at least an approach to complete sympathy and unison with the Universal Mind, of which it is a part, man will surely be enabled to lift the veil of sensory illusion in greater and greater degree.

THE SINGLE TAX IN ACTUAL APPLICATION.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

A THEORY that is morally and logically right will work in practice, but at the same time a practical example of the working out of the principle involved is valuable. The single-tax men seem to have such an exemplification in the case of New Zealand, where an effort has been put forth to discourage land speculation by means of a land tax. It is not precisely the single tax—probably the single-tax men will consider that its greatest fault—but its work of checking land speculation and breaking up the large estates is admitted.

I have before me the advance sheets of the Consular Reports from the Bureau of Statistics in Washington, wherein Mr. John D. Connolly, consul to New Zealand, gives his report. It is so valuable just now when the question of the single tax is being strongly advocated that I quote quite fully from it. Mr. Connolly begins by saying:—

LAND TAXATION IN NEW ZEALAND.

In the matter of taxation laws New Zealand excels as compared with the other Australasian colonies, and perhaps with many older countries. Here, at least, legislation has been introduced that has been most violently assailed as being experimental, socialistic, confiscatory and impracticable. But regardless of this terrible arraignment, the taxation laws have been fully and successfully established and given practical effect, even while other countries were theorizing on the same principles. . . .

It is true there were many who, through the public press, in the halls of legislation, and on the highways and byways of the country, proclaimed their belief that the changes in the incidence of taxation would surely involve the country in financial ruin; but subsequent events conclusively demonstrated how ill-founded were their apprehensions. The most determined opposition to the "new taxation" came from the moneyed institutions, loan companies, and the owners of vast landed estates. It was found, however, as soon as the new system became law and was thoroughly established and fully understood, that, instead of involving the colony in ruin, it had exactly the contrary effect. The credit of the colony in London (which is, of course, the centre of financial operations so far as the colonies are

concerned) increased to an unprecedented degree. New Zealand's credit is better to-day on the London money market than is that of any other colony of Australasia.

As will be seen above the opposition came from the moneyed classes and from land speculators in the colony; they had no doubt about the effect of the tax. A synopsis of the system is given here.

Up to 1891 a land and personal-property tax was imposed; but during the years of depression the colonists generally complained of the personal-property tax as being a grievous burden. One of the first acts of the new government was to abolish the "property tax" and substitute an "improvement tax." All improvements on land up to \$15,000 were exempt, but all improvements above that amount were taxed.

The deduction of mortgages and of improvements up to a value of \$15,000 renders very many owners exempt from land tax, the total number of land-tax payers in 1891 being 12,557 out of a total of 91,501 owners of land in the colony. It will be borne in mind that there is an exemption of \$2,500, so that no man pays any taxes for state purposes until his property is worth over the above amount. The special exemption just referred to reduces the number of taxpayers. An owner whose land and mortgages, after the deduction of mortgages owing by him and of improvements up to the value of \$15,000, do not exceed \$7,500 is allowed a deduction by way of exemption of \$2,500 (already mentioned), and this amount gradually diminishes until it disappears altogether when an owner's assessed value, less reductions, reaches \$12,500.

In addition to the ordinary land tax, a graduated tax is levied, and for this all improvements are deducted; but an owner is not allowed to make any deductions for mortgages owing by him, and he has not to include in his return any mortgages owing to him. This tax is not imposed on any owner the value of whose land, less the improvements thereon, does not exceed \$25,000, and the lowest rate imposed is one-eighth of a penny in the pound. The rate gradually rises until it reaches twopence in the pound on the improved value of lands up to \$1,050,000 or more.

This tax, it will at once be seen, is an approach to the single tax advocated by Mr. Henry George. In general principle it is the same; that is to say, it makes it difficult to hold land out of use and makes improvement easy by exempting it from tax up to the limit of \$15,000.

The most interesting and valuable part of the report shows that the present tax has come along these years of experiment exactly in line of Mr. George's plan:—

In 1891, as already mentioned, the property tax was abolished and a tax on improvements substituted. In 1892 the tax act was so amended as to exempt all improvements under £3,000 in value, and

in 1893 improvements of every kind were exempted and an income tax introduced instead. By the abolition of the tax on improvements a loss to the revenue of the country was sustained equal to about £37,000, but this loss will be compensated for in some degree by the scale of graduated tax having been increased.

Thus in three years the entire system of taxation has been almost completely changed, and, it is gratifying to say, with the most beneficial effect. Each change made was in the direction of relieving those who were least able to pay and making those to whom the additional burden of taxation would make no material difference contribute (what they had not hitherto done) a fair share of the revenue required in proportion to their means.

Let the reader note whence the opposition came. Mr. Connolly goes on to say:—

It was persistently alleged by the banking and moneyed institutions generally, and also the large land owners, that the radical changes made in the incidence of taxation would result in such a serious loss to the revenue of the country that borrowing must again be resorted to immediately to defray the expenses of the government, but the results have proven they are not prophets.

The common people, however, having felt the good effects of this system, returned the promoters of it to power with *the largest majority ever given a government in New Zealand*. The significance of this is that they have discovered the barrier to progress, landlordism, and propose to abolish it.

In addition to this land tax with its exemptions, they have also a graduated land tax and an income tax. The income tax is not satisfactory thus far, but of the graduated land tax Mr. Connolly says:—

GRADUATED LAND TAX.

There is what is known as a graduated land tax, in addition to the ordinary tax of the same kind, on land values over £5,000 (\$25,000) in round figures. The object of imposing this additional tax is to compel those possessed of large estates and who are holding them for speculative purposes to either subdivide or offer such lands for *bona fide* settlement.

Under the circumstances, the justice and wisdom of this act are quite apparent when it is remembered that 1,766 owners hold from 1,000 to 10,000 acres each, 232 owners hold from 10,000 to 50,000 acres each, and thirty owners hold over 50,000 acres each.

The improved value of land held by fourteen land owners amounts to \$27,690,245, while six owners hold land the improved value of which is \$12,813,900. The total value of unimproved land held in large areas—say from 5,000 acres upwards—in 1892 amounted to the vast sum of \$272,360,875. Thirty-two companies, such as banks, land and loan companies, insurance and mortgage societies, own 1,321,036 acres, the improved value of which is given by the com-

missioner of taxes at \$12,916,405; and the unimproved value is by the same authority said to be equal to \$9,467,690. From the foregoing figures, it will be observed that it has become necessary to take some steps to prevent the further accumulation of vast estates and the withholding of them from settlement and development. *Though the graduated tax is not regarded as being too burdensome, yet it is to a large extent having the desired effect. Many of the immense estates are being freely offered to the government at their taxable value, while some are being cut up in suitable farms and offered at public auction.*

It remains to say that all the evils expressed in the above figures can be duplicated in America, both east and west; for while the monopoly of *acres* of land is more obvious, it is not more destructive or dangerous than the monopoly of city lots.

The ordinary land tax is about two mills on the dollar, and the graduated tax begins at less than half a mill on the dollar and rises as the holdings increase until those holding a million dollars' worth of land pay an additional two pence on every pound, or in round figures a cent for every dollar. If so slight a tax as this would work such results it is plain that a heavier tax upon these corporations, loan companies and large land owners would break them up sooner and give the homesteader and farmer a much earlier opportunity. Florida, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, any new country seeking for immigrants, should consider well this plan of New Zealand.

Laws that encourage speculation do not encourage settlement. To exempt improvement and to burden the speculator will do for our West and South that which the land tax has confessedly done in New Zealand—bring back prosperity and faith in the nation.

In order to discourage absentee landlordism the reformers in New Zealand have imposed an extra burden of twenty per cent additional tax upon those who have been absent three years. This however is only a quibble. All landlordism should be made unprofitable, absentee or resident.

With regard to the single tax itself, Mr. Connolly goes on to remark:—

THE SINGLE TAX.

That there is very little difference between the present land tax and the single tax as proposed by the single taxers, as they are called here in New Zealand, is easily shown. The principal points of difference may be briefly explained. The single tax would be levied at

a uniform rate and without exemption upon all properties, irrespective of size. The mortgagee would be treated in precisely the same manner as the owner, i. e., it would consider him as being part owner of the improvements, as well as of the land. There would be no absentee tax; all land owners would be treated alike. The £500 exemption, the absentee and graduated tax (exclusive of the income tax) are the only diverging features as between the single tax and the present land tax.

Mr. Connolly a few years ago bitterly opposed the single tax. He seems now to understand very thoroughly the arguments of the single-tax men and comes very near to agreement. Apparently the American farmer is a land owner. As a matter of fact he is a renter or wage-earner. He has very little land value to tax, and as under the single tax all his improvements would be exempt and all indirect taxation abolished he would be one of the greatest gainers. He is now quite landless. He owns under mortgage or he rents. These conditions existed in New Zealand but are being changed by the tax on land values.

At the same time it is worth the while of the single tax men to consider the matter of an exemption in connection with the introduction of the single tax among the American farmers. It would need to be a small exemption, say \$750 or \$1,000. In some states it could be \$1,000. The case would then stand. The farmer would pay no taxes on his improvements, and no taxes on his land values until those values rose above \$1,000. Let him also remember that *improvement value* is exempt; it is merely the site value which must exceed the thousand-dollar limit.

Personally I feel certain that an exemption is not needed, because on the majority of farms in *bona fide* farming districts the improvements exceed the site value of the land, and the farmer having his stock, tools and buildings exempt would at once pay less taxes than now. In cases where the land value exceeded improvements, the exemption of improvements from taxation would make improvement easier, and the decreased price of lumber, coal, iron and other commodities which would be released from monopoly would also aid in making improvement easy. In short the man who feels the New Zealand tax, and the man who would feel the effects of the single tax, is the man who is living by rents, or by interest, which is only rent in another form. In other words the man who earns his living will find his burden

lightened, while the man who lives in the sweat of his neighbor's face will find that power cut down.

In the case of New Zealand another point is of special value. Mr. Connolly says:—

The number of taxpayers has decreased under the land and income tax by nine thousand twenty-eight, while the revenue has increased \$100,000. It is to the absentee and graduated tax that the increase may be attributed.

This is to say the poor have been released from tax and the monopolist has been made to shoulder part of the load. Observe that this would not have happened if the tax had been placed upon the *improvements* of the wealthy, for if placed upon anything whose price could have been raised to cover the tax, the consumer would have paid his original burden and more too, in *indirect taxes*. Being placed upon land values it *decreased the price of land* and brought it into the market, thus making it impossible to shift the tax.

This is a fundamental principle of the single tax. It makes land plentier and therefore lower in price, and it cannot be shifted by raising the price of land so long as land is being brought into the market in increasing quantities, for the price of land would fall and not rise.

That the single tax would have an instant effect on the wages of working men is also shown by this report, for not only has the colony been steadily prosperous through the hard times of the last year, but it has absorbed without ill effects a constant stream of working men.

The effect of the tax on land values is precisely like that of opening new land to settlement. It brings it out of the speculator's hands into the settler's hands. It passes out of the hands of the monopolist into the hands of the contractor and builder. Speculation employs no labor. The moment speculation surrenders its hold, use begins and prosperity begins. This was proven in New Zealand.

The effect of opening new lands by taxing speculation reacts through all trades. It benefits the shop girl and the mechanic as well as the settler, the gardener or the builder. There is an empire of land held out of use right here in our eastern cities and their suburbs. This land can be opened to use in one way and only one way, by making it unprofitable to hold it out of use—that is, by taxing it precisely the same as if it were in use.

This is the fundamental idea of the plan pursued in New Zealand with such fine results, and this is the fundamental principle of the single tax. The working farmer has no more cause to fear it than the mechanic. It will lift the burden which they have borne so long upon their bowed shoulders, and it will tax back into the common treasury a value which the whole people creates and which a few monopolists at present enjoy.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM OF THE HEXATEUCH.

BY PROF. L. W. BATTEN.

THE object of this paper is to present to the intelligent public a specific problem of the higher criticism of the Bible. Our method will be to state the conclusions reached by the modern higher critics in regard to the Hexateuch, and the facts on which these conclusions are based.

Much is sometimes said in ridicule about the conflicting opinions of the critics.* As a matter of fact, while there are certain extravagant opinions, the agreement on all the essential points is remarkable. As my object is to show what has been done by the application of critical methods to one particular part of the Old Testament, no effort will be made to ascertain anything new, but rather to state the points in regard to which the verdict of the modern critics is practically unanimous. Such an article is certainly timely; for while the results of critical methods have been accepted largely by Biblical scholars, the ordinary intelligent Christian either holds aloof from them with a certain amount of fear, or accepts them on authority without investigation. It is desirable for every intelligent person to know whether these critical results are merely shrewd guesses, or sure inductions from facts which no one can question. Many even of the friends of criticism have a vague fear that the results may be unwholesome. A statement of the facts is the best evidence of the groundlessness of such fear.

Our subject is the Hexateuch, not the Pentateuch: the book of Joshua is inseparably bound up with the books which precede. The Jews in their arrangement of the canon separated Joshua from the earlier books, and made it the first of the series called the Former Prophets. That was done because the Pentateuch was taken as the law book, and on this ground Joshua was excluded. But Joshua brings us to the real termination of the early history. Deuteronomy

* A critic may be conservative or radical; he is a critic just the same. For convenience, I use the term of those who have accepted modern results.

ends with the death of Moses, breaking off the history at a critical point. The first stage in the history of Israel ends, not as the tribes were preparing to cross the Jordan, but after the conquest and settlement of Canaan. Then again, the documents which are discovered in the Pentateuch are continued in Joshua. That is to say, the same sources from which the Pentateuch was compiled furnished the material for the book of Joshua.

There are four chief documents in the Hexateuch. The first is the so-called "Priest's Code," which runs through the entire Hexateuch, including the whole of Leviticus. It is the most complete of all the documents, as it was used by the compiler as the basis of his work, very little being omitted. In the historical portions this writer is particularly interested in the origin of the great religious institutions, such as the Sabbath, circumcision and the passover. This document is indicated by the symbol P.

The second document is found in all the books except Leviticus, and is characterized by the use of the name Jahveh.* To this author we owe the second account of the creation, the story of the Garden of Eden, that of Cain and Abel, and much of the patriarchal history. This writer is called the Jahvist, and his work is indicated by the symbol J. His stories are primitive and interesting. His religion is intensely anthropomorphic; he tells us, for instance, that God walked in the Garden of Eden in the cool part of the day, that He came down and closed the door of the ark for Noah, smelled the odor of Noah's sacrifice, etc.

The third document was once confused with P, because the same name was used for God; but it was discovered that in literary characteristics this writer was much more akin to J than to P. He is called the Elohist (E). From his interest in the northern tribes he was probably a resident of the northern kingdom. In style J and E are so much alike that it is difficult to separate their narratives. In Genesis it is comparatively easy, but in the other books the more cautious critics satisfy themselves for the most part by separating JE from P.

The fourth document comprises the main part of the book of Deuteronomy, and is indicated, therefore, by the symbol

*Jehovah is composed of the consonants of one divine name (Jahveh) and the vowels of another (Adonai), which was substituted for the former by the Jews.

D. Either the author of this book or some one else closely akin to him in literary style and religious spirit, has contributed also certain parts of Joshua.

Much has been said in regard to the manner in which these documents were compiled into their present form, but so much at least seems clear. J and E were first combined into one narrative, and then the result was united with P. As a rule duplicates were excluded, but occasionally they were placed side by side, as in the account of the creation. But more frequently, the Priest's Code was taken as the basis, and portions of the JE narrative were woven into P, as in the story of the flood. The compiler or editor has apparently contributed very little. Additions supposed to be made by him are indicated by the symbol R. If the theory of such a compilation seems absurd, it is only necessary to remember that the Jews' method of composition was very different from ours. We read our sources, digest them, and then give the result in our own way. The Jewish historian did little more than select extracts from original sources. If the four gospels had been preserved in a harmony only, the result would not be very different from the phenomena of the Hexateuch.

Having now stated the important conclusions reached by the critics, I will present some of the evidence on which these results are based, for it is to be borne in mind that the critical analysis of the Hexateuch is not based on mere speculations, but upon facts.

That there are different documents in the Hexateuch appears first from double narratives of the same events. The most complete example is the duplicate of the creation. The first from P (Gen. i. 1-ii. 3^a), the other from J (Gen. ii. 4-25^a). A careful study of these two narratives will show that they cannot possibly have come from the same writer. P invariably uses the divine name Elohim; J uses Jahveh Elohim. The difference in style is very marked in the Hebrew, and is indeed not wholly obscured in a translation. In many cases the two sources use different words to express the same idea.

The two writers look at creation from different points of view. P represents the creation as accomplished in a cycle of days, six for the creative work and the seventh for rest. J, on the other hand, is not concerned with time. In P the

world in the beginning was a chaotic mass, and was covered with water. The water was drawn off from the land, and then vegetation springs forth. J represents the earth at the beginning as barren for lack of water and of cultivation. The rain falls and man is created to till the soil, and then vegetation appears. In P the last act in creation was man, and that not an individual, but the race, and of both sexes. In J the first creature was an individual man, and the last was the woman, the animal creation coming in between. P's account includes the universe, J's only the earth. The conception of God in the two accounts is very different. In P the Almighty fiat is sufficient. God only needs to say "Let be," and the creation is accomplished. In J God fashions the man out of dust, breathes into his nostrils, puts him to sleep, takes a rib and fashions it into a woman. God is represented as experimenting. The one man must not be left alone; a suitable helpmeet must be found for him. The animals are created for this purpose, and it is only when man fails to find a helpmeet among them that the woman is created. The interest of P lies in the institution of the Sabbath day. In J the chief interest centres in man. He is made first, and the other things created are for his benefit.

The story of the flood is an interesting case in which the two accounts are woven together, though each is tolerably complete in itself. Certain differences are to be noted. According to P two animals of each kind were taken into the ark; according to J seven pairs of clean animals and one pair of unclean. According to P the flood was caused by the breaking up of the great deep as well as by the opening of the windows of heaven. "Some great terrestrial commotion is thus implied" (Ryle). According to J the flood was produced by a rain storm which lasted forty days and nights. According to P the flood lasted over a year; according to J there were seven days' warning, forty days' rain and twenty-one days' subsidence — sixty-eight days in all. The same differences of style and theology are found as in the creation stories, and indeed run all through the Hexateuch.

Further evidence of a decisive kind is found in the three codes of laws which are found in the Hexateuch. These are the so-called Book of the Covenant (Exodus xx.-xxiii.), Deuteronomy, and the Priest's Code, found chiefly in Numbers and Leviticus. There are other laws closely akin to

the Book of the Covenant which were due to J or E, so that the three codes may be represented by the symbols JE, D and P. A comparison of the laws will show that in many cases the same laws are found in all three codes, with variations that are sometimes quite unimportant and sometimes very considerable. We shall examine a few of these cases.

1. *The Sabbatical year.* Exodus xxiii. 10, 11 provides that the land should lie fallow every seventh year, in which year the fruit of the vineyard and the olive yard should not be gathered. The object of this provision is that the growth of the seventh year may be left for the poor and the beasts. Deuteronomy xv. 1-11 makes no provision for rest for the land, but provides that in the seventh year there shall be a complete release of debts of Jews but not of foreigners. This law is made expressly in the interests of the poor. In Leviticus xxv. 1-7 provision is made for the land to have its Sabbath rest, during which there is to be no reaping nor pruning of any kind. The natural growth was not to be given to the poor, but could be eaten by the owner and his household in the field.

2. *Hebrew Slaves.* According to Exodus xxi. 2-11, the Hebrew slave was to be set free in the seventh year. If he was single when he became a slave he alone should be released. If he was married when he became a slave his wife was to be set free also. If his wife had been given to him by his master during his time of slavery, the wife and children remained the property of his master. If the man chose he could refuse his release and be branded a slave forever. A maiden sold by her father had not the right of release. If her master espoused her and then did not marry her she could be redeemed, but her master could not sell her to a foreigner. If the master gave her to his son for a wife she was to be treated not as a slave but as a daughter. If her master married her and then took another wife he was not to relinquish her support or cease the marital relations on penalty of her freedom. According to Deuteronomy xv. 12-18 the released slave was not to be sent away empty, but provided with food and clothing. The slave might elect to remain with his master. According to Leviticus xxv. 39-46 a Hebrew taken for debt must not become a slave, but only a hired servant, and must be released with his children in the year of jubilee.

3. *The Place of Sacrifice.* According to Exodus xx. 24 the altar was to be made of earth, and the promise was given that at any place where Jehovah caused His name to be remembered He would come to His people and bless them. According to Deuteronomy xii. 1-28 the provision of JE is expressly forbidden. No sacrifice of any kind is to be made except on the one altar in the one place Jehovah chooses. Permission is given, however, to kill animals for food at other places, care being taken that the blood be properly shed. In Leviticus xvii. 1-9 the law is most stringent against any sacrifice except by the priest at the door of the sanctuary. The penalty is blood-guiltiness and exclusion from the privileges of the nation; exception is made, however, in the case of animals slain for food. The actual usage in the earlier history was to sacrifice at any place that was convenient, in accordance with JE. Saul offered sacrifice on the battle-field. Samuel went down to Bethlehem to hold sacrifice.

The question now arises, How are the three codes, with their many similar provisions and their many discrepancies, to be explained? To suppose that all three codes were issued by one man during a period in which there was very little change in the national life is a great strain on one's credulity. Everything becomes clear on the critical hypothesis according to which the Book of the Covenant is the earliest code, probably Mosaic in origin, and in agreement with the actual usage of the early Hebrews. The Deuteronomic Code is based on the Code of the Covenant, abrogating some features, developing others, and making many new provisions to meet the wants of a more developed national life. The peculiar features of the Priest's Code are due, not so much to a difference of time as to a difference of condition. Whether it is a later development than the Deuteronomic Code or not is still a disputed question. But of that more below. A careful study of the three codes in their entirety will furnish the best evidence of their belonging to different periods in the life of the Hebrew people.

The burning question concerning the documents from which the Hexateuch is compiled is in regard to their respective dates. While the verdict of critics is not unanimous on this point, it is sufficiently so for all practical purposes. It is best to begin with the book of Deuteronomy

because there is the surest ground. If the critical results in regard to that book cannot be maintained nothing else can. We read in 2 Kings xxii. that in the eighteenth year of King Josiah, Hilkiah, the high priest, sent word to the king that he had found the book of the law in the temple. This book of the law was first read to the king privately and then, by his command, publicly before the people. It made a profound impression upon both king and people. What was this book of the law? Professor William Henry Green and others who hold the traditional view, maintain that it was the entire Pentateuch. But the following evidence shows that it was the book of Deuteronomy: 1. The Pentateuch could not have been read twice by Shaphan in one day; the circumstances require a short book. 2. A careful study of the book of Deuteronomy in connection with Josiah's reformation will show that this reformation was based wholly on the laws of Deuteronomy. 3. The prophet Jeremiah (Jer. xi. 1-8) was commanded to preach the new book of the law in Jerusalem and the other cities of Judah. The references to the book of the law in this passage correspond to Deuteronomy. Moreover a careful study of Jeremiah's prophecies after the reformation of Josiah shows that his thought was permeated by the ideas of Deuteronomy.

But the question still remains whether the book had been really lost, or was first produced at this time and represented as an old book in order to secure for it a greater authority. It seems clear that whenever the book was written it had never before seen the light. Its contents are equally surprising to Hilkiah the priest, Shaphan the scribe, Josiah the king, the elders and the people. Moreover it contains regulations of whose existence there is no evidence before this time. The great point about which the discussion has revolved is that of the high place worship. The patriarchs offered sacrifice at many ancient sanctuaries. We have already seen that the Book of the Covenant assumes that altars will be set up in various places. In the book of Deuteronomy the high places are expressly forbidden (xii. 29-32). No sacrifice was allowed except at the central sanctuary. Now if this law had been in existence since Moses' day, how are we to account for the fact that Samuel sacrificed at such places, that Solomon's famous vision was at "the great high place," that the most pious kings of Ju-

dah — namely, Asa, Jehoash, Amaziah, Uzziah and Jotham — all sacrificed in the high places? It is scarcely conceivable that these men should have violated a plain Mosaic law. It is true that the action of these kings is condemned by the author of the book of Kings, but he writes from the point of view of his own times, when the Deuteronomic law had been generally accepted. The *massebah* or consecrated stone, and the *asherah* or sacred pole, are closely connected with the high place worship. Jacob, Samuel and Joshua all set up *massebahs*. These were regarded as a proper part of the equipment for worship by Hosea and Isaiah. Both are explicitly prohibited in Deuteronomy (xvi. 21, 22).

As to the date of J and E it is not easy to fix anything definite. They are certainly earlier than Deuteronomy, and all critics agree that they fall between Solomon and Amos. There are many allusions in these documents which show that they belong to a time when the Israelites were settled in Canaan. Driver truly says that they belong to the golden age of Hebrew literature. Which of these is earlier it is not possible to determine accurately, though the weight of opinion is in favor of assigning J to a somewhat earlier date than E.

P has been the greatest problem of all. On account of its being the foundation of the Hexateuch it was formerly regarded as the earliest document. But since the date was seriously studied that conclusion is seen to be erroneous. It is manifestly later than Deuteronomy, for many of its provisions show a later stage in the development of Israel's history. The priest and Levite in D are synonymous. In P the Levites are degraded to a subordinate position. It seems equally clear that P is later than Ezekiel. The priest prophet, as an appendix to his prophecies, formulated an ideal code for the new Israel (Ezekiel xl.-xlviii.) A comparison of his code with P makes it reasonably certain that P is a later code, so that it cannot be earlier than the Babylonian captivity.

We have left but small space to consider the question of authorship, but indeed, much is not required. If the Hexateuch is composite and the dates assigned above are approximately correct, Moses was not the author, and no modern critic pretends to know who the various authors were. Like most of the other writings of the Old Testament, these documents are anonymous.

The denial of the Mosaic authorship is the sore point with traditionalists. It seems strange that they should be aggrieved if one examines the basis of the venerable claims that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch; for the Pentateuch does not make such a claim for itself, and the character of the Jewish tradition was sufficiently shown by Professor Horton in a previous number of *THE ARENA*. Indeed the Pentateuch itself contains statements which exclude the Mosaic authorship. Moses is constantly spoken of in the third person, and from what seems to be a distant point of view. Moreover it is expressly stated that Moses wrote certain laws. In saying that Moses wrote a part of a book it is clearly implied that he was not the author of the whole.

If these reasons persuade any one that the traditional view of the Hexateuch is wrong, it need not persuade him that the religious value of the books is in any way impaired. Other authors were inspired as well as Moses. But after all it is not a question of consequences but of fact. If these things are so, we must accept them. That they are so is the verdict of a very large proportion of the men who are now devoting their time and talents to the study of the Old Testament Scriptures.

THE ELECTION OF POSTMASTERS BY THE PEOPLE.

BY HON. WALTER CLARK, LL. D.*

The constitution of this union of states, adopted by our forefathers at Philadelphia in 1787, was a very remarkable instrument. In many respects it was the most admirable framework of government which the ages had produced. But like all human productions it had its faults. The generation which made it added no less than twelve amendments. Three have since been added. Another, providing for the election of United States senators by the people instead of by the legislatures of the respective states, commands popular approval and will no doubt be adopted. The necessity for it has been fully demonstrated. It is, besides, practically adopted in several states already by the custom of the state party conventions nominating a candidate for the approaching vacancy in the senate and the members of the legislature being elected upon an implied or express pledge to vote for their respective party's candidate for senator, in conformity to the custom which requires electors to vote for the presidential candidate named in advance by their party convention.

But there is another amendment which time has also demonstrated to be a necessity. Public sentiment has crystallized in its favor wherever the subject has been discussed. The welfare of the republic requires its adoption. The provision which vests the appointment of postmasters in the president and heads of department, according as congress may direct the classification, was doubtless a suitable and proper one when the constitution was adopted. The number of postmasters was then a few hundred. It was thought then that the president or the postmaster general, in one of whom all these appointments were vested, according to the classification by congress, would make inquiry and be in-

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formed as to the fitness of the appointee—in short, that they would really be the *appointing* power.

Now that the number of postmasters approximates 75,000 this is entirely impracticable. Counting 300 working days per year and six hours per day given entirely and solely to appointments, with an average of only fifteen minutes' consideration to each case, the four years of the postmaster general would expire before 29,000 appointments are made, or two-fifths of the postmasters; this, too, with a total neglect of all the other and more important duties of that office, unless outside of official hours. The appointing is in fact done by a power not recognized as possessing the right to appoint, and on whom it would not have been conferred in 1787 if the suggestion had then been made. Nor could such provision be placed in the constitution if it were attempted to-day.

We have thus in fact an army of 75,000 men appointed to office illegally, in a mode not provided by the constitution, and which could not be placed in the constitution to-day by the people's will. The appointment of this army of office holders is as to the presidential postmasters practically vested in the senators from the state, and of the lesser postmasters in the member of congress for the district, when these are of the same political party with the president or influential with him. When these legislative officers are of the opposite political party or not personally in favor with the president, the appointment is virtually vested in local party leaders who act without the responsibility and publicity of office.

Aside from the fact that such modes of appointment are unconstitutional and illegal, and that as matters stand it is impossible for the mode to be changed, since neither president nor postmaster general can possibly become acquainted with the fitness and character of such a host of appointees, there are many other objections to the system in force as to the appointment of postmasters, among which may be named as the most potent the following:—

1. It gives the executive an overshadowing influence with the legislative department. This is always dangerous in a free government. As it is recognized that the senator or congressman, as the case may be, is the real appointing agency, subject to the president's option to place the exercise

of such power in some party leader, every candidate for an appointment is so much pressure brought to bear upon the senator or congressman that he shall conform his views to the president's upon leading questions. Our constitution, framed under ideas prevalent over one hundred years ago, gave the executive what has heretofore proven undue weight and influence in the government. He is in fact an elective king, for a term of years, with an authority exceeding that of any crowned head in Europe except the czar of all the Russias. But this additional influence, not contemplated by the constitution, makes his authority and influence overwhelming.

It is but recent history that the president declared his wish and intention that a certain important financial matter nearly affecting the people at large should pass congress. There was no secret made that senators and congressmen not supporting the executive view would find no favor at the White House. It is also generally believed that the pressure of applicants for office and their friends was so great upon senators and representatives that many of them deserted their declared and often announced convictions of a lifetime that they might receive executive approval of the appointments which they wished to make in behalf of their personal or party friends, according to customary usage, and as a part of the perquisites of their legislative offices. It is no secret that this was the most potent influence in carrying the measure through congress. Without this presidential influence can it be doubted that the measure would have failed? What was then so easily done can be done again and again on important occasions, until congress shall be little more than the beds of justice of the old French parliaments which met simply to register the decrees of the sovereign.

2. The system practically in force is injurious to the legislative department itself, which should not be invested with the appointments. It often leads to "trades" and combinations for the appointment of individuals as postmasters on account of their influence instead of their fitness and acceptability to the public. In this way, not infrequently, nominations and elections are secured. As the "patronage" is yearly increasing, with the value and number of postmasterships, this source of public corruption will grow.

It is no answer to say that many senators and congressmen—let it be said if you will, a very large majority of them—do not bestow these appointments with any view to reward past services or secure future support, but with an eye single to the public good. Still the constitution is perverted by the bestowal, in practice, of any part of the appointing power upon members of the legislative department. That some of them abuse it and that the system affords, nay invites, misuse, is a condemnation of it. The only test of a postmaster's appointment should be fitness and acceptability to the public of the locality he is to serve. The best judges of those qualifications are the people themselves, expressing their opinions and wishes in the matter as collected from the ballot box.

Besides it interferes with the discharge of their proper functions that legislators should be practically thus invested with the appointing power and called upon to decide upon the advantages of making this or that appointment. Then too, as already stated, it destroys the independence of the legislative department by making it subservient to the executive, in order to avoid the veto which the latter can place upon a senator's or representative's appointments and thus destroy all chances of renomination. The best men in both branches of congress would be glad to be relieved of this thralldom and to be relegated to their constitutional duty of legislating for the best good of the people, unswayed by outside and personal considerations.

3. From the standpoint of the people, the present system is equally injurious. It is educating a host of men to look not to the people themselves as the source of all power and authority, but to regard the appointing power as something beyond and above the people. It is creating a mass of courtiers and political traders, who rely for appointment not upon fitness or public approval, but upon the "pull" they may have on the virtual appointing power—the senator or representative whom they may have aided to bring into office or to whom they have advanced money either *bona fide*, or sometimes, it may be, under the guise of a subscription to the campaign fund. The opportunity which corruption is afforded is great. Let us hope it is not often used.

These being some of the evils, and they are great ones—which will assuredly become greater—what is the remedy?

There is but one. It is the only one which freemen have ever found with which to break the force of executive tyranny or prevent corruption in the appointing power. That is to resume the power themselves and to select their servants at the ballot box.

This would not only remove the evils above indicated and others, but would have most important results.

1. In the first place a presidential election is now a strain upon the whole country. The postmasters and other officials connected with the postal service number one hundred thousand. These, with their families and others closely allied to them, form a vast army of a half million of people who are dependent upon the success of a presidential candidate. Double as many more expect appointments if the other side win. If each postmaster were elected by the people of the locality, this would be no longer the case. Whether postmasters should be selected at the ballot box by personal preferences or on party lines, still the wishes of that particular locality would succeed, irrespective of the success of any particular candidate for the presidency. This would remove one of the great inciting causes of a conflict, which, exciting enough in any view, has been so aggravated as to have caused a civil war in 1860 and nearly caused its repetition in 1876.

2. The change would relieve the president of a personal strain from applications for office which has contributed to, if not directly caused, the death of more than one incumbent of that high office and crippled the usefulness of others. It would give the executive, as well as the legislative, department time to devote to proper and appropriate duties.

3. The change would check the growing tendency to centralization which threatens to absorb local self government in the centripetal attraction of public office.

4. This would deprive the opponents of a governmental telegraphic and telephonic service of their only valid argument against it, which is that it would increase the number of federal appointees. The number of postoffices might be largely increased with a telephone at each office, except at one or two large offices in each state which might be telegraphic for the purpose of relaying and forwarding long-distance messages. With low governmental rates this change would more than double the benefits and usefulness to the people of the postoffice department. With postmasters

elected by the people, there can be no longer objections urged against increasing the number of federal appointees from fear of augmenting the pressure for patronage which now threatens to paralyze both the executive and legislative departments of the government.

Nor are there any practical difficulties as to the manner of election. The territory around each postoffice could be divided off into a precinct by a board provided for the purpose by statute with provision for subdivisions and changes by the department in a manner which would guard against abuse. Each four years when a president is elected, a postmaster for each of these postoffice precincts could be chosen, exactly in the same manner that a constable is elected in each township when the governor and other officers are voted for by the state at large. This would not add perceptibly to the expense of elections.

The postmasters thus elected would give bond and be subject to removal for cause, just as the appointed officials are now, and would be in all respects subject to the same regulations as now except that when removed for cause the cause might be tried at the next federal court. If the charges were not sustained the officer would be reinstated. In case the charge was proven a new postmaster would be elected for the unexpired term at the next congressional election, if it should not be a presidential election year.

The strongest objection against the election of postmasters by the people is that it was not provided for in the constitution of 1787. But neither was the present system of virtual appointment by senators and representatives provided for by that constitution. It is a fungus growth and dangerous to the health of the republic; it should be removed.

It is said that this world of ours has three motions — one its diurnal revolution on its own axis, another in its wide annual sweep around the sun, the third as it is drawn along with the whole planetary system in the rush of the sun towards the distant point in the heavens to which it has been flying with more than the velocity of a cannon-ball since creation's dawn. The three motions combined describe a spiral. As the earth thus spins down the spiral stairway of the stars, the lapse of every twenty-four hours sees us removed three millions of miles from the point in space occupied by us at the same hour the day before. With the

whole world thus earnestly "on the move" can it be seriously contended that the constitution alone shall stand still? That it had imperfections has been shown. The generation that made it was wise enough to amend it, and succeeding generations have done the same. Now we are face to face with other imperfections which have come with the lapse of time—the manner of electing senators, and the immense growth of, and perverted mode of dispensing, patronage or appointments to office. Is not this generation wise enough and strong enough to grapple with these questions?

Whatever may be said in favor of civil service as applicable to clerkships and other subordinate positions, it is very clear that life appointments under civil service rules are not desirable for postmasters who are thrown directly in contact with the people and whose acceptability to the people they serve is of the first importance. Nor is favor in the eyes of a congressman, ambitious perhaps of further honors or mindful of past favors, a proper basis for appointment. If the people are wise enough to elect presidents and congressmen, governors and judges, why can they not be trusted to select senators and postmasters?

When the constitution of 1787 was framed there was a large element cautious of committing much power to the people. It was an unknown and untried experiment. Senators were to be chosen by the legislatures. It was feared to trust their election to the masses, but time has demonstrated that the latter would have been the better plan. Judges were to be appointed for life by the president. Yet hardly a state constitution retains now such a feature. The few hundred postmasters were to be appointed by the president or the postmaster general. Now that they number nearly three-fourths of a hundred thousand, and are increasing in number at the rate of three to five thousand per annum, their appointment is practically changed and is made by members of congress and senators or unofficial political leaders. A century of experience in self-government and the spread of education among the masses have been of little value if they have not brought proof of, and increased confidence in, the capacity of the people to select their own officers. The development of republican government must take that direction. The continued bestowal of so large a number of

offices, increasing steadily in number and value, by patronage, can only result in increasing and widespread corruption. Trust the people. While they remain honest and intelligent they are the proper and only safe depositories of the power of selecting their own servants. Whenever the day shall come that they shall cease to discern their own interest or shall become corrupt, a stronger form of government, not resting on the people's will, may be found, but not a purer one.

The writer is one of those who steadfastly believe in the capacity of the people for self-government and that progress in the direction of a purer, better government, a government which shall be for the people, is to be found only in the extension of a government which is by and of the people. In the curtailment of patronage, which is a survival of government by officials, and the selection of postmasters and all other officers as far as possible by the people, is to be found the only solution of many of the difficulties and evils which now surround us. This will not be the "conclusion of the whole matter," but it will be a very long step in the right direction. Other difficulties will arise with our development in wealth and population. Wisdom will be found to solve them as they shall press on us.

"There are great truths that pitch their shining tents
Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen
In the gray dawn, they will be manifest
When the light widens into perfect day."

A NEW DISEASE.

BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

CIVILIZATION (like success) has its penalty. Granting all the wonders that invention has wrought, and admitting our splendid progress along certain lines, the calm observer still sees that we have bought these things with a price. Have we paid too much? If you are not in haste let the future tell.

In civilized countries the state protects the individual, and thus through lack of exercise the individual in time loses the capacity to protect himself. Our forefathers, who wrestled with wind and storm and dared the elements, or faced wild beasts or savage men as wild, laughed at danger. They went into battle with stouter hearts than we take to the dentist's. We are so busy making money and so fearful about the money we have made, so alert and breathless for "facts," that what we have gained in height we have lost in girth.

As a consequence we have acquired a few things beside money and facts. Among these acquisitions are a whole host of diseases—exhaustion, paresis, nervous prostration and various brands of debility; each of which is presided over by many self-appointed specialists (like the gods of old) who offer us "consultation free." Several men have immortalized themselves by palming off on us brand new ailments and naming these diseases after themselves. As the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table has said, "Their names go clattering down the corridors of time like a tin kettle to a dog's tail." Who can conceive of the mischief that Dr. Bright brought about by booming his disease!

Schemes for "self treatment" are thrust at us from the columns of every daily, and as we walk the streets we see in shop windows dainty little plush boxes containing hypodermic outfits, advertised as holiday presents. As we journey by rail announcements of "the only sarsaparilla" and "the

kind that cures" greet us from barn roofs that should be sacred to moss and silky gray shingles; we look out to enjoy the landscape, and we behold references to "that tired feeling" that give it to us. We take up the paper to read the doings of the great men of the earth, and our eyes light on pictures of worthy housewives who have gained a pound a day—or lost it, as the case may be. Pepsin, hypophosphites, bromide, cocaine, chloral, are sold on every hand. The opium smugglers are making such vast fortunes that they bid fair to rival in society the Coal Oil Johnnies.

The latest thing in neurotics is *paranoia*. No doubt it has always existed, but until a disease becomes popularized, so to speak, it cannot consistently lay claim to a technical name. The distinguishing symptom of this malady is fear. The victim is very sure that some one is plotting against him. *He knows it*. For many months this fear may be upon him and his intimate friends see nothing wrong in his manner. But he is alert, vigilant and on the lookout. Suddenly some day he sees his wife sprinkle a white powder in his soup. It is salt, but you could never convince him of that fact. He refuses the soup, and his life for the time is spared. Next day he slyly exchanges his cup of coffee for hers. She does not drink all of her coffee—he knows why, but keeps the information to himself. Certain conspirators come to his house in the disguise of rag-peddlers, milkmen, etc.; he sees them and mentally makes note. He observes these men afterward on the street but they pretend not to see him; they turn their backs and walk away. He confronts them, they are astonished and protest their innocence—"just as the guilty always do."

The ropes are being drawn tighter around the helpless victim. He sees his children are eying him—yes, even they have joined the enemy. A neighbor comes in and assumes a friendliness that he does not feel; it can be seen in his eye. Relentless hate is on the poor fellow's track—ruin, disaster, disgrace, death. Sleepless nights follow days of hot anxiety, and one of two things happens. The unhappy wretch in frenzy strikes down his wife or son or neighbor who he imagines is about to wrong him, or he flies to a distant city to elude his pursuers. Arriving there he detects still other villains on his track; breathless, with bloodshot eyes and blanched face, the cold sweat standing in beads on his fore-

head, he rushes into a police station and demands protection. He gets it; for every police captain has seen more than one just such case.

It is a well-known fact that when a man is in a condition ripe for suggestion he accepts the thought of another. So *paranoia* is often known to have its beginning in the suggested hate of some one else. It is possible for a whole family to become infected with the same hallucination. So many instances of this kind are to be found recorded in treatises on nervous disorders that it would be like platitude to give them here.

An insane idea may run through an entire community, as the hallucination of witchcraft did in Salem in 1692, when nineteen innocent persons were hanged on testimony that was deemed unimpeachable. The witchcraft fear found root in a soil already full of apprehension. A perusal of Cotton Mather's sermons will quickly show that he taught of a God of wrath who proposed to damn certain people and save others. This God was jealous, petty, trifling, capricious, and could be pacified only by certain things. People who believe in this sort of a Supreme Being have minds ready to be inoculated with any other combination of fear and hate that may be thrust upon them by a strong suggestion. Salem has made a stain on the pages of our history that will last even beyond the time when the United States of America lives only in legend and fable.

There are now strong symptoms of a social *paranoia* to be seen in certain parts of our country. If the antidote is not given it may become a scourge that will hold our fair name up as a byword and a hissing before the civilized world. This disease has found a favorable soil in many sections, especially in the rural districts of the West. The widespread financial depression has hit the farmer hard. The rustle of the mortgage has sung in his ears night and day, and visions of a gigantic summons and complaint, backed up with writs of ejectment, have haunted his dreams. And no matter how much they claim that the tears of pity have put out the fires of hell, yet the good old doctrines of "total depravity," "endless punishment" and the angry God are still preached throughout the land. Bad legislation, bad crops and bad theology are a trinity of bad things. The result has been that a condition favorable to a suggestion of

hate and fear has been prepared; and the suggestion has come.

A year ago I was visiting an old farmer friend in Illinois, and very naturally the talk was of the great Fair. Was he going? Not he—he dared not leave his house a single day; did I not know that the Catholics had been ordered by the pope to burn the barns and houses of all heretics? It sounded like a joke, but I saw the gray eyes of this old man flash and I knew he was terribly in earnest. With trembling hands he showed me the pope's encyclical, printed in a newspaper which had a deep border of awful black. I tried to tell this man that Pope Leo XIII. was a wise and diplomatic leader and probably the most enlightened man who had been at the head of the Roman church for many years; and by no human probability could he do a thing which would work such injury to the Catholics as well as the rest of humanity. (This pretended encyclical has since been proven and acknowledged a forgery.) But my argument was vain. I was taken to the two clergymen in the village, a Presbyterian and a Methodist; both were full of fear and hate toward the Catholics, with a little left over for each other. They were sure that the order to kill and burn had gone forth.

And so in many towns and villages as I journeyed I found this quaking fear. In many places men were arming themselves with Winchester rifles; many preachers never spoke in public without fanning the flame; A. P. A. lodges were rapidly initiating new members, and lurid literature which was being vomited forth from presses in Louisville, Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City was being sent out broadcast.

For a year I have endeavored to find proof that the Catholic church in America was arming and drilling men or countenancing such action, as so boldly stated by the leaders in the A. P. A. In many cities I have been given permission to search every part of convents, monasteries and churches where arms were said to be stored. In vain has been my search. I have used all methods known to detectives to find any Catholic in possession of orders to maltreat his neighbors. No request or suggestion or hint showing a desire to injure Protestants have I ever been able to trace to a Catholic priest, bishop or other dignitary. And it is now the conclusion of all unprejudiced men who have investigated the matter that the letters, "encyclicals," "bulls" and orders

which are being printed in various A. P. A. papers and purporting to come from the Roman Catholic church are flagrant forgeries.

The A. P. A. seeks to spread hate; it thrives by fear, and its only weapon is untruth. This broadcast sowing of falsehoods is doubtless done by men who are thriving by it politically and financially, and the real victims are the people who believe these outrageous stories, subscribe for the papers and pay dues to be initiated into the A. P. A. lodges. Yet whenever any one has taken up pen to try to stop the insane panic he has been greeted as "a Jesuit hireling." Occasionally, however, we get a clear note of protest from such well-known men as B. O. Flower, Washington Gladden and David Swing; men who have so placed themselves on record in the past that their attitude toward Rome cannot possibly be misunderstood.

As for myself I do not recognize the church of Rome as a "divine institution" any more than I regard the New York Central Railroad as such. I have just as much faith in the infallibility of Chauncey M. Depew as I have in that of the pope. Both are pretty good men as men go. When they met a few months ago they grasped hands, as all men should — as equals. Among other things Dr. Depew told his holiness that many of the Central's most faithful and trusted employees were loyal Catholics. And it is a fact that nearly one half of the men in the employ of railroads in the United States are communicants in the church of Rome.

Some weeks ago it was my privilege to ride from New York to Albany on the engine of the Empire State express. The engineer was a little, bronzed, weather-beaten man of near fifty. I showed my permit, and without a word he motioned me to the fireman's seat in the cab. He ran around his engine with oil can in hand, then climbed to his place and waited for the conductor's signal to start. I was watching, too, and back in the crowd I saw the hand swung aloft; at the instant, the engineer turned and made a quick motion as if crossing himself, seized the lever, and we were off. For exactly three hours the telegraph poles sped past, and we rolled and thundered onward through towns, villages, cities; over switches, crossings, bridges, culverts and through tunnels and viaducts at that terrific rate of a mile a minute. The

little man at the throttle looked straight out ahead at the two lines of glistening steel; one hand was on the throttle, the other ready to grasp the air brake. I was not afraid, for I saw that he was not. He spoke not a word, nor looked at me nor at his fireman, who worked like a Titan. But I saw that his lips kept moving as he still forced the flying monster forward.

At last we reached Albany. What a relief it was! My nerves were unstrung. I had had enough for a lifetime. The little engineer had left the cab and was tenderly feeling the bearings. I turned to the fireman:—

"Bill, why does he keep moving his lips when there at the lever?"

"Who—th' ole man? Why, don't you know, he's a Catholic. He allus prays on a fast run. Twenty years he's run on this road with never an accident—the nerviest man that ever kicked a gauge cock, he is, 'swelp me!"

Bill is not a Catholic, neither am I, but we do not ask whether the engineer who pilots us safely to our destination is Presbyterian or Baptist; we only ask that he shall be a man who knows his business and is willing to do it. And yet the A. P. A. are clamoring for the removal of all Catholics from the employ of railroad companies; and their oath of initiation requires that the candidate shall never give employment to a Catholic provided a Protestant can be found to do the work.

It is a somewhat curious thing that this hatred and insane fear of Rome is almost entirely confined to orthodox Protestantism. The Quakers, Universalists, Unitarians, liberals of all sorts and the "infidels" are not alarmed. But a reference to the A. P. A. papers will show a fine array of names of orthodox clergymen who are "waging the war." And the more orthodox they are the fuller of fight they seem. "High church" talks extermination of Catholicism, but "low church" is not panic-stricken.

The persecutor and the martyr are of the same type. And in this case it is brother against brother—a family feud. The orthodox Protestant brother who is so busy organizing A. P. A. lodges is made from the same stuff as the hated Catholic. They are both "Christians" and both "sincere." The distinguishing feature in the religion of each is that they teach that Jesus of Nazareth did not have a man for

his father, and that only by a certain belief in this Jesus can we escape perdition.

Show an Eskimo three horses, a black, a gray and a bay, and he can scarcely see any points of resemblance in them. But a skilful horseman will quickly detect that the conformation, temper and quality of endurance in each is about the same — in fact that they may all have had the same sire and dam. If you are selecting one of these horses for your own use, the expert judge will tell you to take your choice; they are all of one breed — it is only a matter of taste in color. So it is with these man-made religions (all formulated, organized institutions of every sort and kind are man-made). Calvinism, High Church Episcopalianism and Rome are all cut off from the same piece of cloth.

They all teach a mixture of superstition and morality with a dash of universal truth, but this latter is not insisted on. They have all persecuted and cried "Whoa" and "Stop thief" to progress. Art has suffered at the hands of Protestantism, science has been checked and thwarted by all, and on the hands of each is the blood of innocent men. Yet their purpose is to do good.

We know the excellent work of the Jesuits among the Indians: we know the lives of La Salle and Marquette. We know Francis of Assisi and the priests who have given their all to leper colonies and still other leper colonies scourged by vice and sin. Then we know of the splendid work of that army of women who toil without pay and who labor without hope of earthly reward in hospitals, asylums and wherever tender hands are needed. On battle-fields where "Christians" have gone forth to kill each other, their white flag of peace is always seen. They whisper words of comfort to the dying, they close the eyes of the dead, they straighten the stiffening limbs, and by their presence lend a show of decency to the last sad scenes.

Then we know the good work of the Protestants. We know their Chautauqua circles, the Society of Christian Endeavor, the W. C. T. U., the College Settlements, the Asylums, Hospitals and Homes. Catholic and Protestant alike pray to one God, and He who hears the cry of the nun as she watches by the bedside of the dying, hearkens also to the prayer of the Protestant mother.

The light of reason has recently sent gleams of glorious

truth through all religions. All are coming nearer together, and in many sections we see the dawning of a better day by the uniting of Christian people for practical progress. So be it. But we can go forward only as we leave hate behind. Let Protestants, Catholics and lovers of truth everywhere be willing to strike hands for good, and let us say as a united people, that in this glorious land there is no room for a secret society that seeks to spread broadcast hate and fear! For if we sow hate we must reap hate. We awaken in others the same attitude of mind that we hold toward them. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

THE NATIONALIZATION OF ELECTRICITY.

BY SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

WHO has not read with pleasure that one of the fairy stories of the Arabian Nights which tells of a fisherman who one day happened to drag from the deep a vessel of peculiar shape? Removing the strange seal which closed the aperture, he beheld a thin streak of smoke rising out of it, growing more compact and voluminous until it had turned into a column covering the whole horizon. The cloud finally assumed the shape of a giant, who threatened to take the life of his liberator and benefactor. Though the fisherman begged for mercy, pleading ignorance and innocence, the giant would have destroyed him, if the fisherman had not in the nick of time persuaded the giant to hide again in the vessel. Then closing the aperture, he became master of the situation and able to prescribe terms.

Strange as is this fiction, fact is still more strange. The present generation is confronted by a similar giant who has grown almost out of nothing. Though he does not threaten the life of the community, but rather shows willingness to yield his powerful neck to the yoke and serve humanity like a faithful slave, still we stand in awe before him, doubting whether we dare trust him implicitly or whether, in some of his features, he may not become a dangerous foe to us, exacting a disproportionate tribute which we would not care to pay. This giant, in plain language, is called electricity.

Within one generation, this subtle force has conquered the world; the whole surface of the globe has been covered with the wire netting of electric plants of all descriptions, so that this earth, if viewed from one of her sister planets, must look as though some gigantic spider had spun his web around her. There are people yet living who remember the first telegraph. I lately met a gentleman who, with great pride, told me that he delivered by contract, the first telegraph poles that were erected; and it seems but yesterday that the first trial of

telephonic communication was made here in Boston—I think in Music Hall—before an assembly of astonished witnesses.

The surprise of the fisherman in our fable could not have been greater, when he beheld a giant rising out of the small vessel, than is the wonder of our present age, in beholding the unexampled growth of electricity and its rapid adaptation to all kinds of services. By means of electricity, the news of the world is brought to us at a moment's notice; by means of electricity, the voices of friends, with all their characteristic inflections, are carried to us over the space of thousands of miles; electricity floods the largest cities with a sea of light at any given moment; electricity, transformed into force, drives and propels heavy cars loaded with freight or passengers.

Still this giant has not grown to full proportions; he is yet a mere child and may after reaching maturity surpass the most extravagant expectations. Metaphorically speaking, the social body has suddenly evolved a system of nerves, by which its most distant parts, its minutest cells, are placed in intercommunication and sympathy with one another. We may stand in awe before the ruins of the buildings which the civilized nations of antiquity have left to tell us of their enterprise; we may wonder how Egypt could have built her pyramids, Greece her temples, Rome her highways; but whatever are the bequests of ancient culture and ingenuity, never before has the world been blessed with benefactions such as are represented to-day by electricity.

Now then, who is to own this young Hercules? Whose slave is he to be? Whom is he to serve? It is a pertinent question: Shall such an immense force, a force that promises to revolutionize the whole world and to reshape all its institutions, become the private property of a few, or shall it become the property of all? Shall the miraculous lamp of Aladdin raise one or a few men to princely station, or shall it become the benefactor of all mankind? Shall this nervous system of the social body be controlled by a few of the cells of the organism to their own advantage, for their own profit, or shall it become an integral part of the body itself?

At the time when electrical science was born and the first telegraph was introduced, nobody foresaw to what dimensions the new invention would grow; no wonder, therefore, that

it was looked upon as if it were a mere toy, and that it was left to private enterprise to develop and utilize it. Even to-day, the true relation in which electricity stands to social welfare is not fully understood; even to-day, people do not seem to comprehend that it is the full nerve force of a nation which they hand over to private companies, when they permit them to control telegraphs, telephones, electric lights or other electrical contrivances. As in the case of railroads, it is not so much the saving or losing of a few millions of dollars which concerns us, but it is the influence which those who own such a powerful agent can exert, through its power, upon the social body. I will state but a few of the many reasons why electricity should be owned by the people themselves, and not by a few interested parties among the people.

1. Like all blind forces of nature, electricity possesses, with the power of doing good, also the power of working harm. What would man be without fire?—and still he must be eternally watchful to see that this useful servant is kept in strict confinement and not allowed to run riot in a self-chosen course. So electricity is an agent that should be handled with great care. Unless this force is carefully supervised, life and property are constantly threatened by it. When private companies are permitted to control such a force; when they are granted the privilege of covering the streets of a city, or even the housetops, with their network of wires they should be held responsible for all damages occasioned by their ward, either accidentally or by negligence. It is understood that such a responsibility exists; but that is a mere theory, not carried out in practice. The individual member of society will find it impossible to win a lawsuit against a corporation. In the majority of cases, the distinction between unavoidable accident and negligence is so minute that it is difficult for a jury to decide which is which.

The people, represented by their government, should be the keepers of so dangerous a servant; they could make him diffuse his beneficent services and they alone would have full power to control his malevolent spirit. For some time, it was felt in our large cities that the dangers brought upon the citizens by electrical contrivances were out of proportion, and the demand to bury wires under ground was frequently pressed. The rival companies, however, could not agree about the right *modus*; absolutely nothing was

done to remove these dangers, and some time will yet pass before anything will be accomplished that will give satisfaction. If the government had had control of electricity, wires would have been underground long ago, and dangers coming from them, either by accident or negligence, would have been reduced to a minimum.

2. It is easy to advance, but difficult to retrace steps once taken. People have accustomed themselves very easily to receiving news from all over the globe at short notice, but although mankind existed for uncounted thousands of years without such accommodations, it would form one of our greatest discomforts if now we should be deprived of such intelligence. In fact, if, by an accident, telegraphic and telephonic communication is interrupted, it seems a great hardship, and not rarely does it happen that vast sums of money are lost through it. The whole business life that permeates the community is nowadays based upon the assurance of telegraphic communication. Is it wise, therefore, to leave such a power in irresponsible hands? Would it not be wiser, is it not a case of self-protection, that the people themselves, as represented by their government, should manage this great source of intelligence?

Under this head falls the relation in which telegraphs and telephones stand to the press. News can be collected and spread only by means of a thoroughly organized system of telegraphic communication with the newspaper world. All our opinions are shaped and all our decisions influenced by the news as presented to us. From false premises we come to false conclusions, and from a false representation of a fact, most naturally a false decision will spring. The telegraphic nerves reach the public mind, the very brain centre of the people, and it will depend every time upon the correctness with which the news is brought to it, what action the whole body politic will take. An alarming despatch may cause a financial panic and work a great deal of harm before its falsity is proven and its text contradicted by another despatch. Favoritism shown to one newspaper that is not granted to another, can lift up the one and repress the other, much to the harm of truth and to the injury of the people whose sentiments these papers are supposed to voice. Such an immense power to shape public opinion should not be left to irresponsible parties; it should be in

the hands of the people's representative, the government, whom they can hold responsible for every action.

It will not be amiss to direct the attention of the reader at this juncture to the fact that when we speak of the government, we frequently allow a false impression to take hold of us. It passes generally as a truth that the government is a power to be feared by the governed; a power the interests of which are diametrically opposed to those of the people, and the policy of which is always one of self-interest to the few who have risen to the control of the political machine. This tendency and the delight with which the ruling powers are usually attacked, have sprung from historical grounds. Despotism and monarchism—and even in our days, democracy, which rules by majorities—have ever proclaimed themselves not the servants but the masters of the people. All these governments represented interests which the people did not share. If such a government decided to treat its subjects well, it was done from the same motives that the farmer treats his cattle well, viz., in order to grow richer and more comfortable by so doing, but not out of mere love for them. The functions with which the government was intrusted were in conformity with that very idea, and, strange to say, almost every government depended, for its safety against its own subjects, upon the bayonets of an army.

No wonder, therefore, that people were ever distrustful and jealous of the power of the government; no wonder that they would not intrust it with more wealth or force than was absolutely necessary; no wonder that they would rather give over their railroads and the giant, electricity, to private corporations than to their own government. But given a ruling power that does in fact represent the people, the interests of which are identical with theirs, and the functions of which are to carry out the will of the people, there is no reason why all these forces should not be intrusted to its care. It would be like distrusting oneself, if the people should distrust their own government.

3. Although it is not the purpose of this article to reiterate what has been well said by others, and although the benefit which would result from the nationalization of electricity, expressed in dollars and cents, does not impress the mind of the writer of this article as it impresses others, he cannot deny that great economic advantages would accrue to the

people if they owned all electrical plants. It has been demonstrated time and again that cities are illuminated more cheaply and better where the municipality owns the plants, than where these are in the hands of companies. The telegraphic service in Germany, where the government owns the telegraph, is cheaper, more accurate and more reliable than here, and as a consequence, the Germans, who are not nearly so lavish in their expenditures as we are, still use the telegraph to a greater extent than we do. In support of the plea that as far as the telephone is concerned, people should leave well enough alone, it is claimed that, while any other industry can reduce prices as the volume of its business grows larger, the increase in telephonic business is accompanied by an increase in expense. The larger the number of subscribers for telephonic service grows, the greater are the benefits which the subscriber receives, but at the same time, also, the expense is more to which the company is put in order to accommodate them all. Granted that this plea rests upon a solid foundation, it has still been proven time and again that what is done by the people itself, can be carried out in such a manner that even if burdensome the hardship is not felt. As an example may be quoted the mail service, which does not pay expenses but leaves annually a deficit to be covered from the people's treasury. This deficit would not occur, and the mail service would even leave a profit, were it not for routes that are carried with great expense through vast stretches of land not yet sufficiently populated to make their post offices self-sustaining. Still the people do not feel this burden so much as they would if the rate of postage were increased or if communication with such out-of-the-way places were cut off. In a similar manner and with good management, telephonic intercommunication could be enjoyed by the people to a much greater extent than it is now, if the government owned the telephones.

Since the introduction of electricity in its various branches, a vast army of employees has been formed. With every progressive stride which electricity takes, that army will still increase and the number of operators, linemen, electrical engineers, and allied workers will surely rise into the millions. Left at the mercy of soulless companies, they are forced to seek protection in consolidation, and thus again are created two hostile camps—the company and the union of its em-

ployees, who oppose each other as antagonists. In a wrangle between them—no matter which side is right and which is wrong—the interests of the people suffer every time. It would therefore be a blessing to both the people and the army of electrical workers if electricity were nationalized. The nation would offer fair compensation for the work done and a life position for the faithful worker; strikes would not occur, and another large portion of the population would be taken out of the battle field of competitive warfare.

HONEST AND DISHONEST MONEY.

(SECOND PAPER.)

BY HON. JOHN DAVIS, M. C.

IN a former paper on this subject, I stated the requisite conditions for the establishment of a safe and honest money system. There must be an established and responsible government, engaged in the collection and disbursement of revenues. The money must be received in the government revenues, and it must be endowed with the quality of legal tender. Then, if executed in a style of art above the arts of the counterfeiters, and issued in volume of reasonable proportion to the amount of revenues collected, we have the proper conditions for a safe and honest money system, precisely as good as the issuing government — no better, no worse.

I now call attention to the French assignats; and the question at once arises as to whether any of the requisite conditions of a safe, honest and sound money system were present in France at the time of the issuing of the assignats, or at any time during their circulation? They were issued first, in March, 1790, several months after the overthrow of the regular government. "The various revolutionary governments" which followed each other in rapid succession, collected but little taxes, and could not in any proper and regular manner receive the assignats in the government revenues. There was no established government which was competent to confer on the new money the quality of legal tender. Merely an edict of a revolutionary convention could not either confer or enforce the law of legal tender for money, any more than it could enforce any other law which it had no power to enact or enforce. Neither did the revolutionary governments limit the issue of paper in any reasonable proportion to its limited receivability in the revenues. It was largely overissued. This, of course, reduced its value. But it was not the French issues which finally destroyed the value of the assignats. The English issues in the form of counterfeits completed the work of degradation which the French issues had begun. The mechanical execution of the assignats was rude and easily counterfeited; and the British government embarked

largely in the business of forgery, in order to destroy the French finances and ruin the enemy.

Mr. Thomas Doubleday, an English writer, relates the case as follows:—

The accession of England to the hostile league of the European powers went far to produce this catastrophe; and, to complete the work, the minister had recourse to a device, novel as a mode of warfare—that is to say, the forgery of the paper money of the enemy. This procedure on the part of Mr. Pitt has since been denied, but its truth rests upon indisputable evidence, and the attempt was quite characteristic of a politician who knew better than most men that money constitutes the real sinews of war. If success be a justification, then, were justification needed, is this attempt fully justified; for it completed the annihilation of the credit of the assignats, in spite of the terrible means adopted by the French Convention to force their circulation. It is not a little curious, however, to reflect that, within a very few years after the destruction of the French assignats—that is to say, in 1797—Mr. Pitt should himself have been driven by the force of circumstances to adopt this very expedient and risk the hazardous step of relying upon an inconvertible paper circulation; and that this measure, the fruit of imperious necessity alone, should be classed by his eulogists and by the first Sir Robert Peel among others, among the brilliant phases of his administration. — Doubleday's "Life of Peel," Vol. I., pp. 38-42.

Mr. Stephen D. Dillaye, of Philadelphia, in his history of the assignats and mandats, 1877, speaks of the British scheme of counterfeiting the French assignats as follows:—

But finding that the revolution was stronger than the clergy, stronger than the nobility; that imperial France was conquering the enemies of liberty everywhere; that nation after nation was yielding to its power; that its armies were victorious, and its principles, developed by its constitution and laws, were such as reason and humanity approved, the clergy and the nobility set criminal law, honor and every principle of honesty at defiance, and organized forgery and made the passage of counterfeit assignats an occupation—thus attempting by crime, by stealth and by villainous and secret infamy to undermine the credit of the assignant, deprive France of its resources and overthrow the revolution. — "Assignats and Mandats," p. 32.

This business was prosecuted by individuals in a small way in Belgium and Switzerland, but mainly in the city of London, under the eye and approval of William Pitt, the premier of England.

The history proceeds as follows:—

Seventeen manufacturing establishments were in full operation in London, with a force of four hundred men, devoted to the production of false and forged assignats. The extent and the success of the labor may be judged by the quantity and the value they represented. In the month of May, 1795, it was found that there were in circulation from 12,000,000,000 to 15,000,000,000 francs of forged assignats, which were so exact in form, appearance, texture and design as to defy detection except by the most minute examination and exact knowledge of the secret signs by which the initiated were taught to distinguish them. — "Assignats and Mandats," p. 33.

Taking all the facts into consideration, it cannot be said with any show of reason and truth that the assignats had a fair trial as money. With no established government or sovereignty, they were not in any true sense a legal tender. There being little revenue collected, they could not be properly honored or received in the revenues in any reasonable proportion to the amount issued; and being rude and easily counterfeited, it was easy for the counterfeiters to inflate them to the point of worthlessness. There was not a single condition on which to base a safe money system in France at the time the assignats were issued. Not an enterprise, on the farm, in the shop, or in the entire fields of science or industry, could have succeeded with so many essential conditions lacking. And yet, in spite of all difficulties, the French assignats made the revolution a success. They overthrew the monarchy and became the means of permanently subdividing the great landed estates of the nobility into homes for the people.

Mr. Alison, in his "History of Europe," Vol. IV., p. 371, states this part of the case very clearly. After mentioning the evils arising from the fall of the assignats, Mr. Alison says:—

On the other hand, the debtors throughout the whole country found themselves liberated from their engagements; the national domains were purchased almost for nothing by the holders of government paper; and the land, infinitely subdivided, required little of the expenditure of capital, and became daily more productive from the number and energy of its new cultivators. These vast alterations in the circulation induced social changes more durable in their influence and far more important in their final results than all the political catastrophes of the revolution; for they entirely altered, and that, too, in a lasting manner, the distribution of property, and made a permanent alteration in the form of government unavoidable, from a total change in the class possessed of substantial power.

In Vol. VI., p. 3, Mr. Alison further says:—

A great part of the landed property of the country had passed into the hands of several millions of small holders, who might be expected to be permanently resolute in maintaining their possessions, etc.

After the confiscations had converted the great estates into "public domain," the assignats became the agency by which the lands were subdivided into small homes. The assignats were products of the "revolutionary governments." They performed a good work in giving homes to the people. As money they were precisely as good as the issuing power—no better, no worse. They lived as long as the revolution, and went down with it. The last insurrection was put down by Napoleon in 1795; the assignats finally fell to the point of worthlessness in 1796. The revolution fell into the arms of Napoleon, the most bitter foe of all forms of paper money. He often said that he

never would issue paper money. But when it came to the test he was compelled to do so until by his victories he was able to live entirely upon his enemies. Mr. Alison's *History of Europe*, Vol. VII., p. 100, states the manner of his military robberies as follows:—

The victories of Ulm and Austerlitz provided the means of solving the [financial] difficulty. From the moment the Grand Army crossed the Rhine, it was fed, clothed, lodged and paid at the expense of Germany. On the 18th of November, an edict of the emperor directed the transmission of all funds to the Army of the North to cease, and on the 18th of December a similar order was given in regard to the Army of Italy. Thus the three principal armies of the empire ceased to be any longer a charge upon its finances, and the tributary and conquered states bore the burden of the greater part of that enormous military force by which they were overawed or retained in subjection. This system continued without intermission during the whole remainder of the reign of Napoleon.

That was the plan of the "honest money" man for raising revenue. All rights of property were as much violated as they were by the revolution, and all the rules of honorable warfare were set aside as much as they had been by the English counterfeits of the French money.

Now comes another view of the case. Napoleon came into power as a pronounced "honest money" man. After he got fairly started and became able to live upon the enemy, he issued no more paper of any sort. He carried on war on the coin basis entirely, getting his coin by all means whatever, both fair and unfair. On the other hand, the English government was compelled to adopt paper. In 1797 coin failed utterly in England. The bank paid out its last silver sixpence, and there was no other resource but paper. The proper requisite conditions for the success of a paper money existed in England, as they did not in France during the revolutionary governments. England was an organized and responsible government; it collected and disbursed revenues; it could give to its money the quality of legal tender; and the British paper money was a success.

Now let us mark the following results of a struggle between intrinsic and non-intrinsic money in time of war. It began in 1797-98. The contest closed in June, 1815, at Waterloo. Napoleon and "honest money" went to the wall. Napoleon was taken to St. Helena as an exile. England and her paper money triumphed. England became mistress of the ocean; she acquired an empire which encircled the globe, and dictated the policies of the continent of Europe. Mr. Alison ascribes these successes and triumphs to the paper system of William Pitt, and says that without it "England would long since have been a province of France."

After the fall and banishment of Napoleon, when paper money had completed its triumph over metal, Sir Archibald Alison describes the situation and the cause of national success as follows:—

It would be to little purpose that the mighty drama of the French revolutionary wars was recorded in history if the mainspring of all the European efforts, the British finances, were not fully explained. It was in their boundless extent that freedom found a never-failing stay; in their elastic power that independence obtained a permanent support. When surrounded by the wreck of other states, when surviving alone the fall of so many confederacies, it was in their inexhaustible resources that England found the means of resolutely maintaining the contest and waiting calmly, in her citadel amid the waves, the return of a right spirit in the surrounding nations.

Vain would have been the prowess of her seamen, vain the valor of her soldiers, if her national finances had given way under the strain; even the conquerors of Trafalgar and Alexandria must have succumbed in the contest they so heroically maintained if they had not found in the resources of government the means of permanently continuing it. Vain would have been the reaction produced by suffering against the French revolution, vain the charnel-house of Spain and the snows of Russia, if Britain had not been in a situation to take advantage of the crisis; if she had been unable to aliment the war in the peninsula when its native powers were prostrated in the dust, the sword of Wellington would have been drawn in vain, and the energies of awakened Europe must have been lost in fruitless efforts if the wealth of England had not at last arrayed them, in dense and disciplined battalions, on the banks of the Rhine.

How, then, did it happen that this inconsiderable island, so small a part of the Roman Empire, was enabled to expend wealth greater than ever had been amassed by the ancient mistress of the world; to maintain a contest of unexampled magnitude for twenty years; to uphold a fleet which conquered the united navies of Europe, and an army which carried victory into every corner of the globe; to acquire a colonial empire that encircled the earth, and subdue the vast continent of Hindostan, at the very time that it struggled in Spain with the land forces of Napoleon, and equipped all the armies of the north, on the Elbe and the Rhine, for the liberation of Germany?

The solution of the phenomenon, unexampled in the history of the world, is without doubt to be in part found in the persevering industry of the British people, and the extent of the commerce which they maintained in every quarter of the globe. But the resources thus afforded would have been inadequate to so vast an expenditure, and must have been exhausted early in the struggle, if they had not been organized and sustained by an admirable system of finance, which seemed to rise superior to every difficulty with which it had to contend. It is there that the true secret of the prodigy is to be found; it is there that the noblest monument to Mr. Pitt's wisdom has been erected.—Alison's "History of Europe," Vol. VII., p. 1.

To the suspension of cash payments by the act of 1797, and the power in consequence vested in the Bank of England, of expanding its paper circulation in proportion to the abstraction of the metallic currency and the wants of the country, and resting the national industry on a basis not liable to be taken away either by the mutations of commerce or the necessities of the war, the salvation of the empire is beyond all question to be ascribed.—Alison's "History of Europe," Vol. XIV., p. 171.

I will now mention another monetary experiment of great interest. I refer to the currency of Argentina, which was one of the most diabolical and successful schemes ever concocted by greed for the spoliation and enslavement of a nation. The Argentine Republic in South America is a country of magnificent resources and possibilities. The people are an energetic, hopeful and enterprising race. They have full confidence in their own capabilities and powers of accomplishment. With such a people and in such a country the great London money power found a fat and easy victim. The great financiers found Argentina a land of promise. They at once set to work to make it a land of promises. In the first place there was very little coin in the country. That class of money, being continually drawn away by the foreign trade, utterly failed to meet the necessities of a growing and rapidly developing country. Rather than stop and sink into a dead, apathetic barbarism, the people were willing to try paper. They appealed to the financiers, who are always ready with advice and officious help on such occasions. They are always ready to aid a people as the brigand aids the traveller.

So in accordance with the teachings of the dark ages, they instituted a paper currency founded on coin. The coin was not there, but it was said to be there; and the people believed the story until somebody wanted the coin. Then the truth came out. Coin and confidence having failed, of course the paper failed. The effort was to float four dollars of paper on one of coin. It was the old, old story, trying to balance a cone on its apex. It succeeded awhile in a nervous sort of way, as usual; and then, as usual, it failed. There was not a single requisite condition observed in either its issue or management, and yet it is held up before the world as an example of the failure of paper money. It would be just as fair and honest to remove the cylinder or piston from a steam-engine, and then pronounce the failure of that engine as proof positive that all steam-engines must forever fail.

The financiers also established a mortgage bank in Buenos Ayres, to make loans on all manner of landed property. Loans were made on long time at six to eight per cent interest, besides commissions. A ring was formed between the directors and certain favored brokers, for the absolute control of the business of the bank. No one could obtain a loan who did not make application through these brokers. And in order to make the profits as large as possible, the value of the lands on which the loans were made was raised to extravagant figures. The land mortgages were called *cedulas*. Many millions were issued, and millions of them went abroad and, eventually, became a coin debt against the people.

But the real currency of the country was bank paper, issued almost without limit. The American consular report for 1884 says,—

The original notes were printed in London; they were poorly done and easily forged.

The bank-note printers of London, as already stated, forged the Continental currency of this country during the War of Independence by the wholesale. They did the same thing with the French money in 1790. And these forgeries were committed with the sanction and by the authority of the British government. The printing of the bank currency of Argentina was an uncommon opportunity for them. To what extent it was improved we have no means of knowing. But it was evidently too good a chance to pass unnoticed by adepts, when the notes "were poorly done and easily forged," and the dies were in their own hands. One authority on the subject says,—

It was discovered after a time, that, through trickery, there were several millions more of this irredeemable paper money than had been supposed.

That fixes the charge of forgery beyond dispute, and how many ship-loads of forged currency came from London to Argentina, no man will ever know. But when it was loaned to the people and to the government, it took the form of gold bonds, on which the people must forever pay interest. Those same London counterfeiters and their American friends and champions speak in derision of the financial experiment in Argentina, as a "cheap money paradise."

In Consul Baker's report for November and December, 1889, I find that the republic had afloat at that time, in the form of bank currency, \$191,000,000, counting nothing for coin or counterfeits. Besides the bank currency, they had at that time \$400,000,000 of paper afloat in the form of *cedulas*, or land loan currency, and the amount was rapidly increasing. This land currency could only be redeemed with land through the slow process of foreclosure, which was very tedious for everybody except the banks, which were specially favored by the laws. It was not receivable in the revenues of the government, nor a legal tender. It was largely over issued, making, with the bank currency, over \$600,000,000 of currency for a population of about four million people, or about \$150 *per capita*, besides the counterfeits.

The report gives a table showing the total foreign public debts of the country to be nearly \$400,000,000. This enormous sum is payable in coin to foreigners. The coin is not in the country, and it cannot be had. The bonds have depreciated. The

British money lenders have felt the loss. Even the house of Baring Brothers, London, was shaken. That great house thought it had found a good thing in the Argentine bonds; and so it had. But "It bit off more than it could chew," and was choked. If the chewer was thus punished, what shall we say of the chewed? The people of Argentina owe a coin debt to foreigners amounting to about \$100 *per capita* for every man, woman and child in the country. Besides that, the people are mortgaged to the home banks and speculators to an amount even greater. The country is in a deplorable state. It is coming to a condition like that of Egypt, when the money lords will own everything and the poor laboring people will suffer everything. This is a fair specimen of money-power legislation, when the speculators and money loaners have their own way in full, as in Turkey, Egypt and some other countries.

The financiers sustain a state as the cord sustains the hanged.—*Toussenel.*

If I were asked to say if there is any escape for Argentina from her difficulties, I would reply that there is a plain and easy remedy if the country can adopt it. But Argentina is so completely in the hands of the money changers of London, that the country can hardly have any legislation for the benefit of the people. The very first step in the way of relief would be a law making the coin bonds of the country payable in the same kind of money that was borrowed. It is not the custom of the money loaners to loan coin, but to loan the cheapest currency they can lay their hands on. They usually buy up the cheap currency of the country, loan it to the people and to the government, and then in due time collect the interest and principal in coin. This is the boasted "honest money" system; and every money loaner and speculator swears that it is right, branding anything short of it as repudiation.

But is it not time for peoples and nations to pay less attention to what speculators say? Have not the people been turning their pockets wrong side out to get the applause of speculators, counterfeiters and pirates long enough? Argentina should declare all bonds payable in the same sort of money and currency that was borrowed. That will shut off the demand for coin. When not needed coin will remain in sight. The next step will be to receive all money of the country in the revenues of the government, and make it legal tender for all debts and taxes in the provinces and among the people. These steps will raise the value of the paper currency and convert it into money. Then the present currency should be called in and reissued in the highest style of art, and the volume reduced, especially burning up all counterfeits. When the great public creditors are com-

pelled to take the same currency in payment that they loaned, they will cease to swell its volume with counterfeits, as inflation of any and every sort tends to lessen the value of all the dollars afloat. When it is made the interest of the great counterfeiters to watch the lesser ones, a good thing will have been done for all concerned.

Another scheme, known as the John Law financial experiment in France, early in the eighteenth century, was very similar to the crime against Argentina. It was born of the same parents, nurtured by the same spirit of greed, and led to the same baleful results. John Law is mentioned in history as the son of an Edinburgh jeweller and money changer. After a career of gambling, duelling and reckless adventure in every capital in Europe, he turned his ingenuity to the invention of schemes of finance and banking. He went from city to city, seeking acceptance for them. He appeared in Paris in 1716, just after the death of Louis XIV., when the regent, the Duke of Orleans, was confronted with "a national debt of more than three billions, which made national bankruptcy imminent."

Here we have three necessary factors for a new and absurd financial scheme: 1, An utter failure of coin to meet the monetary necessities of the people; 2, An impecunious and ignorant young king; 3, A smart and unscrupulous financier.

The plan was to convert all France and all the colonial possessions of France into one grand mortgage and basis for the new French currency. Twelve billions of francs were loaned to the king to pay off his debts; and every wild scheme, suggested by rascality and approved by ignorance, was put into practice, without any regard for the requisite conditions for a safe and honest money system. And yet the John Law money scheme is held up to the world as proof that paper money must forever prove a failure. As well cite the case of a drunken driver on a six-horse coach who should throw his reins to the winds, and then, with whip and yells, should start on a mad career through the busy streets of a city, as proof that coach driving with horses must forever prove a failure. The team should have been properly harnessed, the driver well skilled in the use of reins and whip, and, especially, he should have been duly sober. Under such conditions the use of vehicles drawn by horses is a pleasant and profitable success. So with the creation and management of a money system. When the proper conditions of success are fairly and honestly observed we have an honest money which cheats nobody. But when the requisite conditions are not observed, we have a dishonest system which cheats the people for the benefit of the financiers.

The shylocks who desire to oppress the people through the

scarcity and costliness of their gold have wearied the universe, descanting on the failure of paper, in cases where the conditions of success were absent. They never mention the cases where coin has failed, and great nations have been saved by paper.

Sir Archibald Alison tells us that coin failed in the Empire of Rome after the battle of Cannæ, and that the Senate issued an inconvertible paper currency for the Roman Empire. "This currency," says Alison, "equipped the legions" which gained the victories of Metaurus and Zama, and saved the empire.

In 1171, coin failed utterly in the Republic of Venice. The government adopted a paper credit money which fulfilled every monetary requirement, making Venice the centre of the world's commerce for a period of six hundred years.

In 1776, coin failed in this country, and our fathers adopted a paper currency which gave us our American liberties.

In 1797 coin failed utterly in England. The Parliament adopted a paper currency, which, Mr. Alison says, saved England from becoming "a province of France."

In 1813 coin failed on the continent of Europe. England, Russia and Prussia issued a joint paper money, which saved the continent of Europe from the power of Napoleon.

In the United States there were twenty issues of treasury notes before the late war. Those issues were receivable in the revenues of the government, and were always preferred to coin. During the civil war, coin having entirely failed, this country adopted various forms of war currency. All of that currency which was receivable in the government revenues, was at all times as good as gold as long as it circulated; and all admit that the half-legal greenback saved the American union from dismemberment.

At the close of the Franco-German war, France was stripped of her coin by the German indemnity of a thousand millions of dollars, besides the heavy levies made on the French cities occupied by the Germans, and the great cost of her own armies. The French nation was on the brink of financial ruin. Yet by the liberal use of legal-tender paper, the national recuperation was prompt and complete. So thorough and perfect was the financial recovery of France that her stock of gold to-day is greater than that of any other nation. Thus may it truly be said that when coin failed in France, paper saved and enriched the country.

These are special examples of the virtues of paper money. Now let us take a general view: Paper money has been more used in this country than in any other; perhaps more than in all others combined. Beginning with the first years of the eighteenth century, we have, in a space of about two hundred years, tried nearly all the systems of paper known in history. What has

been the result? Let Sir Archibald Alison, in his "History of Europe," state the case:—

Thus America, albeit splendidly furnished by all the blessings of nature, might have been chained to a slow progress, and at length slumbered on with a population doubling, like Europe, in five hundred years, were it not for one discovery which supplied all deficiencies, and kept it abreast of its destiny. This discovery was a PAPER CURRENCY. This powerful agent for good or for evil was never more required, and has nowhere produced more important effects, than in the United States of America. It is historically known that the establishment of their independence, like the successful issue of the war of Rome with Carthage, and Great Britain with Napoleon, was mainly owing to the paper bearing a forced circulation, which was so plentifully issued by the insurgent states during the course of the contest.—Vol. VI. (Second Series), p. 250.

Thus it appears, in view of all the facts, that paper, and not coin, is the savior and developer of nations. In time of war it is the only resource of the people, and in time of peace, the best device known to man. Give it the same monetary power by law, and it is patriotic and true to the country of its birth, in times of war and peace. It saves in time of danger, and begets prosperity and thrift in times of peace. Sir Archibald Alison suggests that a safe and honest money must be "adequate and retainable." It must not consist of exportable coin, nor be based on coin, subject to the fluctuations of the world's commerce and the wild schemes of the gold gamblers. Mr. Alison says:—

To put this domestic currency on a proper footing, it is indispensable that it should be issued by *government, and government only*. . . . It belongs to practical men to devise the details of such a system; but if honestly set about by men of capacity, nothing would be more easy of accomplishment. And it may be safely affirmed that if the requisite change is not made, the nation will continue to be visited every four or five years by periods of calamity which will destroy all the fruits of former prosperity.—"History of Europe" (New Series), Vol. VI., p. 119.

A domestic currency conforming to the conditions set forth in the foregoing discussions is an "honest money." Its monetary value must be the first and main consideration. The bullion value of the material endowed with the monetary function is not only of no use, but if it equals or exceeds the monetary value it is not to be trusted in times of danger. That one feature makes it exportable and unreliable. It makes it a soldier of fortune, serving only the rich who can pay most for its favors. Its great bullion value makes it an exportable, fluctuating and "dishonest money," dangerous to all who trust it.

HIGH NOON.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

TIME's finger on the dial of my life
Points to high noon. And yet the half-spent day
Leaves less than half remaining! For the dark,
Bleak shadows of the grave engulf the end.

To those who burn the candle to the stick,
The sputtering socket yields but little light.
Long life is sadder than an early death.
We cannot count on ravelled threads of age
Whereof to weave a fabric; we must use
The warp and woof the ready present yields,
And toil while daylight lasts. When I bethink
How brief the past, the future, still more brief,
Calls on to action, action! Not for me
Is time for retrospection or for dreams;
Not time for self-laudation, or remorse.
Have I done nobly? Then I must not let
Dead yesterday, unborn to-morrow shame.
Have I done wrong? Well, let the bitter taste
Of fruit that turned to ashes on my lip
Be my reminder in temptation's hour,
And keep me silent when I would condemn.
Sometimes it takes the acid of a sin
To cleanse the clouded windows of our souls
So pity may shine through them. Looking back
My faults and errors seem like stepping-stones
That led the way to knowledge of the truth
And made me value virtue! Sorrows shine
In rainbow colors o'er the gulf of years
Where lie forgotten pleasures. Looking forth
Out to the western sky, still bright with noon,
I feel well spurred and booted for the strife
That ends not till Nirvana is attained.

Battling with fate, with men, and with myself,
Up the steep summit of my life's forenoon,
Three things I learned—three things of precious worth,
To guide and help me down the western slope.

I have learned how to pray, and toil, and save:
To pray for courage, to receive what comes,
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent;
To toil for universal good, since thus
And only thus, can good come unto me;
To save, by giving whatsoe'er I have
To those who have not — this alone is gain.

SOME SOCIAL IDEALS HELD BY VICTOR HUGO.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

For many generations to come the writings of Victor Hugo will inspire man in his struggle for a larger and truer life, because they are vivified by conscience. They are more than the works of an intellectual genius; the quality of human sympathy is everywhere present, while not infrequently the prophet or seer presents fundamental facts in which the lessons of history and the wisdom which alone can exalt humanity are condensed into a few electric sentences which thrill the heart and burn great truths into the reader's brain.

All subjects affecting the happiness of man or the elevation of the race were as personal to Hugo as though they vitally concerned his dearest friend. Thus when the news reached Europe, that sentence of death had been passed on John Brown the poet was affected as though his own son had been condemned. He immediately wrote an appeal for the prisoner's pardon, as eloquent and prophetic as it was earnest and impressive. In it he uttered these words, which are thoroughly characteristic of the man and his work: "Has a cry of pity time to make itself heard? It matters not, our duty is to raise our voice."

On May 13, 1839, while witnessing "La Esmeralda" in a Parisian theatre, word was brought to Hugo that Barbes had been condemned to death for the part he had taken in an insurrection. Hurriedly entering the green room the poet wrote a few lines to Louis Philippe, making a touching allusion to the death of the little Princess Mary and the recent birth of the Comte de Paris. This appeal for the pardon of a fellow-man was as follows:—

Oh, by the child that is gone, fled away like a dove,
Oh, by the prince that is born, and claims your sweet love,
The tomb and the cradle their messages send,
Be gracious! show mercy! and pardon extend.

The message moved the king to tears, and the petition was granted.

These illustrations reveal the breadth or universality of the poet's sympathy. Humanity in misery or sorrow ever moved him with that divine mother-love impulse which is the keynote

in the anthem of humanity's redemption. "Les Miserables" is more than one of the noblest works of fiction which the world possesses. It is a remarkable social study, a prayer for a higher ideal of justice, a heart-cry for a more humane public spirit, a noble picture of the divine in man and of the possible evolution of the child of an adverse fate from an embittered Ishmaelite to the personification of a noble manhood, made luminous by loving self-sacrifice. But Victor Hugo went much farther than merely stating unjust conditions and portraying the actual working of unjust laws. He had an intellectual breadth rare among prophets and reformers, which enabled him fully to appreciate the importance of employing multitudinous agencies in order to correct the monstrous social evils which exile joy and crush out hope.

He was not, however, blind to the fact that there are certain broad lines upon which civilization must move if justice, happiness and progress are to wait upon her footsteps. He knew that tyranny might reside elsewhere than in royal palaces, and that despotism was as fatal to happiness and development if it manifested itself through a narrow, intolerant popular spirit as if it emanated from a throne. He realized that the brain of man must not be fettered by the slavery of a mediocrity which still worshipped in the graveyard of the past, with its face turned away from the dawn. In a word, he saw with prophet vision that *freedom* must always be the handmaid of *justice*; that *liberty* cannot be exiled from the side of *progress* if the happiness and the moral and intellectual development of men are to mark the new time which his keen perception clearly discerned, and for the early advent of which he labored with unflagging energy. This truth is of paramount importance at the present time, for civilization is facing a social revolution which will mark a new era for man, provided thoughtful and sincere reformers, who love justice more than they value their lives, are wise enough to see that no threads of a possible despotism enter the fabric of the new social order. This danger was perfectly apparent to Victor Hugo, and he frequently pointed out the all-important truth that lasting progress without freedom is an utter impossibility:—

He who is not free is not a man. He who is not free has no sight, no knowledge, no discernment. Freedom is the apple of the eye, the visual organ of progress, and to attempt, because freedom has inconveniences and even perils, to produce civilization without it, would be like attempting to cultivate the ground without the sun.

In the presence of the grave social wrongs which oppress the people on every hand, there is danger that shallow expediency may at times come between the public and the ideal of progress which is waited upon by freedom no less than justice; and this can be averted only by holding firmly to those things which are

so fundamentally right that they compass the full requirements of justice without destroying the free development of the individual. Victor Hugo, though one of the most ardent and radical social reformers of his day, uttered a solemn note of warning along this line thirty years ago. He pointed out the danger lurking in the theories of a school of socialistic thinkers who went to the barrack for a pattern of government, instead of recognizing the root source of social misery and removing it by the establishment of just conditions, while guarding liberty and fostering individual development. On this point, which impresses me as being of transcendent importance, he made the following thoughtful observations, thus setting forth his conception of true socialism and avowing himself to be a socialist*:—

What an aim—to construct the people! Principles combined with science, all possible quantity of the absolute introduced by degrees into the fact, Utopia treated successively by every mode of realization—by political economy, by philosophy, by physics, by chemistry, by dynamics, by logic, by art; union gradually replacing antagonism, and unity replacing union; for religion God, for priest the father, for prayer virtue, for field the whole earth, for language the word, for law the right, for motive-power duty, for hygiene labor, for economy universal peace, for canvas the very life, for the goal progress, for authority freedom, for people the man. Such is the simplification. And at the summit the ideal. The ideal!—stable type of ever-moving progress.

The transformation of the crowd into the people—profound task! It is to this labor that the men called socialists have devoted themselves during the last forty years. The author of this book, however insignificant he may be, is one of the oldest in this labor. "The Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner" dates from 1828, and "Claude Geux" from 1834. If he claims his place among these philosophers it is because it is a place of persecution. A certain hatred of socialism, very blind but very general, has raged for fifteen or sixteen years, and is still raging most bitterly among the influential classes. Let it not be forgotten that true socialism has for its end the elevation of the masses to the civic dignity, and that, therefore, its principal care is for moral and intellectual cultivation. The first hunger is ignorance; socialism wishes, then, above all, to instruct. That does not hinder socialism from being calumniated and socialists from being denounced. To most of the infuriated tremblers who have the public ear at the present moment, these reformers are public enemies; they are guilty of everything that has gone wrong.

* * * * *

Certain social theories, very distinct from socialism as we understand it and desire it, have gone astray. Let us discard all that resembles the convent, the barrack, the cell and the straight line. *To give a new shape to the evil is not a useful task. To remodel the old slavery would be stupid.* Let the nations of Europe beware of a despotism made anew from materials which to some extent they have themselves supplied. Such a thing, cemented with a special philosophy, might easily endure. We have mentioned the theorists—some of them otherwise upright and sincere—who, through fear of a dispersion of activities and energies,

* These quotations are taken from different parts of Victor Hugo's wonderful work "William Shakespeare," an excellent translation of which has been made by Prof. M. B. Anderson and published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

and of what they call "anarchy," have arrived at an almost Chinese acceptance of absolute social centralization. They turn their resignation into a doctrine. Provided man eats and drinks, all is right. The happiness of the beast is the solution. But this is a happiness which others might call by a different name.

We dream for nations something besides a felicity made up solely of obedience. The bastinado sums up that sort of felicity for the Turkish fellah, the knout for the Russian serf, and the cat-o'-nine-tails for the English soldier. *Let these involuntary philosophers of a possible despotism reflect that to indoctrinate the masses against freedom, to allow appetite and fatalism to get a hold upon the minds of men, to saturate them with materialism and expose them to the results*—this would be to understand progress in the fashion of that worthy man who applauded a new gibbet and exclaimed, "Excellent! We have had till now only an old wooden gallows; but times have changed for the better, and here we are with a good stone gibbet, which will do for our children and our grandchildren!"

The issue involved is so momentous that the profound truths uttered in this warning should receive that calm, thoughtful consideration which characterizes true statesmanship and marks the prophet who is also a philosopher.

While pleading eloquently for breadth and a due appreciation of liberty when reformers sought to bring about a wider measure of justice, Victor Hugo recognized the necessity for a union of those who loved humanity, truth and progress, against enthroned and soulless conservatism. "At the point now reached by the social question," he exclaims, "*all action should be in common*. Isolated forces frustrate one another. The hour has struck for hoisting the 'All for all.' " Another thought impressively presented by our author was the sacred trust imposed by duty upon high-thinking men and women. There are those in life to-day who much resemble the hyena, the tiger, the fox, the vulture and the cormorant. There are others who are drones in the hive of life. Perhaps we cannot reach these persons by appeals to conscience any more than we can the spaniels who fawn at the feet of avarice, but men and women of conscience will find themselves thrilled by these noble words:—

To live is to have *justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, common sense, right and duty welded to the heart*. To live is to know what one is worth, what one can do and should do. *Life is conscience. . . .*

There is something beyond satisfying one's appetite. The goal of man is not the goal of the animal. A moral lift is necessary. The life of nations, like the life of individuals, has its moments of depression; these moments pass, certainly, but no trace of them ought to remain. Man, at this day, tends to fall into the stomach; man must be replaced in the heart, man must be replaced in the brain. The brain—this is the bold sovereign that must be restored! The social question requires to-day, more than ever, to be examined on the side of human dignity. . . .

Thought is power. All power is duty. Should this power enter into repose in our age? Should duty shut its eyes? And is the moment

come for art to disarm? Less than ever. . . . The human caravan has reached a high plateau; and, the horizon being vaster, art has more to do. This is all. To every widening of the horizon, an enlargement of conscience corresponds. We have not reached the goal. Concord condensed into felicity, civilization summed up in harmony—that is yet far off. . . .

Great is he who consecrates himself! Even when overcome he remains serene, and his misfortune is happiness. No, it is not a bad thing for the poet to be brought face to face with duty. Duty has a stern likeness to the ideal. The task of doing one's duty is worth undertaking; truth, honesty, the instruction of the masses, human liberty, manly virtue and conscience—these are not things to disdain. Indignation and compassion for the mournful slavery of man are but two sides of the same faculty; those who are capable of wrath are capable of love. To level the tyrant and the slave—what a magnificent endeavor! Now the whole of one side of actual society is tyrant, and all the other is slave. A grim settlement is impending, and it will be accomplished. All thinkers must work with that end in view.

Consecration of self to the cause of human brotherhood—that is the august duty which confronts the awakened conscience. The poet points out the supreme need, and then places the responsibility on the individual. This is not pleasant to the self-loving nature. It is easy to place the blame elsewhere, but until each individual has made the great renunciation, until each has striven to the uttermost, by working, by talking, by voting, by writing, and in every way possible, to overthrow present unjust conditions and usher in a new day of peace and concord, of hope, of justice and freedom, a weight of guilt rests on the soul. Duty calls to the conscience. It is the old cry, "Who is on the Lord's side?"

Nor is it a time when the responsibility can be shifted. If a thief is robbing your neighbor, you have no right to close your eyes and remain silent; if a murderer is approaching the bed of a brother man, your conscience is not quit of guilt if you hold your peace; if a virgin is being polluted and there is a possibility that you can save her from contamination, great is your guilt if you refrain. Now those hideous wrongs are daily taking place through the operation of infamously unjust social and economic conditions which can be abolished. And what is more, the victims, instead of being three, constitute a mighty commonwealth, made up largely of the world's wealth producers. He who closes his eyes at a tragic moment like the present, when unjust conditions are driving strong men to suicide, making paupers of thousands, and placing before struggling maidenhood the dread alternative of starvation or prostitution, may well expect to find blood on his soul when he passes into the to-morrow of life.

To those who prefer to live rather than to exist, to those who love, dream and aspire, to those who are haunted with an ideal, Victor Hugo delivered a message couched in these burning words,

which comprehend a great renunciation — the dedication of oneself to the service of humanity: —

Let us consecrate ourselves. Let us devote ourselves to the good, to the true, to the just. . . . The function of thinkers in our day is complex. It is no longer sufficient to think — one must love. It is no longer sufficient to think and to love — one must act. To think, to love and to act is no longer sufficient — one must suffer. . . . The future presses. To-morrow cannot wait. Humanity has not a moment to lose. Quick! quick! let us hasten. The wretched hunger, they thirst, they suffer. Alas! terrible emaciation of the poor human body. There is too much privation, too much poverty, too much immodesty, too much nakedness, too many houses of shame, too many convict prisons, too many tatters, too many defalcations, too many crimes, too much darkness; not enough schools; too many little innocents growing up for evil! The pallet of the poor girl is suddenly covered with silk and lace, and in that is the worst misery; by the side of misfortune there is vice, the one urging on the other. Such a society requires prompt succor. Let us seek out the best. Civilization must march forward; let us test theories, systems, ameliorations, inventions, reforms.

But before all, above all, let us be lavish of the light. All sanitary purification begins by opening the windows wide. Let us open wide all intellects; let us supply souls with air. Let the human race breathe. Shed abroad hope, sow the ideal, do good. One step after another, horizon after horizon, conquest after conquest; because you have given what you promised, do not hold yourself quit of obligation. To perform is to promise. To-day's dawn pledges the sun for to-morrow.

THE FALL OF NEW BABYLON.*

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

"BE still, and know that I am God!"

This message fell distinct and low
While wealth, with steel and iron shod,
Crushed out the cries of want and woe;
And from the scourged and bleeding throng —
As if to end the age-long tryst —
With eyes rebuking gilded Wrong,
Shone forth the wondrous face of Christ.

Men heeded neither voice nor look —
For Mammon's vampires asked for blood —
And what were signs and omens took
The forms of conflict, flame and flood;
The tempest down the mountains whirled;
The lightnings danced among the crags;
And far below the breakers curled
And raised on high their battle flags.

The ocean's heart with angry beats —
Swayed by the earthquake's fiery breath —
Uplifted cities, troops and fleets
And hurled them down to wreck and death;
Then rose the death yell of the Old —
The old, dark Age of ruthless gain,
Of crouching thieves and warriors bold
Who slew the just and robbed the slain.

For he who led the hordes of Night —
The Monarch of marauding bands —
Went down before the Sword of Light
That flashed upon the plundered lands;
And stretched upon his mighty bier,
With broken helmet on his head,
And hands still clutching brand and spear,
The King at last lay prone and dead.

The birds of conquest o'er him swooped
In baffled rage and terror wild,

* Inscribed to the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, author of "The Golden Bottle," a story at once fascinating, philosophic and prophetic; a new Utopia, which vividly outlines the civilization of to-morrow, wherein humanity is emancipated from the despotism of capital.

The silent Fates around him stooped
To deck with flowers their fallen child;
And where the powers of shore and wave
Together clashed in border wars,
With systems piled upon his grave,
They left the meteor-son of Mars.

The cruel rule of craft and pelf
Had vanished like a midnight pall,
The cold, hard motto, "Each for self,"
Had melted into "Each for all."
For every human ear and heart
Had heard the message, "Peace, be still!"
And sought through Freedom's highest art
For oneness with the Perfect Will.

The star of strife had ceased to reign,
And Venus woke with tender grace
Between the lids of sky and main
And smiled upon a nobler race;
And as a brute foregoes its prize
And cowers before the gaze of day,
With backward look from baleful eyes
The wolf of Usury slunk away.

From ocean rim to mountain height
All Nature sang of glad release;
The waters danced in wild delight
And waved a million flags of peace;
For he who held the world in thrall
Through greed and fraud and power of gold,
Had seen the "writing on the wall,"
And died like Babylon's King of old.

A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

BY ANNIE L. DIGGS.

On the 9th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1894, a strange scene was enacted at the capital city of the greatest republic on earth.

In the police court of the District of Columbia, behind the iron grating which separates the spectators from the accused, there was ranged a company of forty men. A "captain of industry" took the witness stand to answer to the charge of "bringing an organized body of men into the city for unlawful purposes." This "Captain" Primrose testified that the forty arraigned were not vagrants as charged, but men of industry, wealth producers, men of sobriety, of honesty, men of trades, men of education. Among them were machinists, stove makers, gardeners, carpenters, mechanics of various useful sorts. Three of them were college graduates, several had strong letters of recommendation from former employers, all had lived in the East, but had gone west in quest of work. Hard times, like the star of empire, had taken them westward, and it was "stay west and starve" or get back east where they fondly hoped to find better times.

At San Antonio, Texas, these working-men had entered into an agreement to go east in a body, feeling that they would stand better chance of obtaining work and of securing humane treatment in an organized capacity than if they went singly, trudging along in ordinary tramp fashion. Their objective point was the East, but their purpose was to seek employment along the way at every city and town or on the farms, the fortunate ones to aid the others. No purpose of intimidation or threat was theirs; instead, mutual helpfulness, strengthening of courage, and answering each for the other as to good character. Much suffering was their lot, sleeping out of doors on snowy ground, with scant clothing, scantier food, weary, footsore marches, yet all the time courage. Some of the number were young men out of whom hope and spirit had not been crushed, and these sang and joked and kept the company cheerful. Singly or alone, the usual tramp fate of the calaboose, the stone pile, or starvation would have been their lot. Organization has been useful to those captains of industry, the Vanderbilts, the Rockefellers, the Have-

meys; it also served well this later-fashioned captain of industry — Captain Primrose. In the one instance the captains of industry exploited the labor of others. The result is millions, and partnership with the congress of the United States. In this later instance the captain is himself a laborer and producer of wealth; result, poverty, homelessness and a place behind the bars in the police court of the national capital. Organized industrialists, with a real captain of industry in command, are a dark menace in these days.

Between San Antonio and Cincinnati several of the men found work. At Cincinnati the usual quest for employment was without avail, and it was at that point that Captain Primrose and his company of forty industrialists walked into the trap which led to arrest and imprisonment. The captain had applied to the yard master of the Baltimore and Ohio railway at Cincinnati for work; failing in that he made a plea for transportation eastward. With full knowledge and cheerful acquiescence of the local railway officials Captain Primrose and his men were given a box car and started on their way. It was known that they had no money and understood that no fare was to be asked for. Their car was attached to a through train for Baltimore. The unsuspecting men little knew that they were being shadowed by a detective who telegraphed the police officers at Washington of the oncoming of a company of men who were travelling toward the capital of the United States as an organized body. At a division point the box car of industrialists was dropped from the Baltimore train and attached to a Washington train. At Eckington, a station two miles outside the city limits, a spot for future history to mention shamefully, the car was dropped and the entrapped men were unloaded. For two hours, fifty-eight stalwart district police, some mounted, and four police wagons, had been waiting to arrest, search and imprison these work seekers. Searching they found as weapons of defence and offence, combs, tooth brushes, and the razor of the company barber. Fifty-eight full-armed, well-fed policemen moved on in grotesque procession guarding the community from forty-one unarmed, travel-worn, hunger-faint American citizens whose only crime was poverty. Militarism must outnumber industrialism fifty-eight to forty-one that the "established order" of society be maintained.

For two black nights and the intervening Sunday these men were incarcerated with thieves, toughs and criminals of other sort. Not all the Christians of the city passed that Sunday at church; some there were who "visited Him in prison."

The shadowing detective took the stand against the men; he knew the car had been freely given them, yet he testified that they had "taken possession, and that the conductor had been

afraid to demand fare." The judge laid much stress upon the "organized" feature as the dark phase of the case; *that* savored of evil, that portended mischief. The great effort of the prosecution was to stigmatize and prejudge the Coxey case; to warn these audacious marching fellows to stay away from Washington. The industrial culprits were made to feel that to be Coxeyites would be to brand them as dangerous characters, unfit to be outside the workhouse or the prison limits. Captain Primrose testified that they were in no way connected with Mr. Coxey, had not expected nor wished to join the "Commonweal petitioners"—indeed were but slightly informed as to Coxeyism and therefore not tainted with any bold, bad design to petition congress, their chief concern being work and "protection," not so much of the congressional variety, but *real protection* from hunger and homelessness.

The Federation of Labor had secured legal counsel. A. A. Libscomb and Congressman Hudson of Kansas, without fee, made splendid protest against this outrage of human rights, this crime against civil liberty. The plot to railroad these men through the police court, convict them of vagrancy, stigmatize them as vagabonds and criminals, and send them to the workhouse *as a warning to the Coxey commonweal to stay away from the national capital*—this plot failed.

It went hard with the prosecuting attorney to lose this case against the "tramps," "vagrants," "vagabonds" and "Coxey men." But there are some things which even capitalism entrenched behind courts and bayonets is too shamefaced to do in broad day and in defiance of law—as yet.

A thousand men were at the court room door to welcome the discharged captain of industry and his fellow workers.

A square away the statue of Abraham Lincoln looked down upon the scene.

And it all happened in this year of freedom 1894.

A PRESENT-DAY TRAGEDY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

On the night of the 28th of March, 1894, in a little mortgage-darkened cottage on Olive Street, in the city of Carthage, Mo., a strong man looked for the last time into the hungry eyes of a devoted wife and four little children. This man's name was John Petersen. He belonged to the patient, proud-spirited, taciturn and long-enduring Scandinavian race. He preferred to suffer alone in silence rather than beg. For twelve years he had lived in the town of Carthage, and the reputation which he had made during this long period was that of a strictly honest, honorable, steady, industrious laborer. His character was unblemished, and, being a skilful carpenter, until last year he had found little difficulty in securing employment. With the panic, however, came a cessation of steady work, and during the autumn, notwithstanding his persistent and unremitting efforts to obtain employment, he found little to do. Since the early part of January he had not been able to get work, although he had tramped from town to town begging the privilege of earning enough money to save his wife and four little children—the youngest a baby and the eldest only ten years of age from starvation. Disappointment met him at every turn. On his home rested one of those “certain and unfailing signs of prosperity” (?)—a mortgage. He had fallen in arrears \$100, and expected soon to be exiled from this little home through foreclosure.

On the night in question a great conflict surged in his breast. He had determined to set out early on the following day on another tramp in search of work. But his children had gone supperless to bed and he saw the effects of slow starvation in the haggard face of his wife. He was a man of few words. At length he said, “I cannot leave you and the children to-morrow morning without anything to eat, and I am going to get something.” In vain his wife pleaded with him, saying she would rather beg from door to door—something which he understood would be almost as terrible for her, possessing that sturdy, independent spirit of the Swedes, as for himself. He shook his head and remained silent. The clock struck ten, eleven, twelve. The town was at rest. Then this industrious, hard-working slave, who was also a

loving father and devoted husband, slipped quietly from his home. He took no weapons of defence with him.

II.

Some time later a policeman on his rounds, while flashing his dark lantern into each store as he passed, beheld a man crouching behind a counter in a grocery. Quickly rushing to the rear of the building, he found a window had been raised fourteen inches. The policeman called to the man to surrender, but received no answer. He then climbed into the store and started toward the man, who had taken down a sack of flour, and had filled a bucket with some other provisions. The man ran around the counters and tried to get to the open window. Finding this impossible unless he could divert the attention of the policeman, he threw a scale weight toward him. The weight struck a sack of flour and fell on the floor. The officer dodged and the man was enabled to reach the open window and climb out before his pursuer could fire upon him. The officer, however, followed, calling to him to stop at once or he would kill him instantly. The man paid no heed. The policeman fired. The fugitive, after continuing his flight for some distance, at last fell groaning on the sidewalk. A physician was summoned, but before aid could reach him John Petersen was dead!

CHILD SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

I.

THE CHILD, THE FACTORY AND THE STATE, BY ALZINA PARSONS
STEVENS, ASSISTANT FACTORY INSPECTOR FOR ILLINOIS.

He who has seen the misery of man only has seen nothing; he must see the misery of woman. He who has seen the misery of woman only has seen nothing; he must see the misery of childhood. — VICTOR HUGO.

This paper is written to set forth something of one phase of the misery of childhood—child labor, and will deal especially with the miseries of the wage-earning child in factory and workshop.

The census of 1880 gave the total number of wage-earning children in the United States, in all occupations and industries, as 1,118,258. The long-delayed census of 1890 is not yet at hand, but two bulletins recently issued, devoted to "Statistics of Manufactures," give returns upon child labor in this division of industry, some of which will be used in this article.

Before any of these are quoted the reader must be warned that all census figures upon the employment of children are invariably too low. They are here used mainly as a basis for comparisons. The method by which census statistics upon employees are gathered leaves it possible for employers and parents to make false returns concerning children. Inclination and interest prompt both to "raise" the age of the child at work, and most employers are so far ashamed of the practice of employing children that each returns less than the actual number. All persons who have been officially engaged in gathering statistics of the employed, under either municipal, state or national authority, know that this is true.

In the census bulletin just at hand the table of manufactures by states gives the total number of employees of both sexes and all ages as 4,711,831, the total number of children as 121,494, or a little more than three per cent of all employed. "Children" in these census reports are males under sixteen years and females under fifteen years.

It is seen by this table that it is not where labor is scarce, but where competition for work is keenest, that there is the largest percentage of children in the total number employed in manufacture. Thus five children are credited to Wyoming, nine to

Arizona, one only to Nevada, while Pennsylvania has 22,417, New York 12,413, Massachusetts 8,877. Certainly the older and more densely populated states report on a greater number of establishments and employees, but that does not affect the comparison between states as to the ratio of children to adults. For example, the Nevada report is upon 95 establishments, employing 620 persons, only one a child; while Pennsylvania's report is upon 39,336 establishments, employing 620,484 persons, of whom 22,417 (or about one in twenty-three) are children.

The colossal mining industry of Pennsylvania, the agricultural and mercantile business of the state, not among occupations here reported on, also have thousands of children employees. We have good authority for assuming that there are now more than 125,000 wage-earning children in that powerful and wealthy state where to-day men are fighting to the death for a chance to work, and entire families are starving because the man of the household is idle.

The authority upon which we base this estimate of Pennsylvania's wage-earning children is its Bureau of Industrial Statistics. In the report from that bureau which constitutes Part III. of the Annual Report of the Secretary of Internal Affairs, 1886, we find the following compilation of the number of wage-earning children. Unhappily there is no reason to suppose the number has since decreased. Says Mr. McCamant, chief of the bureau:—

The [1880] census returns for Pennsylvania give the number of youths from ten to fifteen years of age in the three grand divisions of industry, other than manufactures, mechanical and mining [agricultural, professional and personal service, trade and transportation] as 46,629. There can be little doubt that this number was too small at the time the census was taken, but assuming it to have been correct, and allowing for the natural increase of child labor, there would be in 1887 not less than 50,000 children thus employed, which added to the 75,000 employed in manufacturing and mining, would swell the total number of children employed in various occupations to 125,000.

In giving tables upon children employed in other states, Mr. McCamant says:—

The figures in the tables are based on the census returns which, if compiled for other states as erroneously as they were for Pennsylvania, will be found much too low.

CHILDREN AND THE ILLINOIS FACTORY LAW.

The Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics, established in 1879, which has issued seven biennial reports, has never furnished any information on child labor in the state. The factory and workshop law was enacted by the last legislature and received the signature of Governor Altgeld on July 1, 1893. It provided for the appointment of an inspector, assistant inspector and ten deputy inspectors, of whom five should be women, and requires

an annual report to be submitted to the governor of the state on December 15. Without doubt these reports will in future furnish much information relative to the employment of children, for which the inaccurate census returns are now the only source. In addition to the five women deputies, Governor Altgeld appointed a woman chief and a woman assistant, positions which in all other states having factory inspectors are and have always been filled by men.

As assistant inspector I have seen in eight months much of the "miseries of childhood" in the Illinois workshop and factories. I am glad of the opportunity to give ARENA readers some glimpses at these miseries, for "light, more light" on the child labor problem will surely lead to a righteous solution of it.

From the first official report upon our work, now in press, which covers the five months between July 15 and December 15, 1893, Chief Inspector Florence Kelley has kindly given me leave to quote. I avail myself of this privilege several times in the present paper, confident that no more useful data can be furnished on the subject of child labor.

The provisions of our law have threefold purpose; to regulate manufacture in sweat shops, to establish eight hours as the legal work-day for all females, and to regulate and limit the employment of children. The sections regarding children read as follows:—

§ 4. No child under fourteen years of age shall be employed in any manufacturing establishment, factory or workshop within this state. It shall be the duty of every person, firm, corporation, agent or manager of any corporation employing children to keep a register in which shall be recorded the name, birthplace, age and place of residence of every person employed by him, them or it, under the age of sixteen years; and it shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation, or any agent or manager of any corporation, to hire or employ in any manufacturing establishment, factory or workshop any child over the age of fourteen years and under the age of sixteen years, unless there is first provided and placed on file an affidavit made by the parent or guardian, stating the age, date and place of birth of said child; if said child have no parent or guardian, then such affidavit shall be made by the child, which affidavit shall be kept on file by the employer, and which said register and affidavit shall be produced for inspection on demand by the inspector, assistant inspector or any of the deputies appointed under this act. The factory inspector, assistant inspector and deputy inspectors shall have power to demand a certificate of physical fitness from some regular physician of good standing in case of children who may appear to him or her physically unable to perform the labor at which they may be engaged, and shall have power to prohibit the employment of any minor that cannot obtain such a certificate.

§ 5. No female shall be employed in any factory or workshop more than eight hours in any one day or forty-eight hours in any one week.

§ 6. Every person, firm or corporation, agent or manager of a corporation employing any female in any manufacturing establishment, factory or workshop, shall post and keep posted, in a conspicuous place

in every room where such help is employed, a printed notice stating the hours for each day of the week between which work is required of such persons, and in every room where children under sixteen years of age are employed a list of their names, ages and places of residence.

The 1890 census bulletin reports upon 20,482 manufacturing establishments in this state, and gives the total number of children employed in them as 5,426. In five months' work we found 6,576 children in 2,542 establishments, a reason for once more challenging census figures, although in our work girls under sixteen, as well as boys, are counted children. The census returns, it will be remembered, place girls over fifteen years among adults, but reckon boys under sixteen as children.

An immediate good result from the enforcement of § 4 of our law was that several hundred children under fourteen years were taken from the factories. In Chicago a daily report of these children, giving their names, ages and places of residence, was forwarded to the compulsory department of the board of education, that truant officers might see the children did not go from the factory to the street but to school. In "hardship" cases, where there was extreme poverty in the child's family, appeal was made for the child by the chief inspector to the School-Children's Aid Society or some kindred organization. Before our law took effect children seeking work secured from the board of education certificates or permits, the purport of which was either that the child was over thirteen or that, for reasons deemed sufficient, he or she was granted permission to work under that age. These certificates and permits were secured on the mere statement of the child or parent, false statements were common, and therefore we found in factories hundreds of children who ought to have been and might have been in school.

Our law applying only to workshops and factories, the board of education still issues permits for children under fourteen years to work in other than manufacturing occupations. That further legislation for the child, extending to mercantile business, is needed, will be acknowledged by any person who will stand on any one of the main thoroughfares of the business portion of our city on a morning between 6.30 and 7.30 o'clock, and watch the processions of pale and puny children filing into our great dry-goods emporiums, to jump about nine and ten hours a day—in holiday season twelve and thirteen hours—to the cry, "Cash!"

A second good result from our very thorough system of handling affidavits, and the requirement of the law regarding office registers and wall records, is that the number of children employed who are over fourteen years and under sixteen years is being constantly reduced. Many children to whom we issued age affidavits in the first months of our work were found to have

been at work two, three and four years, though not yet sixteen. To-day no employer in workshop or factory in Chicago thinks of putting a child under fourteen at work, and many of them are refusing to employ any boy or girl who has not passed the age of sixteen years. They "will not be bothered," they say, with employees who come under §§ 4 and 6 of our law.

Those who have not yet come to see that child labor is absolutely and unqualifiedly an economic loss, oppose our law as detrimental to the community and an injury to the individual child. Specific cases of hardship from the discharge of children are cited. No sound economic reasoner will adopt such sentimental tactics. Child labor is good or evil, *per se*, as it affects the child, society and the state. The proposition that it is good must be supported by logic and facts of general application; if it be evil, no individual suffering must stand in the way of its abolishment.

Nothing in our work has surprised me more than the revelation it has been of the migratory methods pursued by employed children, and this revelation has for me forever disposed of the only argument I could accept in favor of child labor, that it afforded a sort of industrial education, a labor capital, for the boy and girl who must depend upon manual labor for a livelihood in adult years. They talk with insufficient knowledge who say it is an advantage to boys and girls to have work because they have "steady occupation," "a chance to learn a trade." The places where boys and girls are learning trades are the exception. The places where fortunes are being built up by employing them in droves are the ones where most of them are found working! In these the condition of work and wages is so unsatisfactory that employment in them is a mere makeshift. One place will be no better than another and one change will follow another. It is not a trade that is learned in the great workshops where child labor is the foundation of a company's riches. What the child does learn is instability, unthrift, trifling with opportunity.

On Aug. 23, 1893, I inspected a candy factory where I found eighty children under sixteen years. Their affidavits were inspected, and sixty-three were found correct and were so stamped. The seventeen children without correct affidavits were sent home. On September 8 another inspector visited this factory and found seventy-one children at work, with sixty-five affidavits awaiting inspection. Only one of these bore the stamp of my previous inspection, two weeks before. The seventy children were a new lot, and all but one of those I had found in this place had flitted off to other work. In the same factory on September 11 — only three days later, and one of those a Sunday — a third inspection found one hundred nineteen children, and another lot of affidavits.

This candy manufacturer now wants to employ only girls over sixteen. He will find plenty of them, but he cannot get them at four and one half cents an hour, which is the average wage of the little girls employed in this trade.

Concerning this drifting about of children Mrs. Kelley says in her report:—

It is a matter of the rarest occurrence to find a set of children who have been working together two months in any factory. They are here to-day and gone to-morrow; and while their very instability saves them from the specific poison of each trade, it promises an army of incapables to be supported as tramps and paupers. The child who handles arsenical paper in a box factory long enough becomes a hopeless invalid. The boy who gilds cheap frames with mercurial gilding loses the use of his arm and acquires incurable throat troubles. The tobacco girls suffer nicotine poisoning, the foot-power sewing-machine girl is a life-long victim of pelvic disorders. But the boy or girl who drifts through all these occupations, learning no one trade, earning no steady wage, forming no lasting associations, must end as a shiftless bungler, a jack-of-all trades, master of none, ruined in mind and character, as the more abiding worker is enfeebled or crippled in body.

ROBBED OF LIFE AND HEALTH.

The census bulletin classifies the mechanical and manufacturing industries of the United States in 1890 in 363 divisions. In 330 of these the employment of children is reported, the number employed in each ranging all the way from less than ten up to 23,432 in cotton goods factories. More than one third of all the children employed are engaged in the manufacture of textiles, the total number reported for this industry being 37,105; woollen goods come next to cotton goods with 4,626 children at work, then hosiery and knit goods employing 3,916, silk goods 2,866, the remainder employed in the manufacture of gloves, mittens, felt goods, etc.

These figures call attention to a lamentable fact well known to those who have investigated child labor; namely, that these helpless toilers are always found in greatest numbers where the conditions of labor are most dangerous to life and health.

In textile manufactures the complicated machinery which is necessarily a part of the modern plant threatens the life and limbs of the careless child; the atmosphere, even in those exceptional factories where the best sanitary appliances are in use, is not one in which normal development of a growing child is possible, and the hours are inhumanly long.

Another industry in which employment is extremely injurious to a child is the tobacco trade, and in this the census returns show 8,158 children engaged. Nicotine poisoning, with all its insidious effects, finds many more victims among factory children than among all the boys who are voluntary devotees of the weed,

consumers of the "deadly cigarette" included. A popular war is waged upon the cigarette, but have you heard any outcry concerning the factory-poisoned child?

Inspectors unaccustomed to the heavy-laden atmosphere of the cigar factory are frequently made ill for days by going through one where several hours are required for a thorough inspection, including the handling of affidavits for fifty or more children employed in the place. The necessity for keeping the tobacco leaf damp while it is being handled is the reason given for the exclusion of fresh air. To know how a child is affected who breathes this atmosphere all day, bent over a tobacco bench, take up her hand and examine the shrunken, yellow finger tips, the leaden nails; lift her eyelid, and see the inflammation there; examine the glands of her neck, her skin; lay your hand upon her heart and note its murmur. Nor does the injury to the girl child in the cigar factory end with herself. The records of the medical profession show that women who have worked in the tobacco trade as children are generally sterile. When their children are not stillborn, they are almost invariably puny, anemic, of tuberculous tendency, the ready prey of disease.

In the glass industry the census returns 6,819 children employed. This is another industry where boys are wrecked. Other occupations which we have found injurious to children, upon which the census returns show from 2,000 to 4,000 employed in each, are the steel, iron, brass, furniture, clothing and printing trades.

Among the occupations in which children in Chicago are most employed, and which most endanger their health are: Frame gilding, in which work a child's fingers are stiffened in a short time; button-holing, machine stitching and hand work in tailor or sweat shop, the machine work producing spinal curvature, and for girls other diseases which mean lifelong pain and loss of power to bear healthy children, while the unsanitary condition of the shops makes even hand sewing dangerous; bakeries, where children slowly roast before the ovens; binderies, paper-box and paint factories, where arsenical paper, rotten paste and the poison of the paints are injurious; boiler-plate works, cutlery works, and other metal factories, where the dust produces lung disease, the handling of hot metal, accidents, the hammering of plate, deafness. In addition to diseases incidental to the trades, there are the conditions of bad sanitation and long hours, almost universal in the factories which employ children.

There are wealthy corporations and firms in Chicago to-day holding contracts with the parents or guardians of employed children, releasing the employers from liability in case of accident to the child. Does any one suppose an employer would hold

such contracts as these, unless accidents to those in his employ were numerous, and might be made costly if prosecutions followed?

Ingenious safeguards are a part of the construction of many modern machines, but accidents are always possible where operators are careless. The proprietor of a fine metal stamping factory in this city was lately showing me some of the latest patents in safeguards on some die machines. I knew children were frequently injured in that particular factory, and could not refrain, having such good opportunity, from asking why this should be so with such machines. The reply was "Accidents never happen until the children get careless." This is no doubt true, but if it be offered as an excuse for the mutilation of children it is an aggravation, rather than a mitigation, of the crime against the child. To be careless is one of the prerogatives of childhood.

Unfortunately our Illinois law as now operative gives us little power to remove any child from its place of work because of its environment. One recommendation of Mrs. Kelley's report is that a law similar to the Ohio law covering this point should be enacted in Illinois. The Ohio law empowers factory inspectors to order the discharge of any child found working in a place "where its life or limb is endangered, or its health is likely to be injured, or its morals may be depraved by such employment." This is the best and most comprehensive enactment I have ever seen for the regulation of child labor, though I fail to see how its proper enforcement would leave any child in any factory, and I observe from the census returns that Ohio still has 6,551 children in its manufacturing establishments.

The power of the Illinois inspectors, so far as they have any power to require that only healthy children shall be employed and these only in safe and wholesome places, is found in the last clause of § 4 of the Workshops and Factories Act, already quoted.

If all the physicians whose diplomas entitled them to rank as "regular physicians of good standing" were competent to pass upon the physical condition of a child, and if all competent physicians were too conscientious to issue a certificate that a child can continue at "the labor at which it may be engaged" without first visiting and examining the place of labor, this health inspection clause of our law would serve the purpose for which it was intended. What might be done under it to rescue children from death and physical decay is indicated by the following extract from Mrs. Kelley's report, concerning health examinations that have been made under her personal supervision:—

During four months 135 factory children have been given medical examination at this office. Health certificates were required for these

children because they were undersized or seemed to be ill, or were found working in unwholesome shops or at dangerous occupations. They were children sworn by their parents to be fourteen years of age or over.

Each child was weighed with and without clothing; had eyes and ears tested; heart, lungs, spine, skin, joints and nails examined, and 40 measurements taken.

Of the 135 children 72 were found sufficiently normal to be allowed to continue work. Of the 63 refused health certificates 53 were not allowed to work at all, and ten were stopped working in unwholesome trades, as tobacco stripping, grinding in cutlery factory, running machines by foot power in sweaters' shops, and crimping cans: these were advised to look for lighter work.

Of those to whom certificates were refused, 29 were undersized, otherwise normal; i. e., their parents had probably forsworn themselves as to the children's ages. Certificates were refused because of defects to 34, or 26 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent of the number examined.

Several diseases often exist in the same child. There were 14 children with spinal curvature, 12 with heart murmur, 6 with lung trouble, 24 with enlarged glands, 25 with defective sight, 6 with defective hearing, and 56 with defective teeth.

GIRLS.

The examination of girls resulted as follows:—

From sweat-shops, 30 examined; 5 had spinal curvature; 1 had organic lesion of the heart (mitral insufficiency); 2 irritable hearts; 2 were anæmic, and one of these had incipient phthisis.

From tobacco factories, 11 were examined; 1 had spinal curvature; 1 enlarged glands in neck and axilla; 2 defective sight.

From baking powder factory, 8 examined; 1 had spinal curvature; 1 enlarged glands; 2 were near-sighted and slightly deaf; 1 had sore hands from using crimping machine; 1 had mutilated forefinger from a swedging machine.

From feather duster factories, 7 examined; 2 had enlarged glands in the neck.

From gum factory, 4 examined; 1 had spinal curvature.

From candy factories, 16 examined; 2 had diseases of the skin.

From book binderies, 4 examined; 1 was anæmic; 1 had enlarged glands in the neck.

From necktie factory, 1 examined; heart murmur.

From yeast factory, 1 examined; normal.

From cracker bakery, 1 examined; undersized, otherwise normal.

From box factory, 1 examined; had organic lesion of the heart.

From pop-corn factory, 1 examined; anæmic.

Total number of girls examined, 85; certificates granted, 50; certificates refused, 35.

BOYS.

The examination of boys resulted as follows:—

From sweat shops, 6 examined; 3 had spinal curvature; 1 hernia; 2 enlarged glands.

From cutlery factory, 12 examined; 5 had enlarged glands; 3 tuberculosis; 2 spinal curvature.

From tobacco factories, 9 examined; 4 had enlarged glands.

From metal-stamping factories, 10 examined; 2 had enlarged glands; 1 bronchitis; 1 tuberculosis; 1 spinal curvature; 1 syphilis.

From picture frame factories, 3 examined; 1 was anæmic and had enlarged glands; 1 tuberculosis.

From candy factories, 2 examined; 1 had skin eruptions.

From glass sign shop, 1 examined; normal.
From shoe shop, 1 examined; normal.
From cabinet shop, 1 examined; normal.
From organ factory, 1 examined; normal.
From cracker factory, 1 examined; had phthisis.
From photographic enlargement shop, 1 examined; was anæmic and scrofulous.
Not working, 2 examined; normal.
Total number of boys examined, 50; certificates granted, 22; certificates refused, 28.

Commenting upon these examinations Mrs. Kelley well says:—

This record, formed in four months by volunteer work done by two busy physicians in the intervals of private practice, indicates an appalling deterioration of the rising generation of the wage-earning class. The human product of our industry is an army of toiling children, undersized, rachitic, deformed, predisposed to consumption if not already tuberculous. Permanently enfeebled by the labor imposed on them during the critical years of development, these children will inevitably fail in the early years of manhood and womanhood. They are now a long way on the road to become burdens upon society, lifelong victims of the poverty of their childhood and the greed which sacrifices the sacred right of the children to school-life and healthful leisure.

The two volunteer physicians are Dr. Bayard Holmes, of the Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons, who superintended the examination of the boys, and Dr. Josephine Milligan, a resident of Hull House during the past winter, who examined all the girls, visiting in every instance the place where each was employed, and to whose ardent sympathy in our work, active aid, trained skill and well-poised judgment we are debtors.

Of the reckless employment of children in injurious occupations, the following example is one of several given by Mrs. Kelley in her report:—

Jaroslav Huptuk, a feeble-minded dwarf, whose affidavit showed him to be nearly sixteen years of age, weighed and measured almost exactly the same as a normal boy aged eight years and three months. Jaroslav cannot read nor write in any language, nor speak a consecutive sentence. Besides being dwarfed, he is so deformed as to be a monstrosity. Yet with all these disqualifications for any kind of work, he has been employed for several years at an emery wheel, in a cutlery shop, finishing knife blades and bone-handles, until, in addition to his other misfortunes, he is now tuberculous. Dr. Holmes, having examined this boy, pronounced him unfit for work of any kind. His mother appealed from this to a medical college, where, however, the examining physician not only refused the lad a medical certificate of physical fitness for work but exhibited him to the students as a monstrosity worthy of careful observation. He was finally taken in charge by an orthopædist, and after careful treatment will be placed in a school for the feeble-minded. The kind of grinding at which this boy was employed has been prohibited in England for minors since 1863, by reason of the prevalence of grinders' phthisis among those who begin the work young.

Of the reckless issuance of certificates by physicians, Mrs. Kelley says:—

If the certificates are granted merely *pro forma*, upon the representation of the employer and the child, the object of the law is nullified. The physician who grasps the situation and appreciates the humane intent of the law, will always find time to visit the factory and see under what conditions the child is working. Otherwise his certificate may be worse than valueless, and may work a positive injury to a child whom the inspectors are trying to save from an injurious occupation. Thus a healthy child may wish to enter a cracker bakery, and unless the physician visits it, and sees the dwarfish boys slowly roasting before the ovens, in the midst of unguarded belting and shafting, a danger to health which men refuse to incur, he may be inclined to grant the certificate, and thereby deprive the child of the only safeguard to health which the state affords him. Similar danger exists in regard to tobacco, picture-frame, box, metal-stamping and wood-working factories.

The following example is given in the report:—

A delicate-looking little girl was found in a badly ventilated tailor shop facing an alley, in the rear of a tenement house. The bad location of the shop, its vile atmosphere, and the stooping position of the child as she worked, led the inspector to demand a health certificate. Examination at this office revealed a bad case of rachitis and an antero-posterior curvature of the spine, one shoulder an inch higher than the other, and the child decidedly below the standard weight. Dr. Milligan endorsed upon the age affidavit: "It is my opinion that this child is physically incapable of work in any tailor shop." The employer was notified to discharge the child. A few days later she was found at work in the same place, and the contractor produced the following certificate, written upon the prescription blank of a physician in good and regular standing: "This is to certify that I have examined Annie Cihlar, and found her in a physiological condition." A test case was made, to ascertain the value of the medical certificate clause, and the judge decided that this certificate was void, and imposed a fine upon the employer for failure to obtain a certificate in accordance with the wording of the law. The child then went to another physician, and obtained the following certificate: "To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have this day examined Annie Cihlar, and find her in my opinion healthy. She is well developed for her age, muscular system is in good condition, muscles are hard and solid; lungs and heart are normal. The muscles of right side of trunk are better developed than upon the left side, which has a tendency to draw spine to that side. I cannot find no disease [sic] of the spine." The sweater, taught by experience, declined to reengage this child until this certificate was approved by the inspector, and the inspector of course declined to approve it.

Not always, however, does the illiteracy or ignorance of the physician furnish us the opportunity of having certificates issued by him declared worthless. Too often certificates have been furnished which are according to the letter of the law, when the physician issuing them has never seen the factory where the child is employed, and is ignorant of the effect upon the child of the work it is doing. For issuing certificates physicians charge from fifty cents to two dollars, and one frequently costs more than the child's earnings for a week. We offer the examinations and the certificates free of cost, but because employers know that certificates will not be given by our physicians unless the child is

really able to work and the factory conditions are good and safe, they forbid the children to come to us, and force them to go to physicians they name.

In trying to save children from accidents, we have had to meet and succumb to the same obstacle. In a great metal stamping establishment the chief inspector recently called the attention of the head of the wealthy firm to the danger to which his employees were exposed because of unguarded shafting and machinery. There were a number of minors in the factory, and she notified the gentleman that, because of this danger of death or mutilation, she required a health certificate for each of them. A week later a deputy inspector was sent to the factory and found a health certificate, in proper form, on file for every minor employed. One of these certificates was already superfluous. The little boy for whom it had been obtained had been killed in the factory the day before.

Some day, we hope, the factory law of Illinois will be improved in many respects, and among other things will provide for inspection of machinery, boilers and elevators, clothing the inspectors with power to order any necessary changes. In older states, where by successive acts of legislatures a labor code has been built up, such laws have been enacted. Our power under the present law I have indicated. The limitations of the law are already keenly felt by those who have benefited by its provisions, and there is much talk of legislation in the near future to extend its scope. To the agitation and persistence of the intelligent and organized wage-workers of the state is due all credit for the law of 1893. In the hands of the same men and women lies the power to secure further legislation in the interest of labor, whenever they may determine to have it.

ROBBED OF EDUCATION.

The school census of Chicago for 1892 gave returns showing 4,194 males and 4,538 females — a total of 8,732 — between the ages of six and fourteen years who were not attending any school. The number of those between the ages of twelve and twenty-one years who could not read or write the English language was returned as 4,458. Mr. Albert G. Lane, county superintendent of public schools, in an address before the Chicago Methodist Union, Jan. 23, 1894, said: —

There are between 3,000 and 4,000 boys and girls in Chicago that may be practically called waifs so far as home influences are concerned; they are not in the schools, but are out upon the streets, and are finding their way to the county jail and to the bridewell. A compulsory educational law was passed with the expectation of effectually dealing with this problem of the care of the waifs, and yet last year 743 children under

sixteen years of age were sent to the bridewell, and 1,641 others, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years, imprisoned.

By letting these children remain outside of the school and on the streets, we are training them for the future criminals of this great city. The state or city should take hold of them and compel them to attend school. If they are incorrigible an institution should be provided where they could be placed and kept until they become submissive. There is absolutely nothing being done to-day for these waifs, and it is the duty of every citizen to insist that the state take hold of this great problem that now confronts us.

We heartily concur in Mr. Lane's demand that the state take hold of the problem of common-school education for all its children, and to these 3,000 and 4,000 waifs we would insist shall be added the 6,576 children our five months' inspections found in the factories.

At this writing (March, 1894) the school census of Chicago for the current year is being taken. From an examination of the reports already handed in, a writer on one of the morning newspapers reaches the conclusion that the completed returns will show the total number of unemployed to be very much below the anticipated figures. (To ascertain the number out of work was made a special feature of this school census.) He further says:—

In spite of the fact that Chicago is a city largely made up of foreign-born people, the school census of 1894 will show that nearly all the children now in the schools were born in this country. A mere glance at the sheets turned in every day proves that a very small percentage of the school children are foreign-born, even in the cases where both parents are recorded as natives of some foreign country. All the little Bohemian and Polish children of the west side, all the German boys and girls who roll on the grass of Lincoln Park, and all the Irish lads who carry dinner pails down to the foundry are just as American as is the man whose remote ancestor gave the Indian chief a string of beads and a keg of rum in exchange for a township. This school census of 1894 will demonstrate that a cosmopolitan city may become an American city in short order, if only there are children growing up all the time.

After reading this very Chicagoesque paragraph, I looked over the reports of the medical examinations made in the factory inspector's office in February, 1894. The total number of children examined during the month was forty-six. In answer to the question, "What is your father's occupation?" in fifteen cases the reply set down was "Out of work." To the question, "Is your father living or dead?" the answer in six cases was "Dead." Here were twenty-one families out of forty-six without the natural bread winner.

In only one instance was the child the only one in the family, but in sixteen cases the child was the only member of the family at work. In eighteen cases the number of members in the family, parent or parents included, was six or more than six. The

highest number was a family of sixteen persons, for whom one fourteen-year-old girl is at present the only provider.

The nativity of these children is divided as follows: Born in the United States, 11, all of foreign parents; in Germany, 10; in Poland, 9; in Bohemia, 9; in Russia, 4; in Hungary, Austria and Canada, 1 each.

Twelve of the children spoke very broken English, or none at all, and could neither read nor write English. Of the entire forty-six only three were found in really normal condition. Of the hundreds of children the inspectors found at work during the month, these forty-six were ordered to procure medical certificates because something in their physical condition or their shop surroundings indicated that they were not fit to work where found. But the conditions of home life, and the lack of schooling for the forty-six, as shown by these reports, is likely to be, in equal proportion, the condition of the rest of the hundreds who were not examined.

From the forty-six cases the following are selected to show how very "American" are the children we are "growing up" in factories.

Nettie Zelusky, born in Poland; 15 years old; father out of work; has also mother and 7 brothers and sisters; no one working in the family but herself; has been running sewing machine in sweat shop 2 years; weighs 90 pounds; speaks broken English.

Frances Petilewicz, born in Poland; age 14 years, 4 months; father a bricklayer out of work; is fifth-born in a family of 14 children; working in sweat-shop; 13 years in this country; barely understands English and speaks it very brokenly; never attended public school.

Nellie Balzer, born in Poland; age 15 years, 1 month; machine operator in sweat shop; 9 years in the United States; cannot speak a word of English, nor read in any language; did not know whether or not her father was working, nor how many brothers and sisters she had.

Annie Vodoraske, born in Bohemia; age 14 years, 1 week; speaks broken English; has been working in a sweat shop 11 months; father out of work; only one working in a family of 6; earns 75 cents a week.

Kate Platkoeska; born in Germany of Polish parents; 16 years old and 4 years in America; does not know her letters; oldest of five children; has been working a year.

Bessie Ridwiska, born in Poland; did not know her age; four years in Chicago; cannot read in any language; cannot speak English; works in sweat shop.

Kate Fetissoch, born in Poland; 14 years old, and has been

working in sweat shop 2 years; 7 years in the United States; cannot speak English.

Samuel Greenburg, born in Russia; age 16 years, 6 months; works in tin shop; does not know his letters.

We cannot compile such records as these, we cannot pass in review the hundreds of children of whom these are types, and feel confident that we can have "an American city in short order if only there are children growing up all the time." So much depends upon how they are growing up!

The condition of illiteracy among factory children is the same wherever they are found, unless the state steps in between the greedy or unfortunate parent and the unscrupulous employer, and the child victim. The New York factory inspectors reported to the legislature of that state in January, 1887:—

Thousands of children born in this country or who come here early in childhood are unable to write; almost as many are unable to read, and still other thousands can do little more than write their own names. Possibly one third of the affidavits of the parents examined by us in the factory towns were signed by a cross mark, and it seems to us that when the children who now require these affidavits grow up and have children of their own about whom to make affidavits, the proportion of cross marks to the papers will not be decreased. Very few American-born children can tell the year of their birth, the state they live in, or spell the names of their native towns. Extended experience and close questioning have satisfied the inspectors that something ought to be done by the state to educate those who are now on the verge of manhood or womanhood.

In 1889 the New York law was amended so as to require that factory children under sixteen years must have at least a rudimentary education in English. If a New York inspector now finds a child who cannot read intelligently a sentence from a morning paper, and who cannot write his or her name legibly, such child may be sent from the factory and ordered to school. A similar course is pursued in Massachusetts, that state also having an educational qualification in its factory law. Our Illinois law does not yet touch upon the question of the factory child's education.

THE ENVIRONMENT OF THE FACTORY CHILD.

Those who know most of factory life conditions will be first to say that considered as a place for moral training the factory is little better than the streets. Certainly there are manufacturing establishments where the moral tone is as healthy as in a well-ordered home, and where the environment in no way suggests or is provocative of vice. But these model establishments are distinctly *not* those where wealth is being accumulated from child labor.

There are factories in which dissolute adults are employed

among children, and sow their moral pestilence unchecked; where petty bosses tempt young girls to evil courses, and the example of trifling favors shown one poor, weak girl who yields demoralizes many more. There are factories where the very sanitary arrangements expose children to temptation and disease, and the rules violate their natural modesty. There are factories in which children are worked into the late evening hours, and then turned out unprotected to seek their homes by streets where the immoral side of life is at such hours openly flaunted, and vicious lures draw the unwary steps of tired boys and girls down to moral death. There are factories in which the entire roll of female help is made up of young girls who are grouped at work with men so vile that the presence of a woman of mature age scarcely checks their flow of ribaldry. There are factories where one of the hourly occupations of little boys and girls is to run to the beer saloons with the pails of the older workmen. These are glimpses at conditions among which factory inspectors find the little children working, of the environment of a child in that class of factories run by employers who fatten on child labor.

Not every waif, not every factory child, becomes an invalid or a criminal, a menace to society or a burden upon it; but that any so environed with evil in the most crucial years of a human life — the formative years — pass through to sound manhood and womanhood is a miracle. Whether the child becomes the victim of our present industrial system through the neglect, the greed or the misfortunes of those who should be its natural protectors, it is not responsible for its condition. It is robbed of childhood, of education, of health, of innocence, even of the desire for knowledge, happiness and virtue, and for all its losses some one other than the child is responsible. The question arises, and one day it must be answered, What power can be invoked for the child's protection?

THE STATE AND THE FACTORY CHILD.

Society and the state are impoverished when material out of which useful citizens could be made is recklessly wasted, ruthlessly ruined. To every child of the state, for the sake of society and the common good, leaving the child's own needs and rights out of the question, should be guaranteed an education, and an education that should be more than a mere absorption of primary school teachings. "Character development must be the keynote of to-morrow," says Editor Flower in *THE ARENA*. For the child of to-day should be provided all those conditions which will give it fair opportunity to develop on the morrow into the man or woman of good health, sound brain and clean life. From our present relation toward the child to this just and ideal one is

a long distance to travel, and doubtless many way stations will mark the advance. But let us set out. The start will be something.

A demand for the abolition of child labor would be a good first step, and it is one that will early be taken if the spirit of reform be directed to an investigation of the evils of child labor. It is doubtful if any one who has made such investigations, officially or unofficially, would refuse to subscribe to these four propositions:—

1. No child should operate a machine by its own physical power.

2. No child should be allowed among steam-driven or electricity-propelled machines.

3. No child should be suffered to stand all day, or sit all day.

4. No child should be shut all day within the walls of a factory, a workshop, a mine, a store or an office.

If all the world, or even an active minority of those who move the world—and the legislators—can be brought to consider these propositions, child labor will cease, for every child at work to-day, except those employed in agriculture, is subjected to not less than two of these conditions.

It is high time, too, that the citizens of this republic recognize the right of every child to a good common-school education. The evening school cannot and should not afford the only education to which the child is entitled. When a child has worked all day it is unfit, physically and mentally, for study. It is cruelty to suggest such a substitute, and folly to expect general good results where it has been adopted. This proposition will not require argument or illustration for any father or mother of little children.

The short-term school is not a satisfactory substitute for the full term of a school year. On the contrary, it serves as an avenue through which the employer, the parent and the child escape compliance with any compulsory features of school or factory laws. Wherever the three-month limit to a child's school year is allowed an inspector always finds that the children have "just been to school," or are going next week, or next winter, or some other time than the particular time when their schooling is being investigated.

The factory system for children and the common-school system will never flourish together. Because we have tolerated the one, we have caused the other to be non-effective where it is most needed. It is time to change this. In the present paper we can only outline suggestions as to the means and methods to be pursued in this crusade. Neither the helpless child nor the helpless or guilty parent can be counted on for the work. As

for the employer, he whose profits are ground out of child labor can have no other interests in the common schools than that of the wolf in the sheepfold.

There should be, it seems to me, no shrinking from the proposition that it is the duty of the state, and its best policy as well, to see that all its children are in school until they have reached and passed the age of sixteen years. The right of the state to compel school attendance is conceded. It should also exercise the power of making that attendance effective by providing school books — ay, even food and clothing if need be. Whatever may be necessary to the achievement of the purpose for which the common school was founded, the state may with propriety be called on to secure and to administer.

THE OUTLOOK.

The growing altruistic spirit of our age, the trend of recent legislation, an awakening public conscience, give promise that the day of these suggested changes may be nearer than the unobservant are aware. Labor laws are yearly raising the age under which children may not be employed, prohibiting their employment in mines and other dangerous occupations, and imposing restrictions which make their labor less and less profitable to a manufacturer.

In states where these laws are operative and enforced, reports show a diminishing number of children employed. Thus the New York inspector says in his report for 1893 that the number of children under 16 years found employed during the year is a fraction under 34 in each 1,000 persons, as against 38 in 1,000 in 1892, and 112 in 1887. The decrease in 1893 was 70 per cent over 1886, when the law restricting employment of children first went into effect in that state. A census bulletin of 1890 gives the total number of children employed in 167,844 establishments of 100 cities as 52,414. In the census of 1880 returns from the same cities showed 92,821 children in 78,033 establishments. There are certainly hundreds less children at work in Illinois to-day than there were eight months ago, when our law took effect.

Sentiment adverse to the exploitation of children is gathering momentum in many unnoted directions. A curious illustration of this has been shown in prosecutions of employers for violations of the child-labor sections of our law. Where jury trials have been demanded, the court has found it almost impossible to get men to serve who would say that they were "not opposed to child labor," and therefore could "give the defendant a fair trial."

Public opinion will sometime settle aright this question of the relation of the state to the child. Public opinion will sometime

eliminate the factory from the child's life. Public opinion will sometime cause to be entered as formal judgment that a nation that suffers child labor is unchristian and uncivilized, its code of laws inhuman, its people without moral sense or moral courage. And when that time comes, the public will say it has always held such opinion!

Speed the day!

II.

CHILD LABOR AN OBSTACLE TO INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS, BY
ALICE L. WOODBRIDGE, SECRETARY OF NEW YORK
WORKING WOMEN'S SOCIETY.

It seems strange that in an age of progress like the present so little consideration is given to the subject of child labor. Those who hope for radical changes in our social and industrial systems seem oblivious of the fact that the employment of children is one of the greatest obstacles to be overcome.

The evil effects of child labor are manifested in many ways. It is a fact beyond dispute that wages are lower, hours of labor generally longer, and the quantity and quality of production inferior, in the industries in which children are employed. In the mad race of competition merchants and manufacturers take no thought for the morrow. They do not realize that the employment of cheap labor retards production and eventually closes the market to all. They ignore the fact that the working classes are the purchasing classes, and that by employing children at reduced wages they lessen the opportunities of employment for adult workers and the consumptive powers of the community.

In 1880 there were 1,118,000 children under sixteen years of age employed in mines, factories and mercantile establishments in the United States; this about equalled the number of able-bodied adult workers who were unemployed and dependent upon public or private charity.

We are apt to think of child labor as an old-world idea, probably because the majority of child workers are the children of foreign-born parents; but many of the countries of Europe have far more efficient laws regarding the employment of children than at present exist in this country. As yet but twenty-one states have enacted laws restricting the employment of children in factories, and but five have placed restrictions upon the employment of children in mercantile establishments. No doubt one of the greatest inducements for immigration to this country lies in the opportunities of employment for children, and is taken advantage of by shiftless and unscrupulous parents who see in coming here a chance of being supported.

Many of our most intelligent citizens favor the employment of children, and point with more or less pride to the fact that they commenced work at the age of ten or twelve and are none the worse for having done so; but such people do not realize that the conditions of employment to-day are very different from those of twenty-five years ago. Labor-saving machinery does not by any means signify economy of physical strength. The general conditions of labor are often far more exhausting than before the age of invention. Although it is possible for young children to operate powerful machinery, yet it is often the case that as much ability is required of the machine minder as of the skilled artisan. We would consider it very inhuman to require a child of twelve to become a skilled mechanic, yet the labor performed by children is often as arduous. Thousands of young children operate machinery running at the rate of twenty-five hundred revolutions a minute while hand and brain must keep in pace. Adult workers find the noise and jar of machinery a constant wear upon the nervous system; what, then, must be the effect upon the undeveloped child?

Few realize what children employed in factories must endure. In our textile factories children walk twenty miles a day. Two thirds of the yarn manufactured in this country is spun by children under sixteen years of age. In our thread mills children walk nearly as many miles. In button factories children eyelet twenty gross of buttons a day. In our great feather factories all through the hot weather children stand ten hours daily steaming feathers over pipes from which volumes of hot vapor are constantly escaping. Our postmen and policemen work but eight hours daily, and have the benefit of fresh air and sunshine; but the children of tender years are constantly running to and fro in the vitiated atmosphere of our mercantile establishments, from ten to sixteen hours daily. Those employed as stock girls are seldom allowed to use the elevators and are all day bearing heavy burdens up and down long flights of stairs. The average wages of these children is but \$1.60 per week and they are fined for absence, tardiness and all mistakes. It is frequently the case that children are promoted to the position of saleswomen yet receive the wages of cash girls. Many merchants claim that they cannot conduct business without a system of fines because of the indifference of employees to their work; but the very system, the constant surveillance of floor walkers and superintendents, the stern exactions of business, are incentives to indifference. The majority of these children are engaged for low wages because they are incapable of performing the duties required of them and then fined for their inability.

It is often stated that children are better off at work than they

would be at home, as they live generally in tenement-house districts where associations are not conducive to morality; but the fact that their associates in workshops and factories are also from tenement-house districts seems to be overlooked, and the moral atmosphere of places where children are employed is seldom superior to that of the tenement house. Immorality among working people is generally the result of physical and mental degeneration, and one of the strongest arguments against the employment of children is that they are the offspring of the working people. The children of the so-called upper classes are far better able to perform labor than the children of the poor. The majority of our child workers inherit weakened constitutions from overworked and underfed parents; they are born with unnatural cravings for nourishment, for rest, for recreation, and they need larger opportunities for development than the children of the more fortunate classes.

In states where factory laws are enforced inspectors tell us that it is impossible to judge accurately the ages of the children employed because children of the poor are stunted in growth. It is reasonable to suppose that the mental faculties are also slow in developing, and it is certainly a great injustice to require of such children tasks more arduous than are placed upon the well-developed child. Our most eminent physicians say that no healthy child should be employed before the age of fifteen, and then only for half the time required of adult workers.

The majority of child workers have tenement-house homes. They leave the vitiated atmosphere of shop or factory for the yet more loathsome atmosphere of the tenement. Exhausted by the long day's work they go home to scanty food, hard beds and crowded rooms. The limits of home are too narrow for common decencies to exist. They rise unrefreshed from their slumbers and go forth with appetites unsatisfied. With mind and body exercised far beyond the natural limits, it is impossible for them to appreciate the innocent pleasures of childhood; they become the victims of abnormal appetites and desires and moral degeneration naturally follows. This is proven by the fact that seventy per cent of the children in reformatories are the offspring of the working people.

Many believe that it is necessary for children to be employed, that often families could not exist without the assistance of the children, and that it is the duty of the child to sacrifice itself to the parent. Yet statistics prove that the employment of children reduces rather than increases the family income. In our large manufacturing towns where entire families are employed it is often the case that the wages of adults become so reduced that the head of the family finds it to his interest to assume the house-

hold duties while wife and children become the bread winners of the family. Under the sweating system the competition which has forced the youngest children to become bread winners has also steadily reduced the wages of the entire family.

In urging the duty of the child to its parents the far more binding and important obligation of the parent to the child is often forgotten. Those who take upon themselves the position of parents should remember that every right has its attendant duty and that it is the duty of the parents to provide for the highest physical, mental and moral development of their offspring. The inhumanity of the parent to the child is often the direct cause of man's inhumanity to man. To force a child whose only inheritance is a weak constitution into employments which require the fullest development of mind and body is an act which out-Herods Herod.

The average child worker is looked upon simply as the manipulator of a machine. No thought is given to the fact that it possesses powers which if developed would add inestimably to its own and the general happiness. Its worth is estimated by the pitiful dollars which it brings to its parents, the increased profits which it brings to its employer. Its mind becomes permeated with the selfishness and greed which have thus far turned the civilization and enlightenment of all nations into a curse to the masses; it is starved in body, warped in intellect, corrupted in morals and an impediment to all progress.

The prosperity of all nations lies in the development of the working classes. Humanity is ever interdependent. Invention is so fast increasing that it is but a question of a few years when the productive powers of the country will exceed the consumptive powers. Increased enlightenment means increased needs, and it is necessary for the general welfare that all classes shall attain the highest state of civilization possible. Upon the weak shoulders of our child laborers depends to a great extent the welfare of the nation, and it is to the interest of all humanity to see that every possible opportunity for mental, moral and physical development is obtained for them; if they are deprived of these rights by the unscrupulous it is the duty of the state to protect them, and strenuous efforts should be made in their interest. The present laws regarding the labor and education of children are utterly inadequate, and further legislation should be enacted. It is far better that the cases where child labor seems necessary should be cared for by the state than that so many children should be made the victims of grasping employers. Life is worth more than meat, and character than money bags.

III.

DATA COMPILED AND CONDENSED FROM THE ORIGINAL SOURCES,
BY PROFESSOR THOMAS E. WILL, A. M.

From fifth report of Industrial Statistics for Rhode Island, 1891: "We find then in Rhode Island children who are obliged to work to support honest but poor parents, children who are obliged to support indolent parents, and children who are obliged to add their mite to the fund of greedy parents. In every condition of the parents the child is the sufferer." P. x.

Opinions and reports of superintendents, members of committees, principals and teachers of schools in answer to question No. 2 submitted by Rhode Island Bureau of Industrial Statistics: "Should there be any discrimination in the law as to the age in view of the different occupations in which children are employed, etc.?"

Answer, blank No. 37. "The law should forbid the employment of girls under fifteen years of age. They are to be the mothers of the future, and we should pay more attention to their physical, mental and moral well-being. The long hours in the mill, the associations there formed, the freedom from home restraint, the deprivation of educational advantages, are evils which are sure to react on society. This question seems to me a matter of self preservation. We cannot raise men from overworked, ill-fed, ignorant women." Pp. 29,30.

Reply of a physician to same inquiry. Blank No. 304. "As the air in the mills and manufactories becomes foul through lack of proper ventilation, and as the hours of confinement are long and close attention to the work is required, it seems to me that girls, especially, should not be received until they have reached the age of maturity." Pp. 34,5.

Answers to question No. 3: "What influence does the employment of children have upon the employment and earnings of adults, both male and female?"

Answer, blank No. 12: "If practicable it would be a good law to forbid the employment of the children of a family, so long as the adult members of the family are unemployed. Many a shiftless parent is now supported in idleness by the labor of his young children." P. 36.

Blank No. 42. "Throws many out of work and makes many more work at starvation wages, or become tramps." P. 36.

Blank No. 50. "If children were not employed it is evident that adults would have to do the work."

Blank No. 52. "Employers in many instances take advantage of youthful labor because of its cheapness."

Blank No. 69. "Reduces wages and makes chances for honest adult labor harder." P. 36.

Blank No. 79. "Detracts from them. Has done so seriously in this place." P. 37.

Blank No. 163. "I know here many married men, and boys and girls eighteen and twenty years old, idle for want of work; and the little children and little sisters and brothers eight, nine and ten years old working for five and ten cents a day, others for one dollar and dollar and a half a week. Parents are obliged to send little children to the mill to work for almost nothing, to prevent the family from starvation, to give something to eat to the rest of the family, to those very ones who should work and are willing to work." P. 38.

Question No. 4: "What effect does employment have upon the health, morals and education of children?"

Blank No. 20. "As a rule it impairs the health, corrupts the morals and limits the education of children." P. 43.

Blank No. 29. "With majority of children education after going to the mill practically stops." P. 43.

Blank No. 37. "A growing child shut up day after day for ten or eleven hours in a close, hot atmosphere becomes stunted and enfeebled, becomes old before his time; and associating with older people learns habits which still more help to injure his physical system." P. 44.

Blank No. 42. "Breeds consumption, ruins morals and kills education. Education is no more to be thought of after the children get into the mills." P. 44.

Blank No. 68. "My experience as a teacher has shown that the majority of pupils lose all interest in their studies as soon as they are old enough to leave school and go to work." P. 46.

Blank No. 87. "Most pernicious upon children. Most of them at an early age are hardened. And yet the home (?) influence is terrible to contemplate. They are unfortunately handicapped from birth; the home pushes them down, the streets aid and the mill adds its evil influence. It is a wonder if any are good." P. 48.

Blank No. 129. "This class furnishes a large part of those who succumb to consumption every year. They work in heated buildings and consequently are more susceptible to colds, which develop rapidly and which they have no strength to withstand. Observation but confirms this, and it must be evident to any one who has seen the sallow faces of children who are employed by scores and hundreds in manufacturing establishments." P. 48.

Blank No. 179. "The puny faces, the dark circles under the eyes, the slender frames that shrink from exposure, seen in a factory village, point to the inference that we are raising up a

class similar in physical and mental characteristics to the allied classes in the great English manufacturing centres." P. 52.

Blank No. 281. "Long hours of exhausting labor, especially in ill-ventilated and unhealthy places, is undoubtedly injurious to the health and should be proscribed." P. 57.

Blank No. 304. "Absence of pure air and sunlight, living in over-heated rooms and inhaling air loaded with particles of fine dust are four great factors in creating the tendency toward consumption and pneumonia." P. 58.

Blank No. 329. "Children who are employed under fifteen in cotton mills, are as a rule, poor, sickly-looking children and never become fully developed; and seventy per cent have more or less lung trouble." P. 59.

A synopsis of the replies given by superintendents, members of committees, principals, teachers, clergymen and physicians to the series of questions of which the above are a part, shows an overwhelming sentiment against child labor in factories, and a general conviction that such labor leads to the lowering of wages and the throwing of adults out of work, and that it is destructive to health and morals.

The summary of statistics of child labor in Rhode Island shows that there 2,977 male and 2,296 female children employed in that small state alone.

The report of the Connecticut Labor Commission for 1885 contains, among other things, the following statement from a Catholic priest whose work brings him daily into contact with these matters in a place where they are most serious: "The great evils are: (1) The employment of children under the age of twelve years, or, in general, at an age when they are most easily influenced morally and mentally, and when, owing to exhaustion from long and continuous hours of labor, they become physical wrecks. (2) Becoming physical wrecks, they cannot and do not fill the places which they ought to fill in the community, and simply drag out a miserable existence and degenerate to a purely mechanical animal, having no ambition to be anything else. . . . Any scheme will be welcome which will prevent overseers from tyrannizing over little ones, making them suffer for any possible grudge the overseer may have against a relative, and of course of which grudge the children are, it may be, even entirely ignorant and innocent." Pp. 46-7.

"The worst of these abuses seem to have been done away with in that place [the Baltic Mills] but there are many mills, especially among the less important ones, where it has been *impossible to detect them*." Pp. 48-9.

"Some people who have paid no attention to the matter find it hard to believe that children under ten years were thus em-

ployed in factories. Unfortunately it is true that they are. It is impossible to tell in how many cases. The efficient agent of the State Board of Education, who is charged with the enforcement of the law relating to child labor, cannot himself tell A great evil To let parents and employers between them coin money out of the work of children of that age is morally bad and socially dangerous."—Statement of Commissioner of Labor Statistics for Connecticut. P. 50.

Of all the states in the Union Massachusetts is best equipped with legislation against child labor. This legislation, moreover, is rigidly enforced; so rigidly, in fact, that Chief Wade, of the District Police, declares it as his conviction that the evil has been practically extirpated in this commonwealth. So confident is he of this and so anxious is he to enforce the law to the letter, that he would regard it as a favor to have any one report to him a single case in which the law is violated.

Yet here again we may find another of the countless illustrations of the fact that mere restrictive legislation that stops short of the seat of the disease is by no means an unmitigated blessing. When, in a family that has been supported by the labor of the entire household, several bread winners are taken from factory or workshop and forced into school, one of two things must follow; either the wages of those who continue at work must rise until the family income stands at the former figure, or the standard of living must fall. Even though wages should rise until the old income is reached hardship will be felt, for the reason that minds unfolding under the influence of the public schools will feel the need for a higher and less swinish life than has hitherto, in many cases, been possible for them.

Yet one familiar with the lives of the working people in the clothing industry in Boston, where sweating and the accompanying evils exist, declares that not only have wages failed to rise in the cases under consideration, but they have actually fallen. Why this should be done we may easily understand on recalling the omnipresence of the unemployed; many of whom, as an employed trade-unionist recently declared to the writer, are as competent and worthy as many still at work. Rather than beg or starve such men will work for the most wretched subsistence. How, then, can wages be forced up to make good the income lost by transferring children from factory to school?

In such cases, as the writer's informant avers, the sole recourse, the drop in the standard of living, is actually adopted. When we remember the pregnant statement of Chief Wadlin and of Mill that a reduction in the standard of living is one of the most serious calamities that can befall a people, since it means a lowering of the standard of civilization, we shall be slow in flying

to such restrictive enactments as an ultimate. The experience of Massachusetts, the banner state in labor legislation, proclaims more loudly than could *à priori* deductions from first principles, the necessity of striking at the root of our industrial evils, instead of snipping off a twig here and a leaf there from the deadly upas tree.

IV.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AN UNOFFICIAL PATRIOT.*

"An Unofficial Patriot"! What, another war story? No, not *another* war story, but the first great sociological and historical novel of the Civil War which is fairly entitled to an honorable position among the volumes destined to hold a place in the permanent literature of the nation. I am aware that this is a very strong claim to make, and doubtless those who read the first two or three chapters of this new romance by Helen H. Gardener may feel that my estimate of its value is exaggerated, but I am confident that a majority of the thoughtful men and women who peruse its thrilling pages to the end of the story will agree that the characterization is an under rather than an over statement of the merits of this work. It is true to life, and yet thrilling, because it deals with life in supreme moments. It portrays humanity intoxicated with heroism and profoundly moved by all the major emotions which enter the chamber of the human soul. It deals with crises and events in which years were crowded into hours, in which strong men, with tender and sympathetic natures, grew old in a year, and patient, loving women became haggard shadows of their former selves under the weight of an all but intolerable suspense. The breadth of the author's philosophical mind and the catholicity of spirit which pervade the volume, are shadowed forth in her dedication, which is as follows:—

To those who, with heroic fortitude, have faced the questions involved; to whom was and is unknown the narrow vision which results in bitterness: who do not reckon upon great sociological problems in the evolution of the race as mere political capital; who are able at once to comprehend and to respect divergent opinion, and who do not brand as moral turpitude all that falls outside the scope of their own experience or preference;—this volume is dedicated, in the hope that it may make plain some things that even the conscientious historian has failed to understand or record, and upon which literature is so far silent.

The story opens with a brief and rapid retrospective glance, in which the author portrays in her own peculiarly forceful manner the great wave of Methodistic enthusiasm which swept over Virginia and the South during the third and fourth decades of our century:—

Formalism in religion had run its course. The protest was swift, impassioned, sincere. Vigorous, earnest, but often unlearned men sprang into prominence at a single bound. Arguments arose. Men began to ask if the Almighty was pleased with forms in which the soul was dead—If mere words, and not sincere emotion of the heart, gratified God. Was it worship to simply read or repeat the words of another? Must not one's own soul, mind and heart furnish the key, as well as the medium, to aid in real devotion? Had the letter killed the spirit?

Griffith Davenport, the hero of the story, is the son of a wealthy squire in Virginia. He comes under the spell of the gospel of Methodism, which is so irresistible because it is so sincere. His father, a staid Episcopalian, is naturally disgusted. But what was disgust when his

* "An Unofficial Patriot," by Helen H. Gardener. Pp. 351; price, cloth \$1.25; paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

son determined to celebrate his nineteenth birthday by "transmuting himself into a Methodist Ass, with leather lungs," changed into dismay when he found that Griffith had decided to become "a circuit rider, a man with no traditions! Shouting and having fits and leading weak-minded women and girls, and weaker-minded boys and niggers, into unpardonable, disgraceful antics and calling it religion!" But the old gentleman's denunciations were futile; the boy became a "circuit rider." And most charming and idyllic are the pictures presented of those early years—the lonely rider, the religious enthusiasm which intoxicated him, and the passion awakened by a bright-eyed Presbyterian girl which threw him into an ecstasy; the Virginian courtship, the happy life on the plantation; the love and fidelity of the slaves; the mental torment of the minister who felt convinced that the ownership of men was criminal, and the dismay created among the slaves when he announced his determination to free them.

In the pages dealing with these subjects, while describing a charming home life, with the addition of bright-eyed boys and a wee little girl not a wit less philosophical or curious than her brothers, the author furnishes the best picture of the slavery problem, as it confronted conscientious slave owners, I have ever seen. It was all very well for the agitators to hurl sweeping denunciations upon every man who held slaves; but apart from all considerations of a commercial character, from a purely humanitarian and ethical point of view, the freeing of slaves under the then existing conditions, while it might ease an individual conscience, was a doubtful kindness to the slaves. Nay, more, it was in many instances a cruel unkindness. This is not, of course, claiming that slavery was right, but the author gives to Northern readers a new angle from which to look at the great problem, and by which they will better understand the feeling of the Southerner during the bitter strife which preceded the Civil War.

The broad, philosophical spirit which pervades this work is very marked in this discussion. One feels that the author is a deep student of sociology and psychology; that she is a true philosopher as well as an impartial historian. Indeed, the reader will look in vain, from cover to cover, for evidence of a partisan bias. The writer is far enough from the great struggle to be impartial. She is also great enough to be humane and just.

The "circuit rider" at last leaves Virginia. He has secured a position in a college in Indiana, and he removes, with his slaves, to Washington, where he learns that no negro is allowed to be employed in Indiana. This blow to husband and wife is scarcely less bitter than it is to the faithful negroes who were going with them to Indiana. The Griffiths arrange, however, for the negroes to receive a certain amount of money at stated intervals, and leave them free, but not without support, in the capital city.

The trials and joys experienced in Indiana are portrayed, and one

catches touching and delightful glimpses of home life. The boys, who at length grow to early manhood, are naturally profoundly stirred by the tremendous moral agitation which is in progress. The oldest son becomes a radical Free Soiler. While the father holds more conservative views, the boy finally gains permission to go to Missouri to edit a Free Soil paper. He subsequently becomes so aggressive that he is burned out, and narrowly escapes with his life. He, however, turns up in Kansas, where, when the call for troops is made, he raises a regiment and enters the war. Two of the other sons were shortly afterward enrolled in the Union Army, one by dint of persuasion, the other by the dexterous use of his legs, together with the employment of an assumed name and other subterfuges which might have lain heavily on the conscience of the elder Davenport.

We now enter another realm; the idyllic has passed; the smoothly gliding river has become a part of the tempest-lashed ocean. In a word, we are now in the midst of a nation intoxicated. Something of the same madness which is ascribed to genius has touched a people. Henceforth, without any exaggeration or departure from pure realism, individuals no less than events become colossal. The reader is profoundly moved, because the deepest well-springs of life on every hand are being touched. No description can do justice to Helen Gardener's portrayal of Washington after the battle of Bull Run, and the still greater passage in which she depicts the struggle which Griffith Davenport and his loyal wife underwent while Governor Morton pleaded with the "circuit rider" to give his country the benefit of his knowledge of the topography of Virginia, and thus save any future slaughter of life or disastrous defeat through ignorance of the country. Three sons in the Northern army, fighting against his family and that of his wife: had not he made sacrifice enough? No, he would not go unless the cause was desperate and he was ordered to perform the task. Perhaps we can catch something of the author's power in the following lines:—

One evening Griffith sat by the library table reading, and Katherine was moving about the room restlessly. For several days no news had come from the front—no home news, no letters from the absent sons. The door leading to the porch was open, and suddenly there stood before them a messenger with a telegram. Katherine grew weak and sick. Griffith tore the envelope and read. She watched his face. Every vestige of blood had left it, and his head sank on his arms crossed on the table before him. The telegram was crushed in one hand. A groan escaped him, and then a sob shook his frame.

"Which one is it? Which one of my boys is killed? Which—which one?" cried Katherine. She tried to loosen the hand that clasped the message, but he held it crushed, and when he lifted his head tears were streaming down his cheeks. He tried to reassure her. "It is not *that*," he said, hoarsely. "They—the boys are all right, but they have ordered me——." He relaxed his grasp, and his head sank again on his arms.

She took the message and read:—

"Report here immediately.

"Washington, D. C.

"A. LINCOLN."

For a moment Katherine seemed stunned. She did not comprehend. Then she seemed to rise far above her normal stature.

"*You shall not go!*" she said. Her eyes blazed. Her hands hung by her sides, but they were clenched until the nails sank into the flesh. The tigress in her was at last aroused. "You shall *not* go! How dare he? With three of my boys in the army now! With us reduced to *this*!" She had never complained of the change in her style of living, but she flung out the contemptuous fire within her as she stretched out her arms to indicate the simplicity of her surroundings. "With *this* in exchange for what we had! With every tie broken! With every luxury and comfort gone! Separated from even the negroes that loved us and begged to come with us! How dare they ask for further sacrifice from us! How dare he!"

Griffith's head lifted slowly. He looked at her in dismay. Was this the patient, compliant wife who had willingly given up her fortune and her home to satisfy *his* conscience? Was this the silent, demure, self-controlled Katherine — this very tall, angry woman? She looked like a fury unchained. She took a step nearer to him.

"You shall *not* go!" she repeated, and the astonished messenger-boy fled in affright, as she suddenly threw both arms about Griffith and began to sob convulsively.

Griffith held her to his breast, which heaved and choked him. It seemed to him that he could not speak. At last he whispered softly: "I must go, Katherine. It is an order from the president. I will have to go to Washington."

Griffith Davenport, following the rule of his life, answered this call of duty. The interview with President Lincoln is one of the most interesting chapters of the book, and what is more, it is historically accurate. This gives it special value, as it throws some new side-lights on the character of Lincoln, and at the same time carries the reader into the very atmosphere in which the president lived during the supreme crisis in our country's history. Later, we see Griffith piloting the government's officers and engineers through the enemy's country, giving them a thorough knowledge of the ground, which was so indispensable if they were to be saved from future Bull Runs.

Nor are the war scenes confined to Washington and Virginia. Griffith's sons are in the western armies, and some of the most vivid portrayals of the horrors of battle are found in the descriptions of the conflicts in which the younger Davenports were engaged. So far as the book deals with the facts of the Civil War it is historically accurate, while the broad and impartial vision of the author gives a special value to this aspect of the work. Perhaps, however, the greatest interest of the volume lies in its being such a remarkable philosophical, sociological and psychological study. In Mrs. Gardener's bright and peculiarly entertaining manner we are shown the workings of many brains, reflected in action no less than in words; and all the characters are so thoroughly human, one feels that the work is a simple narration of facts, known by the author to be true.

Helen Gardener is a native of Virginia, and she has spent much time in her native state. Hence she has been able to portray in a most admirable manner the life, characteristics and dialect of the Virginian negroes.

This volume is entirely unlike anything the gifted author has written heretofore. It is a work upon which she has spent several years, and it will unquestionably occupy a high place among the comparatively few

historical novels which possess permanent value. The historian will enjoy it no less than the philosopher and student of human nature. The simple novel reader will enjoy it no less than those who are sufficiently far removed from the stormy scenes of the Civil War to be able to rise above prejudice, and who desire to know the truth and realize how each side felt. In my judgment "An Unofficial Patriot" is the most important work of fiction which has appeared this year.

B. O. FLOWER.

FORBES OF HARVARD.*

In the present age of transition, when the waves of discontent are felt by all but the most phlegmatic natures, when unrest and expectancy are preëminently characteristic of the time, as indifference or enthusiasm has been characteristic of other periods, perhaps all those who, feeling the injustice which bears upon the patient, toiling multitude, are battling for a brighter day, long at times for a respite; they would withdraw into the solitude, not for self-gratification and ease, but for that rest which would bring their souls into more perfect alignment with the great, calm spirit of the Infinite. The earnest reformer and the thoughtful philanthropist appreciate why Jesus from time to time withdrew into the mountains, and there, alone, during the holy calm of night, communed with the Infinite. Few in the present busy age, however, can enjoy the solitary retreats of mountains; but they can derive much strength and pleasure through books which breathe the spirit of rest,—books which carry an atmosphere pure as the rippling, gurgling mountain stream, and peaceful as the bosom of a lake in the eventide. Such books have a positive value in a hygienic sense. They do far more than amuse and entertain us; they bring us into an intimate relationship with the serene and luminous source of life and hope and love.

I have just finished reading a work of this nature. It is from the pen of Mr. Elbert Hubbard, whose sincere sympathy for the down-trodden was admirably shadowed forth in his recent paper on "The Rights of Tramps," published in this magazine, and whose broad and tolerant spirit is mirrored in his essay in this issue of *THE ARENA*, entitled "A New Disease," in which he pleads for a cessation of the unreasonable religious strife now raging in some parts of our country, and which, in the very nature of the case, blinds reason and quenches love.

In "Forbes of Harvard," we have one of the most unique as well as thoroughly wholesome and inspiring stories of our time. The work is made up of a series of letters which passed between Arthur Ripley Forbes of Harvard, '52, and his friends, many of whom live in Concord and are on the most intimate terms with Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Thoreau and others. By the medium of these letters a most fascinating story is told—a story which shows the finest side of human life, whether

* "Forbes of Harvard," by Elbert Hubbard. Pp. 328; price, cloth \$1.25, paper 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

in college, among the quiet retreats of Concord, or on the plains of the West; everywhere the author has brought out the divine in the human. The following quotation will serve to illustrate this point. Mr. Forbes is on his way from St. Louis to Pike's Peak, driving an ammunition wagon. He is supposed to be dying of consumption. Among the drivers of this military train is an individual named Rattlesnake Pete, who bears a bad reputation. Mr. Forbes, in writing to his old roommate at Harvard, observes:—

Another eccentric son of Adam in our train is Rattlesnake Pete, so called on account of a string of rattlesnake tails that serve him for a hat-band. Pete has three notches cut in the butt of his pistol, and is said to be a "bad man." As to his depravity I cannot speak; but last night was quite cool, and, on awaking this morning, I found an extra blanket covering me, with Pete's "brand" on it. It seems that men of this name are given to denial, for when I accused him of putting this blanket on my bed, he acknowledged the blanket was "his'n," but swore, with several unnecessary oaths, that he did not know how it got there. Jake afterward told me that in the night he saw Rattlesnake Pete tiptoe across and spread the blanket over me, and then quickly go back to his own bunk. Here Jacob paused, and after a moment's reflection, impressively expectorated and said: "If Rattlesnake Pete says he didn't put that er blanket over ye, he is a ——— dirty liar—that's all I hev to say!" And silence reigned.

I would not imply that the author pictures his characters as perfect, or all as angels of light. They have their foibles and weaknesses as their letters reveal, and in Pennaworth and Peepson, we have unpleasant types of life unfortunately very common. But what Mr. Hubbard does is to accentuate the divine in man, which gives to the atmosphere of his book the fragrance of the spiritual rather than the rank odor of the gross and sensual. The heroine of the story is one of those refined, strong and spiritual women of the new time, who carry with them the atmosphere of the divine. Her letters are an inspiration. Here is an extract from one of them which mirrors the soul of this girl:—

The cheerful letter sent to your mother was a great benefit to her and your other friends here.

When the son of Esculapius does not know what to do next, he sends the patient away on a trip, with a letter of recommendation to Chance. This is what Dr. Peabody did for you; but Dr. Chance has treated you well.

Mr. Emerson told us, you remember, "We will talk of all subjects save one—namely, our maladies."

When we send messages, let them be messages of life and good cheer. "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those who bring glad tidings." And if we would but just distribute the glad tidings, which we all receive in such abundance, and forget the bad, it would fade away, and the messages of joy would grow like the big snowballs the boys roll.

We are bathed in an ocean of health, and where the soul is in right relation to its environment there is wholeness of body. Health is but adaptation to environment. When the mind of man adapts itself to the great mind of God, of which it is a part, the body does its perfect work without friction, and the exercise of every function is a pleasure. This is what is called life in abundance. "I am come that ye might have life."

I am glad that you are getting so much pleasure out of your journeyings by adapting yourself to environment and entering heartily and cheerfully into whatever you undertake. This is putting yourself in line with the powers of nature, and you are strong as you partake of her strength. "Nature never yet forsook the heart that loved her."

As I write these lines I hear your mother's voice, singing, as she plants the bed of beets in the garden, "Jesus, Lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly." What satisfaction the good woman gets from her song!

It is a beautiful spring day. The hawthorn bushes are all white down the roadside, and the air is balmy and full of perfume. I sit near the window of what your mother calls "my Arthur's room," and have been watching two busy robins bringing twigs, straws and strings to make a nest in the porch, just under the window. I am glad the tide is coming in; it will not ebb, this time.

It is impossible in a notice of this book to convey anything like a proper conception of its scope, or to indicate the marked degree of success which has attended the author's effort to portray the distinct individualities of the different letter writers, while making the entire correspondence the vehicle for a well-rounded, wholesome and delightful story. Here is a letter written by an old roommate of Mr. Forbes' purporting to describe a debate held at Harvard in 1851, and also an enclosure, giving notes made by a fellow student from the argument of one of the gentlemen on the affirmative side:—

DEAR OLD MAN: The debate came off last night, and to-day my vertebra is hardly strong enough to uphold the torso.

The question was, "Resolved: Woman's sphere is ministering to man's needs." I was on the negative, with Mitchell and Sayles, right and left bowers. Affirmative: Bond, Ducton and Pennaworth.

Bond shied his castor in the ring first, and struck right and left. My pores began to open, and you would have thought I had taken a diaphoretic. The sweat just rolled down my collar, and I gasped: "God help us, we are undone! Where is my hat?"

Mitchell followed; cool, clear and logical—not in the least rattled. He is always charmingly good-natured and clear-headed. He mopped the floor with Bond, and when he sat down I felt as good as if I had just had three cocktails. (Lemon and a little sugar, please!)

Ducton, who is a son of old Mr. and Mrs. Ducton, then bored the audience for thirty minutes, and they all nodded assent. (They were asleep, old man.)

I had practised on my speech for weeks, and thought I had it by the tail; but—gracious jingo!—as the chairman said, "We will now have the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Holworthy," my knees grew awful weak, and when I walked on the platform the boys said I acted as if I were walking through tall grass. I thought the floor was going to fly up and hit me. I glanced over the audience and it looked like a thousand-legged worm, with all the legs clapping together; and the creature had rows upon rows of eyes, all staring at your Jack. I started in, but my voice squeaked in high C, and I tried it again.

"Louder! louder!" some one yelled. "Give it to 'em, Jack!" I got my wind by this time, and made a home run, without a skip, from one end of the speech to the other; was afraid to stop for breath, pause or inflection for fear I would forget the words. So I put in all the gestures in a bunch, at the last, which brought down the house.

The boys applauded with unction. But I am almost afraid it was left-handed. They sent up a basket of flowers and I thought at first it was from the Iris; but they were only artificial, dead stock—from some milliner's.

Then Sayles sailed in, to tie up all the loose ends we had left flying. Sayles is a sailor from Saylesville—the brightest little man that ever thawed out an Upernavik audience. He was funny, persuasive, then logical; and I said:—

"Yes, we have them now! There is nothing left for 'em to say! In fact, the judges might as well call the debate closed and give the decision in our favor, as Pennaworth is only a drone, anyway." But Lord help us, Arthur! Pennaworth began slow, and talked ten minutes without saying anything; but I saw his voice kept getting louder

and louder, his long arms began to work like a windmill, and he grew red in the face. He flung his manuscript on the carpet and waded into that audience as I never heard a speaker before. He rushed from one side of the platform to the other, kicked, stamped, foamed at the mouth, snorted, roared and shouted; he quoted from everything and everybody: poetry, history, statistics—all paid tribute, and pathos, bathos, sarcasm and ridicule played their parts. Then he took us up, one after the other: riddled our arguments, scouted our premises, flouted our conclusions and hooted our eloquence.

I saw we were done for—I smiled a sickly, cast-iron smile; my collar wilted, and I tried to sink down in my chair so no one could see me.

They called time on Pennaworth, but he would not stop; and it took four men to force him into a chair, or he would have been shouting yet. The judges gave decision against us without leaving the stage. They said: "The masterly argument of Mr. Pennaworth makes our duty very plain. Affirmative wins."

It was a sad defeat for us, old man. If you had been here, you would have taken my place and turned the tide; but Penny is a good one on his feet. Mitchell took notes on his speech, and I send them herewith—hope you can make 'em out. Worst thing about this is—the tall Iris said she knew I would win. I don't care for myself, but she will feel awful bad.

Yours always,

J. HOLWORTHY.

P. S. I am safe on the Latin exam.: 92. Congratulate me.

I have written and sent to the Goddess, one sonnet a day for six days—fourteen lines in a sonnet, you know. I thought I could keep it up for a month or more, when I started in; but the last one nearly "died a burning," and the next may bring me to bed entirely.

JACK.

Notes Taken by Mr. Mitchell on Speech of Mr. Pennaworth.

Subject, "Woman's Sphere."

Proper sphere of woman is reproduction and ministering to welfare of man. "God completed His work in six days and pronounced it good" (Gen. i. 31). We here see God was satisfied with His work after He had made Adam, and before He had made woman. The woman was a mere after-thought—a mistake. Has not proven to be what God expected. Disappointment both to God and Adam. No man ever found her what he expected.

"Man created in image of God," woman not. "But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man" (1 Cor. i. 1, 2). Much difference between God and man as between man and woman. No sane man calls man equal to God; therefore—conversely. No proof that woman is created in the image of God. Animals all caused to pass before Adam; not primarily so he should name them, but so he could select helpmeet. Hard to please, so woman was made for his special benefit. Doll made for child never equal to child. Neither can doll legally assume administration of child's affairs.

Woman talks to serpent. No serpent could speak Greek or Hebrew, so woman must know serpent language. Long conversation. Woman not surprised when serpent accosted her—used to it. Beast herself, and knows language of beasts. Woman has gradually reached her present state by constant association with man—must not be allowed to usurp. "Suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man" (1 Tim. ii. 12).

Commandments only for man; as, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," applied only to man. No woman was allowed to testify in court in Hebrew times, for could not be trusted to tell truth.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his ox, nor his ass." No woman covets neighbor's wife; woman always hate's neighbor's wife. Hebrews—chosen people of God—were allowed to sell daughters same as ox or ass (Ex. xxi. 7). Hebrew prayer-books say, "Blessed God, Maker of the universe and mighty in wisdom, I thank Thee that Thou hast not made me a woman." (Hebrew word here for woman can be translated either beast or woman.)

God always masculine; all angels masculine—Gabriel, Malachia, etc. No woman in heaven. Proof—disciples asked Jesus whose wife the woman would be in heaven after

having seven husbands here. "In heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage" (Mark xii. 19-25). When the gods wanted female society they always had to come to earth. If woman were admitted to heaven, would surely force marriage on man. "For cause": chief business of woman is to get husband—habit fixed in nature.

No place in Scripture is she promised everlasting life. Jesus said, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" (John ii. 4). Jesus came to save only men, as this clearly shows. "I am the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob." Never said he was God of Rebekah, Sarah or Rachel. Man received his commission to be "ruler over the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field," before woman was created. All lineage in Bible given by males, females no account—not worth mentioning. "God breathed into his nostrils, and he became a living soul." God never breathed into *her* nostrils—cannot be called a soul. Body different from man; more albumen in blood, corpuscles different.

No female animals equal males; only male birds sing; female tigers lack all beauty. But tiger qualities in all females. Lacks courage, strength and beauty. "But I find more bitter than death the woman whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands" (Ecc. vii. 26).

"Let woman learn in silence, with all subjection" (1 Tim. ii. 4). "If a woman would have knowledge, let her ask her husband" (St. Paul). "Who can find a virtuous woman?" (Proverbs).

Man only has been recognized by deity. All prophets, men—witches, women. In Hebrew, Adam, Enoch, Ish; Greek, Anthropos; Latin, Homo; German, Mann; Slavic, Chlovek; Hungarian, Ember. All these mean men. Man and deity always parsed masculine.

Of course Mr. Pennaworth's views do not represent the spirit of the book. This gentleman is one of the few conservative souls in a group of broad-minded, progressive and growing characters, who, however, represent various phases of human thought and intellectual development.

Many stirring events enter into the closing pages of the volume, but at last the sun smiles over all. Part II. gives the love letters which pass between Miss Harold and Arthur Forbes. They form an exquisite compilation, reflecting high thinking and pure sentiment. They reveal the spiritual side of nature, or man under the influence of the most divine passion, and consequently at his best. I cannot quote from them. They are complete as a whole, and will prove a source of pleasure to all who love and aspire.

I strongly recommend this work to the readers of *THE ARENA*, believing that no one can peruse its pages without being made a better man or woman. The book is absorbing in its interest. Almost every page is enlivened with quiet humor. And what is more, it is a volume characterized by high thinking, and reflecting the noblest aspirations in life. We know that we are all largely what our ideals make us. Thought colors life. Behind the deed stands the thought, behind the thought the ideal. And the tendency of this work is to raise the ideals of life, and to expand our conception of God, who is the True and the Beautiful no less than He is the All-powerful, All-pervading Spirit of Life.

B. O. FLOWER.

IF CHRIST CAME TO CHICAGO.*

This work is one of the bravest, noblest and withal most profoundly religious books which have appeared during the last quarter of a century. And when I say religious, I use the term in its highest and truest sense. It is, indeed, an earnest, passionate and sympathetic plea for "the union of all who love in the service of all who suffer." But it is more than this. It is a bold unmasking and setting forth of rapacious greed, and of that conventional immorality which is poisoning the blood of the nation. It fearlessly exposes the corruption of the city government, and the dishonesty of the millionaires as proved by the assessors' books. It shows exactly *how* the poor are made to bear the burden of taxation, and *how* the rich evade it. It reveals the utter heartlessness of conventionalism in religious, social and political life. It unmasks those whom Mr. Stead is pleased to call "the Assyrians" — the unscrupulous manipulators of combines and organizations which control the natural monopolies in the great municipalities of the world, and which, by virtue of the wealth which they possess and the venality of the politicians and, to a great extent, of the press, are enabled to acquire millions upon millions of dollars, by most questionable means, and in return render inadequate service.

This book has greatly alarmed plutocracy. It has frightened the plunderers of the people, as is evidenced by the savage, unjust and false attacks which have been made upon it by certain fawning spaniels of plutocracy who attempt to form public opinion through the channel of subsidized newspapers. It is also quite significant that the large news companies have refused to handle the book; a leading officer in one of these organizations assigning as one reason that the title of the book was little short of being blasphemous! When Mr. Stead was here a few weeks ago, in discussing his forthcoming volume I predicted the reception it would meet with at the hands of a large number of papers, owing to the fact that its revelations of the systematic robbery of the people, the injustice borne by the weak, and the corruption which blossoms under the very shadow of the church and beneath the eyes of the officers of the law and the press of the cities, would alarm plutocracy, conventionalism and entrenched immorality. My predictions have been verified. I was not, however, prepared to believe that the news companies would refuse to handle the book.

One of the most disheartening features of social life to-day is found in the effrontery with which gold worshippers seek to confuse public opinion in matters relating to morality, justice and goodness. Seldom since the advent of Jesus have the whited sepulchres been so powerful in society or so influential in swaying public opinion. Seldom has hypocrisy been so eminently respectable as to-day, especially when standing behind the breastwork of ill-gotten gold. Even at the present

* "If Christ Came to Chicago," by W. T. Stead. Pp. 472; paper; price 50 cents. Laird & Lee, Chicago, Ill.

moment a desperate effort is being made by sensualism to transfer the centre of gravity of evil and immorality from the shoulders of the thief, the adulterer and the corrupter of morals to the shoulders of the prophet of God, who tears aside the hypocrite's screen of gold and cries, "Behold the putrefaction which is poisoning the blood of national life."

Indeed, the sturdy morality which filled the veins of the infant republic with strength and courage, and gave to it an indomitable will, has so nearly disappeared from public life that during the past few weeks we have been confronted with the most revolting spectacle ever witnessed in the United States—the spectacle of eminent counsel attempting to defend a silver-headed libertine, who confesses to having committed the crime of adultery constantly during ten years. And in this defence such false and brazen utterances as the following were made use of by Mr. Thompson in behalf of Colonel Breckinridge: "You cannot point to a great character in history who has not had his foibles and faults with women; not one. There never was a great man on earth, except he was a hypocrite, that was not fond of the fair sex. There may be men that are not fond of them, but they are not great men, and all history shows it. I don't see why this man, who is no worse than the rest of us—only he has been discovered and we have not—is to be punished, unless we are to be hypocrites."

This language was used in connection with numerous citations from the Bible of the sensualism of Solomon and David, and with the observation, after mentioning David's crime in regard to Bathsheba, that the very lineage of Christ came from the loins of David. I have never read anything in print that impressed me as better calculated to undermine the morals of young men who have not had a sturdy moral training, and who have been surrounded by the temptations of modern city life, than this plea of Mr. Thompson's, made in behalf of the self-confessed adulterer, Colonel Breckenridge, unless it be the following utterance of Major Ben Butterworth, another of Colonel Breckinridge's lawyers: "The vile contagion," exclaimed Mr. Butterworth, "will not disappear from the hearthstones of the country for a hundred years, and upon those who were to blame for bringing it before the public must the burden rest."

Was moral obloquy ever so brazenly displayed? The source of this immorality, the moral leper who was responsible for this vile contagion, is ignored, but the unmasking of his corrupt life is, in the eyes of Mr. Butterworth, a great sin. This gentleman further continues: "There was no wrong to be righted by this suit. Even to save the lives of the two nominal principals, the uncorrupt judiciary of the country could not afford to deal with such a mass of contagion, nor should the hearthstones of the country have been invaded by it for any purpose."

It seems almost incredible that a man of Major Butterworth's ability should have the hardihood to make such a statement as this—"no wrong to be righted." Was it not a wrong to religion to have such a

man posing as the zealous representative of Christianity, occupying so exalted a place as to be able to stand in the high councils of his church and successfully assail the great, broad, scholarly and profoundly religious Dr. Briggs, because the latter had a broader, nobler, grander and more luminous conception of God? Was there no wrong to be righted when such a moral leper was going unmasked, and might possibly at any moment sink himself into fresh depths of degradation? Was there no wrong against the proud state of Kentucky to be righted by unmasking and punishing the one who had thus trailed not alone his own honor in the dust, but the honor of a noble wife, the honor of a great commonwealth and the honor of a nation? The one great point that must be kept in view and must be strenuously insisted upon, is that the corrupter and not those who expose the corruption should be punished. And he who would shield immorality degrades the society of to-day and establishes precedents which will pollute the society of to-morrow.

Now the hue and cry that has been raised against Mr. Stead's book has been started by this same vicious spirit of conventional immorality on the one hand, and alarmed plutocracy on the other. The book has been represented as vile, coarse and indecent, which reminds one of the fact that Christ was called a wine-bibber and the friend of publicans and sinners, by the hypocrites of His time. As a matter of fact Mr. Stead's book is profoundly religious, and the atmosphere of the work, even while dealing with the flagrant crimes of the day, is not unhealthy. On the contrary, it breathes forth from cover to cover a spirit of sturdy morality.

One may deal with immorality in such a way as to weaken the moral nature of readers who are not firmly fixed in their principles. This, in my judgment, was done by Mr. Thompson when he had the effrontery to declare that no great man had ever lived who "had not had his faults and foibles with women," and tried in his daring plea to minify the crime his client had confessed, *after he had been found out*. But there is another way of dealing with immorality, and that is to unmask it in such a way as to arouse the conscience of the reader, while he shrinks in horror from the sensualism, depravity and moral contagion exhibited. And this fine treatment is characteristic of Mr. Stead's book, "If Christ Came to Chicago." The only hope of redemption lies in fearlessly, bravely and persistently unmasking these evils. The electric light must be turned on, from the executive mansion in Washington down to the saloons, dives and dens in the slums of our great cities, and evil must everywhere be denounced, if the infection of moral degradation is to be checked and the republic saved.

Mr. Stead's book is arranged in five major divisions, as follows: Part I. "The Images Ye Have Made of Me." Part II. "Christ's Metewand in Chicago." Part III. "Satan's Invisible World Displayed." Part IV. "Christ's Church in Chicago." Part V. "What Would Christ Do in Chicago?"

In the first part the author describes the scenes in the police stations, where the penniless, shelterless tramps were huddled together. A chapter is given to Maggie Darling, which is the story of a fallen woman, pitiful as it is tragic, and almost as suggestive as the story which has been unfolded in the notable trial in Washington. "Whiskey in Politics" is a very suggestive discussion of the debauching influence of the rum power in politics. "The Chicagoan Trinity," "Who Are the Disreputables?" and "The Nineteenth Precinct of the First Ward," form three important chapters in this work, which is thrilling as a romance. "The Sheep and the Goats," and "I Was an Hungered and Ye Gave Me Meat," make two striking and thought-provoking discussions.

Part III. and the appendix, however, contain chiefly the matter which has arrayed conventionalism and plutocracy against this book. In Part III., "Satan's Invisible World" is displayed, and the chapters dealing with "The Boodlers and the Boodled," "Dives the Tax Dodger," "Gambling and Party Finance," and "The Scarlet Woman," are terrible revelations of awful facts. They show how low a civilization which worships first the material may sink while only vaguely conscious of its own degradation. Under the head of "The Tyranny of the Assyrian," our author shows how completely the great octopuses which control the natural monopolies of our large cities are robbing the people, while at the same time they treat them in the most insolent manner. In this chapter Mr. Stead observes:—

I have watched the rapid evolution of social democracy in England, I have studied autocracy in Russia and theocracy in Rome, and I must say that not even in Russia in the first years of the reaction occasioned by the murder of the czar have I struck more abject submission to a more soulless despotism than that which prevails among the mass of the so-called free American citizens when they are face to face with the omnipotent power of corporations. "Wealth," said a working man bitterly to me the other day, "has subjugated everything; it has gagged the press; it has bought up the legislature; it has corrupted the churches; even on the universities it is laying its golden fingers; the churches are in its grasp. Go where you will, up and down this country, you will find our citizens paralyzed by a sense of their own impotence." What this man said I have been hearing on every side. In all classes of society there is the most helpless hopelessness, utterly strange to me. The Russian peasant, suffering under a corrupt *technovnik*, who bows his head with the fatalism of his race, does not submit more abjectly to illegal exactions than the American citizen to the endless tyrannies of his plutocratic taskmasters. The American republic, although too strong to be in any danger from without, is now learning that democracies can breed tyrants, and that the conquerors of old, who overran empires for the sake of plunder and impoverished nations to fill their treasuries, have their legitimate heirs and successors in the coalesced plutocracy of the United States.

Mr. Stead then goes on to show exactly how the corporations are plundering and oppressing the people; all of which reminds one of the great octopus of this city—the West End Railway Company. I doubt whether even Chicago is more hopelessly in the hands of Yerkes than the citizens of Massachusetts are in the hands of this corporation. If the number of deaths during the past winter from pneumonia and consumption, due to colds contracted by people being compelled to ride

on the front and back platforms of West End cars in order to reach their suburban homes, could be ascertained, I believe it would startle our people with horror. Living in a suburb of Boston, I was not able during the whole of last winter, when leaving my office at five o'clock or after, to obtain a seat more than half a dozen times, and on most evenings I have been compelled to stand on the front or rear platform of the car, even in the most bitter and disagreeable weather. And this simply because I had to take the car at Copley Square, some distance from the starting point of the lines going near my home. I have complained on the cars, out of the cars, and through the press, of the outrage; but there seems to be a hopeless feeling on the part of the public, which is the most alarming symptom among the evil signs of our times. When men lose faith in the power of all save gold their case becomes hopeless, and it is the mission and duty of every sincere reformer to awaken the public conscience, to instil hope, courage and faith into the hearts of his brethren. We must convince our fellow-men that there is something more potent than gold, and that if each one who feels the responsibility which rests upon him will express that responsibility, the conscience of the nation will be so aroused that the reign of the golden tyrant will speedily come to an end.

A most valuable feature of Mr. Stead's work is the appendix, in which he gives, among other startling facts, some striking illustrations showing how the rich of Chicago evade the taxes. It seems from the assessors' record that fifty-five of Chicago's aldermen pay no personal taxes; while the great millionaires, such, for example, as Marshall Field, George M. Pullman and others, have their horses assessed at twenty dollars each and their carriages at thirty dollars each. Mr. Armour's three carriages are assessed for ninety dollars. It will doubtless strike the farmers of the country as strange that the great millionaire magnates of Chicago keep horses which are assessed at only twenty dollars each, and carriages at thirty dollars. It is well that these facts should be known, for we are facing a crisis in the history of this country, and the only thing which can or will save the industrial millions from a condition of perpetual servitude, will be their uniting as one man, sinking personal feelings and tolerating the hobbies of one another, and closing their eyes to all save the supreme fact that there is arrayed against them an entrenched plutocracy, which is as soulless as it is determined.

I hope that all readers of *THE ARENA* will secure a copy of Mr. Stead's book, and that after reading it they will loan it to their friends. The evils which Mr. Stead describes as existing in Chicago are not peculiar to the Prairie City. It is doubtless true that Chicago is less hypocritical than some of the great eastern cities, but the corruption present in that city is to a greater or less extent present in all the populous centres of America to-day.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF NATURAL LAW.*

While this volume is based upon the author's "Natural Law in the Business World," a book first published in 1887, it is a much larger and substantially a new work. Mr. Wood starts with certain things in his favor. He is an altruist, has grappled with the world as a successful business man, and knows how to express his views clearly. He has given us a book that any intelligent person can read with interest and profit, and one, too, that will prove suggestive to the serious student of economics.

The point of view of the author is disclosed by the following passage:—

The "cause of labor" has been injured by crowding under its banner many fallacies, and even more by the assumption that its interest is naturally antagonistic to that of other social elements. Society is a complex organism, or greater unit, and "when one member suffers, all suffer." The mischievous doctrine of a necessary diversity is largely responsible for prevailing frictions and antagonisms. The fault is not with the "social system," but with abuses which are the fruitage of moral delinquency in personal character. Labor and capital, when deeply defined, melt into each other. The "labor problem" will never be solved by mere sentimental and professional treatment. The laborer often suffers more from the mistaken action of his professed champions than from the natural ills of his condition, and this will continue so long as he is led into a moral and economic antagonism. A deep and diligent search for causes and remedies should take the place of a mere superficial rehearsal of woes. Not only the human constitution, but the world in general, would have to be made over before the chimerical plans of professional "labor reformers" could be made operative. Artifice can never be substituted for evolution and natural law. . . . The recognition of the universality of law is the greatest achievement and inspiration of modern times, and it is not less regnant in social economics than in physical science. Circumstances and conditions change, but the orderly sequences of natural law continue uniform. All improvement must come through a better interpretation of and conformity to its immutable lines.

The great question at issue between capital and labor is, How shall the product be divided? It is a difficult question and the present unrest must continue until a substantial agreement is reached. Deny that society is an organism, look upon it as a jungle where the "survival of the fittest" is the supreme law and the logical foundation for *laissez faire* is laid. Once admit, however, the solidarity of the race, the immense scope of desire and the possibilities of human development, and immediately the life of each individual is split up into two parts; a private or strictly personal part, and a commercial part which stands for the pooling of his life and interests with those of his fellows in the "greater unit." No one would seriously claim to-day that the *whole* life of the individual should be pooled, that the partitions shielding the inner sanctuary of the soul from the gaze of others ought to be thrown down. Where shall we pass the plane of separation, then, in order to define the best practical society? This question can never be settled upon *à priori* grounds alone. Only by means of social experiments interpreted with care and taking into account the stage of growth of a

* "The Political Economy of Natural Law," by Henry Wood. English cloth, large 12mo; pp. 295; price \$1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

society can we discover whether or not a given measure will yield a greater good for the majority. *A priori* reasoning can furnish a presumption in favor of, and inspire us to test an expedient, but it yet remains that the "proof of the pudding is the eating."

Mr. Wood believes that society is already based upon the correct theory; that is to say, that competition is the great, natural, beneficent and only regulator of industrial relations between men, and that as soon as we depart from that we are plunged into chaos. Much remains to be accomplished, as he well and definitely indicates, in the direction of correcting the abuses of corporate management, and he favors profit sharing, but beyond this, he places almost his whole reliance for the betterment of society upon education and the development of individual character, *the main features of society remaining as at present*. He considers the governmental control of the railroads "unworthy of serious attention," though he believes in a measure of municipalism. Now, it is undoubtedly true that the education and character of individuals are factors of great importance, and also that society can be improved by pushing forward along the lines our author lays down, but many believe that the truth that society is an organism affords hints that the pooling of interests and a consequent partial exclusion of competition may profitably go far beyond the limits he assigns. It seems to me a defect of this book that starting with certain laws the author attempts to settle by *a priori* reasoning the momentous question of the proper limits of governmental control, when, as has been pointed out, experience must be our guide. Noting the practical coincidence of the theory of society *as it is* and his theory as to *how it ought to be*, one is tempted to ask whether, all unconsciously to himself, the effort of Mr. Wood through a series of years to conform his life to society *as it is* in order that he might succeed in business, has not made his book a plea for the existing order—with many useful hints as to the means by which antagonistic forces may be harmonized—rather than an independent inquiry into social conditions that starts with the needs of an immortal soul and seeks to recast society so as to contribute to the highest well being of the individual. If I am right in this, one who desires to defend the existing order or to succeed under it will be helped by this book, while those who dissent from its teachings will do well to consider the author's claims.

Space will permit me to touch upon but one other point. While Mr. Wood's appreciation of the universality of law is a most admirable piece of mental furniture—and it is to be regretted that everyone does not possess a duplicate of it—and while he mentions a number of *laws*, he nowhere discloses to us a supreme law out of which all the others are capable of being evolved. It is worthy of consideration whether there is not a *law of self-protection*—suggested, let us say, by the old maxim that "self-preservation is the first law of nature"—that stands in just this relation to his laws of competition, coöperation and centralization?

It is probable that the application of this more fundamental law in the domains of ethics, economics and elsewhere would furnish a missing key and greatly simplify many questions.

T. E. ALLEN.

"ONE DAY"* AS SEEN FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A BAPTIST MINISTER.

Some of the leading characters in this book are Baptists; to that denomination belongs the writer. But whatever may be the particular view of Christian doctrine which one may hold, he must acknowledge that Mr. Hubbard has given the world a powerfully written romance. It is soon read, but not soon forgotten. The author's pen is keen, and from a close study of life, he draws his characters most skilfully. Whether we desire to acknowledge it or not, those pictures are faithful copies of the originals. We may wish that certain things were not true, but the cause of Christianity is not helped and never will be helped by closing one's eyes to actual facts because those facts reveal certain weaknesses on the part of its adherents. We do not believe that that which is truly Christlike, will suffer in the least by the exposure of that which is not, but parades itself as such.

Mrs. Multer is a "perfesser" of religion, and desires every one else to be the same. She does not seem to realize that one may be this, and yet be a stranger to the great essentials of Christianity. Evidently she does not think that a "perfesser" should have a Christlike spirit. Her conception of the religion of Jesus does not prevent her from departing from the truth. She has not grasped the truth taught by the Apostle Paul when he said, "Lie not one to another." She is a busy, bustling woman, and her zeal concerning work on the farm and in the house is so great that she has no time to cultivate those traits of character which make home a heaven, and cause their possessor to be greatly beloved. She could teach her husband how to pray, but she knew not how to train the young lives committed to her care. Mrs. Multer stands as a representative of a very large class of persons whose only knowledge of the Christ lies in the fact that they profess to be His followers. They know His name, but they *do not* know Him. His teachings are a power, but not to them. Those teachings have life, but such persons see nothing but the unarticulated skeleton. The Christ teachings are capable of producing a change in the life, but they are as powerless as a dead dog to the Mrs. Multers. There has come no softening of the nature, no cultivation of the tender and true; on the contrary all is stern and cold and repulsive. Why? The reason is to be found in the fact that there is no genuine knowledge of the true Christ there. True religion is not repelling, but inviting. It is not a cold, icy thing, but something possessing warmth and attractiveness. And this attractiveness appeals to child-

* "One Day," by Elbert Hubbard. Pp. 104; price 75 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

hood and to manhood. If Mrs. Multer had possessed the genuine article, it should — nay, it would — have brought her into closest touch with Edith. It is a sad fact that "a great gulf" seems to be fixed between some parents and their children. Mrs. Multer did not understand Edith at all. There were evidences of a superior character possessed by the child, and it was not chastisement that she needed, but love. If Mrs. Multer could have forced Edith to say something which she did not believe, she would have been satisfied that the child's title to heaven was perfect. It appears as if it never dawned upon the woman's mind that she could help the child quite as much by living an upright life, as by her talk. We cannot wonder that Edith did not care for the kind of religion possessed by her mother. Jesus once said, "Not every one who saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven," and so far as we have solved the problem presented by the lives of the mother and the child, we would rather take our chances with Edith than with the bustling, double-dealing Mrs. Multer.

With rare skill Mr. Hubbard draws the portrait of the child, showing a type of life which contained in it great possibilities for good, and which would have grown to great beauty had it not been misunderstood. The more we study the picture the more it touches the heart, until we long to draw the tired head to our shoulder, and whisper words of cheer as we smooth the fevered brow. Wherever this little book goes, Edith and Jack Marlin will be sure to find a host of friends. Jack was uneducated, and probably did not know as much of doctrine as Mrs. Multer, but he had a warm heart. He understood something of this child's nature, and he saw good in it. Mr. Skifford is a type of those ministers who have more zeal than discretion. The man was superficial, and had an imperfect knowledge of the duties belonging to his office. The true minister of Christ does not torment the dying. No doubt Mr. Skifford thought that he was doing his duty, but it is this conception of duty which has lighted the fires of martyrdom, and resorted to the many forms of inquisitorial torture. We have no desire to tone down the words of Jesus, and make them mean less than they were intended by Him to mean; but it is our opinion that no one will be won to the Christ in a dying hour by the means employed by this preacher of the prairies. We wish that Edith had fallen into other hands, but under the circumstances we were glad when death released her from her persecutors.

The book will be severely criticised, and yet it contains truths which Christian men and women who are "perfessers" will do well to consider. The subtitle is "A Tale of the Prairies," and we have drawn for us with skilful hand pictures of life as it is to be found there. It will bring again to the minds of those who have lived upon "the prairies" scenes of the past. We believe that the book will do good.

J. F. PACKARD.

THOUGHTS AND PASTELS.*

Mr. C. P. Nettleton, the author of this modest little volume, is widely known and highly esteemed by readers of the Pacific Coast, and is not a stranger to the East, since he has contributed to a number of our leading magazines. As a result of an evidently deep life experience and meditation the author has given us his "Thoughts" and six unique "Pastels" or "Picturesque Parables." All who are one with him in "quest of the true" cannot fail to value utterances which inspire a desire for the attainment of the highest conceivable ideals. The following speak for themselves:—

A true man cares not whether his book die or live, save as he cares for the death of falsehood and the life of truth.

Hard it is to feel that what we know would be our best thoughts we cannot express even to ourselves.

Strife for truth is a kind of praise to God.

He who teaches men to think does them a nobler service than he who teaches them all other things combined.

Wouldst thou have thy burdens lightened? Help thy brother in his need, and tenfold shall it be returned to thee.

Gain first God's approval, then thine own, setting thy small watch by the great Regulator, and let the opinion of the world count for naught. Do right; if the world approve, well; if not, thou lovest but a trifle.

The man who is not an optimist is thoughtless or of poor judgment or a knave.

If we are strong and wish it, no thing can injure us, and each thing will do us good.

Many people pray too much in words; the best prayer, the only true prayer, is work.

One reason why persons often feel a great reserve towards others is that the disagreeables are on the surface, and what we wish to say does not harmonize with the externals.

The law of contrast is stronger than the law of harmony. This is one of the reasons why discords are sometimes written in music "that harmony should be prized."

However we may think our ideal man is the combination of the qualities most nearly perfect, of all our acquaintances he is most nearly like ourself.

Troubles and griefs are the rainstorms of the soul.

The wicked man values his reputation, not his character, while the righteous man cares for his character and but very little for his reputation.

Silence is perfection: language and all other material things are imperfect and very annoying at times, but we think of silence and rejoice. I sometimes think God, heaven, eternity, all dwell in silence.

Age petrifies most people as silica hardens wood, but a few resemble the evergreen, which is larger and more symmetrical in old age than in youth.

Love is the great developer of the soul; hence love is the end, the object, of our existence.

The older the body the younger, purer, the soul should be.

A religious man adapts himself to God, while a fanatic adapts God to himself.

Strike your colors to no man. You too are a man, and must live originally for your self and out of yourself.

If life be hard, it is so that we may learn to make it easy.

The more we love a person, the less, as a rule, we feel like talking when in his presence. The very consciousness of being near him is all-sufficient.

More great poems are lived than written.

The highest test of love is the sentiment expressed in this phrase by Mrs. Browning, "You please me when you please yourself."

* "Thoughts and Pastels," by Charles P. Nettleton. Paper: pp. 87. Griffiths Publishing Company, 1035 Howard Street, San Francisco.

True greatness is tolerant of others' scrutiny; the mean soul cannot bear investigation.

The heart that beats strongest for suffering man is the heart best capable of loving God.

The highest joys are inseparable from the greatest griefs, and whether or no both shall affect us for good depends on ourself.

The highest compliment that can be paid to woman is to treat her as a man should be treated: that is, frankly and honestly, with the utmost courtesy and purity.

Simplicity is one of the most necessary and profound studies of life.

Those who object to any one quoting frequently never say anything themselves worthy of being heard, much less quoted.

Almost anything, even fanaticism, is much more forgivable than flippancy.

Probably thought is as substantial to a spirit as material things are to the body.

It is our bounden duty to ennoble ourselves and others. This demands work, but neglect is crime.

HATTIE C. FLOWER.

THE WOMEN'S UPRISING.*

History tells of the age-long struggle of woman to free herself from the dominance of physical and mental might exercised by her brother man until now she stands erect, and as regards absolute freedom is nearing the day when she will attain her full height. Being lifted up she is lifting humanity to sublime altitudes never before glimpsed by the world in general. Mr. Jones holds that "The restless Eve and not the indolent Adam is the parent of civilization," and also claims that as there is no sex in crime there should be no sex in knowledge. "The brain of man and woman should be trained to the maximum." It is constantly being demonstrated that woman, if granted the same opportunities, is capable of achieving, by exercise of an equal amount of brain power, all that man accomplishes.

This fact was made especially apparent by "The Women's Uprising" when their congress convened at the Columbian Exposition, in reference to which Mr. Jones affirms: "After the great triumph of the Parliament of Religions, the most significant thing in the story of these congresses is the fact that they were inaugurated by women." It was estimated by Clarence Young, the secretary of the Auxiliary Congresses, that there were present each day in the great building, ten thousand people, most of them women. "These women were literally gathered from all parts of the globe."

The first thought of all this was the one which I hope will be the permanent one,—how splendid it all was! What a manifestation of power, unexpected, unanticipated. These women arose in their uncounted might like a great volunteer army. . . . As I thought how Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone and others would join with Julia Ward Howe in singing:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
His truth is marching on,"

and listened to the many well-balanced sentences, the poised tones, the kindly accents and ripe thoughts, I saw with the woman of the Genesis story "that the tree was good

* "The Women's Uprising," by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Paper; pp. 25. Unity Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

for food, that it was to be desired to make one wise," and I was glad that "she took the fruit thereof and did eat."

But we render poor homage to these workers when we speak only words of praise and approval. These sisters deserve more than compliments at the hands of their fellow-workers. It is well for them and us to remember that "One swallow does not make a summer"; no more does one week of oration and an uncritical and uncriticised triumph bring the millenium.

Speaking of imperfections he says:—

There was too much fluent speaking unaccompanied by deep thinking and high living. . . . Self consciousness and self seeking are as bad in women as in men, and no worse. And the mingling of outward "style" with sense, prudence and prophecy to be seen at the Women's Congress was pathetic. It was sad to listen to brave challenges from enslaved spirits bound by tradition and fashion to an extent they did not dream of.

Concerning woman's subserviency to "the tyrannies of the dress-maker" he continues:—

The speakers' dresses and their words were jumbled together in a curious way. It was often hard to tell whether the speaker had studied her speech or her costume more carefully. . . . The costly receptions—costly in money, but far more costly in time, in strength and in sense—cheapened the intellectual and moral life of woman's week. They showed that woman is yet but half emancipated, and how utterly incompetent she will be to assume leadership until she has escaped from the toils of the dressmaker and risen above that survival of barbarism which revels in bangles and insults the God-given grace of her matchless body with over-ornamentation. . . .

The eyes of women are turned forward but they are still handicapped in the race. They, as well as the men, have yet to learn the gospel of simplicity, outward and inward. Society must cease to be the tyrant that makes such cruel exactions upon the purses and strength of women.

In referring to the attire of the average gathering of society women he observes:—

These dresses, elongated at the end where drapery becomes a fetter and abridged at the end where drapery belongs as a gracious protection, are incompatible with that normal womanhood that now asks for a place among those who, if they do not by use of hand and brain add to the material wealth of the world and secure their own physical well-being, are in a high and true sense still toilers, because with mind and heart they enlarge the boundaries of thought, widen the horizons of love, ameliorate the miseries of the world.

HATTIE C. FLOWER.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"TOTAL ECLIPSES OF THE SUN," by Mabel Loomis Todd. Cloth, pp. 244; price, \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"BY MOORLAND AND SEA," by Francis A. Knight. Cloth, pp. 215; price, \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"ART FOR AMERICA," by William Ordway Partridge. Cloth, pp. 192; price, \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"THE GENESIS AND EXODUS OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT," by John Hamlin Dewey, M. D. Paper, pp. 93; price 30 cents. Published by E. L. C. Dewey, New York City.

"I AM WELL," by C. W. Post. Cloth, pp. 147. Published by La Vita Inn Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"SUNDAY UNDER THREE HEADS," by Charles Dickens, Timothy Sparks. Paper, pp. 64. Published by Peter Eckler, Publisher, 35 Fulton St., New York.

"POPULAR FRAUDS AND IGNORED TRUTHS," by Runnie Reigh. Paper; price, 25 cents. Published by the Fulton Publishing Company, 40 Somers St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"APHORISMS FROM THE WRITINGS OF HERBERT SPENCER," by Julia Raymond Gingell. Cloth, pp. 170; price, \$1. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"SPRING'S IMMORTALITY, AND OTHER POEMS," by Mackenzie Bell. Cloth, pp. 138; price, 3 s. 6 d. Published by Ward, Lock & Bowden, Limited, Warwick House, Salisbury Square, London.

"RIGHT LIVING," by Susan H. Wixon. Cloth, pp. 202. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"THOUGHTS AND PASTELS," by Charles P. Nettleton. Paper, pp. 87. Published by Griffith Publishing Company, San Francisco, Cal.

"PEBBLES FROM THE PATH OF A PILGRIM," by Harriet B. Hastings. Cloth, pp. 319; price, \$1.50. Published by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

"FOUND GUILTY," by Frank Barrett. Cloth, pp. 339; price, cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 310-318 Sixth Ave., New York.

"MR. BAILEY-MARTIN," by Percy White. Cloth, pp. 318. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., Sixth Ave., New York.

"HOW LIKE A WOMAN," by Florence Marryat. Cloth, pp. 324; price, \$1. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 310-318 Sixth Ave. New York.

"FOR LOVE OF GOLD," by Marie Walsh. Paper, pp. 242; price, 50 cents. Published by the Mascot Publishing Company, New York.

"THE TWO-LEGGED WOLF," by N. N. Karazin. Cloth, pp. 322; price, cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill., and New York.

"A JOURNEY IN OTHER WORLDS," by John Jacob Astor. Cloth, pp. 476. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"WAYSIDE SKETCHES," by Eben J. Loomis. Cloth, pp. 188; price, \$1. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

"FALLEN ANGELS," by One of Them. Cloth, pp. 230. Published by Gay & Bird, 5 Chandos Street, Strand, London.

AN EARNEST WORD TO ALL WHO WOULD USHER IN THE NEW DAY WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I EARNESTLY urge every reader of this issue of THE ARENA to peruse these lines thoughtfully. They are addressed to all who love their country and humanity. We are at the parting of ways. We are in the midst of a crisis, and it is idle longer to close our eyes to the solemn truth. The belief that the settlement must be a bloody one only shows how blunted is the conscience of those in power and authority, and how cheaply human life has come to be regarded by many who shape public opinion in this reputed Christian land. *There is no need for bloodshed.* England has given the world a glorious example of what may be accomplished even in the presence of conditions quite as terrible as those which exist to-day. I repeat, there is no reason why blood should be shed. It is true that in the past both pagan and Christian civilizations have too often sunk to the level of the savage and wild beasts when they should have risen to the heights where justice, love and altruism abide. But that is no reason why we, in the closing years of the nineteenth century, should call the tiger in our being to the front.

The work which impresses me as of paramount importance at the present time, is the welding together of all moral, reformatory and humane forces as rapidly as possible, and the awakening of the conscience of the people. We must oppose brutality in government no less than in individuals. We must demand for the suffering and oppressed the same humanity and justice and the same considerate attention which the "vested interests" demand and receive. We must emphasize the sacredness of human life. We must act as did the reformers of England, when they accomplished in a few years the most remarkable bloodless revolution of modern times. And because this splendid achievement is a finger board for us at the present time, I wish briefly to call attention to the way in which bloodshed was averted, while justice triumphed over the avarice and greed of a favored class and conventional prejudice.

HOW JUSTICE TRIUMPHED AND BLOODY REVOLUTION WAS AVERTED IN ENGLAND.

In the early forties the condition of the wealth producers in England was as bitter as is the condition of our industrial millions to-day. The Whigs or Liberals under Lord Melbourne and the Tories under Sir Robert Peel were as supremely indifferent to the root causes of the misery of the millions as are our politicians to-day. Both parties alike feared the landed interests and coquetted with them while dallying with measures of little value because in no way fundamental in character. The Chartist were few in number and savage in spirit. Their influence in Parliament counted for little. Meanwhile the misery of the people continued; the poor were starving; a profound discontent permeated the wealth producers of Britain; their case, however, appeared so hopeless that their very mentality seemed numbed. The dailies and weeklies of the country which really mould public opinion championed the ever-changing Whig or the Tory policies, but ignored the real root causes of misery and poverty among the industrial masses. The

people were rapidly coming to the point where they longed for the match of bloody revolution to be lighted. The government had tried to crush the popular revolt by brutal methods, by shameful imprisonment of speakers and writers, but every imprisonment added greatly to the forces who were waiting and even eager for revolution. The misérables were saying, "Nothing can be worse than this perpetual fear and this never-ending hunger." Some idea of the bitterness which existed in the public mind may be gained from the following incidents which occurred some little time before the triumph of the peaceful revolution.

Thomas Cooper was lecturing in Leicester. A poor religious stockinger said, "Let us be patient a little longer; surely God Almighty will help us soon." "Talk to us no more about Goddle Mighty," was the fierce cry which came from one of the audience. "There is not one. If there was He would not let us suffer as we do." * About this time a poor man rushed into Cooper's house saying he wished they would hang him; he felt that hanging was preferable to slow starvation. "The disappointment of the people," says Mr. McCarthy, "took the form of infidelity." It was a little before this time that Ebenezer Elliott, the Sheffield poet and blacksmith, wrote an ode to the new queen in which he said:—

Here too, O Queen, thy woe-worn people feel
The load they bear is more than they can bear;
Beneath it twenty million workers reel,
While fifty thousand idlers rob and glare,
And mock the sufferings which they yet may share.

The drama soon will end; four acts are past;
The curtain rises o'er embracing foes,
But each dark smiter hugs his dagger fast,
While Doom prepares his match and waits the close:—
Queen of the earthquake! wouldst thou win or lose?

Now at such a time and when the hope of a peaceful settlement seemed indeed an iridescent dream, a few earnest, thoughtful men banded together and formed the Anti-Corn-Law League. They felt the gravity of the situation; they knew that there was no time to be lost, that only by a tremendous educational agitation, so carried on as to awaken the moral sensibilities and also enlighten the ignorant, could blind, brutal and bloody revolution be averted. These men threw their whole life into the movement; they subscribed liberally and appealed to all men and women of conscience to help them. They raised a large sum and at once began a vigorous campaign, lecturing and holding great political meetings which might have been mistaken for religious revivals, which indeed they were in a much truer sense than many popular church revivals of our time. The presses worked continually. England was literally sown with pamphlets and tracts. A weekly paper was started, for the great opinion-forming dailies for some time held aloof, when they did not scout, ridicule and denounce the cause of the League. What was the result?

The most remarkable economic revolution of modern times followed in the course of a few years. Not only were the Corn Laws overthrown, but England took a noble step in ethical progress, by opening her harbors for the free admittance of the products of other lands and climes. This was a step along the line of human brotherhood; it was a step looking toward the closest federation of the nations of the world; and in spite of the savage opposition, in spite of the gloomy predictions of ruin, it proved a splendid policy. England became the commercial metropolis of the world; the tide turned, and though the victory only represented a moiety of what justice

* Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Time."

demand, it was a positive step in the right direction, and was accomplished peaceably at a time when hate and universal discontent seemed to make bloody revolution inevitable.

Here, then, is a lesson for us. We are in the midst of such a crisis. The public conscience is to a great degree anæsthetized and the moral forces are divided. Armories are going up all over the land. The man who asks for work is called a tramp, and looked upon as a criminal.

Crushed out of their little thought worlds at the period when the plastic brain receives the bent for weal or woe, children are being brutalized when the great republic should be seeing to it that all the windows of their little souls which look heavenward are opened. Hope is being killed, and a life without hope, which has also been brutalized by savage social conditions, cannot fail to become a menace to the government, which is thus cruelly indifferent to conditions which by making for justice would have changed the environment and given the bread of broad, inspiring and helpful education instead of the stone of child slavery.

But the children are not the only slaves. Ah, no. Slavery abounds in city and country: the victim of the sweater; the miners and the serfs of the steel works of the millionaire iron barons; the struggling farmers staggering under the weight of mortgages and despoiled of their wealth by the railway corporations, who insist upon making the producer and consumer pay interest on mortgage bonds and dividends on watered stock, — indeed, slavery very real and thoroughly brutalizing exists above the earth and in the mines. The slums of our cities are growing more populous with each succeeding year. They are already great reservoirs of vice, crime and depravity. They are polluting the current of political life. They are the hotbeds of physical and moral contagion. Men are being driven to theft to save their families from starvation. A feeling of bitterness and discontent is growing everywhere, and with this feeling comes also a conviction that the old method of savage settlement must come. It is not too late to avert this bloodshed if those who love hope and aspire to a truer life will do their duty at this hour as the League in England did in the forties.

The National Union for Practical Progress is rapidly welding together the real moral forces of our country. It is an organization as broad as is humanity; upon its platform any humanitarian can stand. It only asks the social reformer and sincere philanthropist of all schools of thought, and the Protestant, Catholic, Hebrew, Buddhist, agnostic, spiritualist, and indeed the true man of any creed or no creed to leave behind their sectarian, dogmatic or theological views and unite in abolishing the foul cancer spots of civilization, while it educates the people upon the fundamentals of right living and justice — while it teaches men to live the Golden Rule.

NATURE AND SCOPE OF OUR WORK.

(1) *Popular Educational Agitation.* — Already it has created a general agitation of the evils of the sweating system, the tenement house and the saloon. On the second Sunday in June the pulpits of the republic are urged to utter a protest against child labor. In July the subject will be "Public Parks and Playgrounds" for the poor in the congested districts of our great cities; August, "Prison Reform"; September, "Municipal Reform"; October, "The Problem of the Unemployed"; November, "The Ballot Box." It will be seen that these are subjects upon which all sincere men and women can unite. The educational agitation will be of inconceivable value.

(2) *The welding together of "those who love for the service of those who suffer."* — Bring into sympathetic relation the various bodies and organiza-

tions of moral, industrial and social reform, and the result will be a confederation of progress and justice by which just reformative measures can be speedily brought about which otherwise would require years to accomplish; and what is more, this work will cultivate tolerance, or, in other words, will enlarge the horizon of love and justice in the brain of the wealth producer and enable him to see that the cause of one is the cause of all.

(3) *Education of a Fundamental Character.*—The social and economic classes and public discussions of the fundamental demands of justice and good citizenship, will enlarge the moral and intellectual horizon of those who come within their influence, and emphasize alike the dignity of man and the responsibility of the individual citizen.

(4) *Practical philanthropy* carried on as a palliative, together with literary and educational clubs, kindergarten schools, classes for the development of young people, will accomplish a glorious work, bringing the thinker and the sufferer into intimate relationship, and they also will educate and develop many lives which will help lift the world long after we have passed from the stage.

ALREADY AN IMPORTANT AGGRESSIVE BODY.

The National Union for Practical Progress, although so young, has accomplished much. THE ARENA is now seconded by *The Voice* of New York, and *Public Opinion* of Washington is giving generous notices of our Union work. *The Voice* publishes able symposiums and news notes.

I am informed that the president of the Baltimore Union for Public Good, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, who is also a member of the executive committee of the National Union for Practical Progress, drafted a bill against the sweating evil, and with the aid of the Union and Arena Auxiliary Club the measure has become a law. The Union and Auxiliary were also instrumental in securing a law against child labor.

The agitation of the sweating system in Philadelphia has been carried on so vigorously by our Philadelphia Union under the splendid and effective direction of Miss Diana Hirschler, that if a new law is not secured this year it is safe to predict that a bill will pass at the next session. Many columns have been given to this work in the Philadelphia papers, and a strong public sentiment has been worked up.

From all parts of the land come calls for organizers and literature. The harvest is white, but the money required to put the earnest and willing workers into the vineyard is wanting. In view of what has been done and keeping in mind the gravity of social and economic conditions to-day, I feel that a great and sacred obligation rests with every one to help on this work. Do not, O friends, run the risk of waking up in eternity with blood stains on your souls due to your indifference to a movement so practical and beneficent in character which will do more than aught else to prevent the slaughter of human lives.

I do not ask anything unreasonable, but wish to submit a plan with which I believe almost every reader of these lines can comply, and which will enable us to put lecturers and organizers in the field and supply various cities and towns with literature, so that within a year we shall have a union of the moral forces in every town and village from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I earnestly desire the reader to bear in mind that these lines are addressed

TO YOU.

The plan is as follows: I desire you to send in at once your pledge to pay one dollar to the National Educational Fund, to enable us to put organizers and lecturers in the field immediately and to keep them there, and to dis-

tribute literature giving directions for the formation of unions and outlining work. I earnestly urge *you* to fill out the following blank. You will not be called on for the money until *one thousand* pledges have been received. If you desire to pledge more than one dollar I believe it will be the best disbursement of money you will ever make, because I believe it will go farther toward hastening the new day than if expended in any other way.

The Subscription Pledge.

I hereby subscribe one dollar to the Fund for the National Lectureship of the Union for Practical Progress, and will pay the same on demand when the National Treasurer shall have received one thousand similar subscriptions.

I also hereby agree to pay one dollar annually to the same subscription fund.

Signed

City

Street Number *

County

State

When you have filled out your pledge and forwarded it to us, see if you cannot get some friends to follow your example.* If they know you have signed and forwarded your pledge, it will have a good influence on them. There is nothing like showing faith by works. The Arena office has opened this subscription by signing for twenty one-dollar pledges.

Now friends, in the name of the great republic, in the name of peace and a higher civilization, in the name of human brotherhood and for the cause of justice and progress, will you not help us to the extent of at least one dollar?

* We will send as many blanks as you desire.

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WOMEN'S RELIEF ASSOCIATION. Mrs. H. A. L'Engle, president; Mrs. W. H. McKinley, treasurer; Mrs. R. G. Cooley, corresponding secretary.

KANSAS.

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ARENA CLUB AUXILIARY. Meets every Saturday night in the First Congregational church. Rev. Hiram Vrooman, chairman; Charles H. Torsch, treasurer; Rev. E. T. Root, secretary, 2329 N. Calvert St.

PROGRESS CLUB. Open discussions every Sunday at 4 P. M. in Baer's Hall, Fort Ave. and Light St. Daniel T. Orem, president; Mrs. Margaret Quarles, Secretary.

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Culpeper. UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS. Mrs. Orta Langhorne, secretary.

NEWS NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Maryland.—The Union for Practical Progress has won a great victory in Maryland which means a revolution in that state. The Baltimore Union with its affiliated bodies, including Protestant, Catholic and Jewish churches, labor unions and philanthropic societies, urged since February the passage of three bills, all of which have been signed by the governor and are now laws. One of them was drawn up by Charles J. Bonaparte, president of the Baltimore Union, and strikes a death blow to the gigantic sweating evil in Baltimore and the adjoining counties; the second puts an end to gambling by pool selling and the sale of lottery tickets, and the third prohibits child labor. Various measures in behalf of these same reforms have been introduced time and again during the past ten years in the Maryland legislature, but the reformers were as often defeated. A union of the moral forces of Maryland created a power that carried everything before it.

Intercollegiate Debating Union.—A convention of delegates from the great eastern universities, including Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania, was held April 5 and 6 at Columbia College, New York City, and an Intercollegiate Debating Union was formed which intends to take in all the college debating societies of America. Carl Vrooman of Harvard was elected president, and H. U. June of the University of Pennsylvania secretary. The principal feature of the organization will be the simultaneous discussion of a single question throughout the whole country once each month. An attempt will be made to induce the College Union to coöperate with the Union for Practical Progress, both choosing the same monthly topics for simultaneous discussion, thereby adding to the public interest in the subjects presented.

A Foreign Missionary.—Rev. Frank Buffington Vrooman last month resigned his pastorate over the Salem Street Church of Worcester, Mass., and sailed May 5 for England, where he will spend a year as lecturing missionary for the Union for Practical Progress. Through the efforts of Mr. Stead a deep interest in the movement has been aroused on the other side of the water, and it is hoped this first foreign missionary of the new gospel will meet with great success.

Plan for a People's University.—A strong branch Union for Practical Progress has been formed in Newburyport, Mass., and already through its members a large tract of land has been donated for a People's University to be controlled by the Union and dedicated to the new learning and a better social order. The secretary of the Newburyport Union, Rev. R. E. Bisbee, is in charge of the finance committee of the People's University.

The Movement in San Francisco.—We clip the following from a personal letter from Rev. Henry Frank:—

On the following Wednesday evening I addressed a company of people made up of representatives of the Woman's Council, Working Girls' Club, Woman's Federation, Channing Club, Winter Club,

Laurel Hall Club and various other orders, who assembled in the large billiard hall of Mrs. Dr. Cora A. Morse's spacious home. Here the work was done. We had among other local notables, five ministers, four Unitarian and one Jewish. They all threw themselves heartily into the movement and promised cooperation with the work. After an hour's talk by myself, we heard from Revs. Sprague, Doxon and Mrs. Wilkes (Unitarian minister and president of the Woman's Auxiliary), and Rabbi Nietts, a young Jewish priest; the meeting was truly enthusiastic and intensely interesting. We adjourned after appointing Mrs. Dr. Cora Morse corresponding secretary, and Mrs. J. L. Wallace recording secretary.

Rev. Eliza Tupper Wilkes, president of the Unitarian Woman's Auxiliary, volunteers to act as secretary and organizer for Oakland, Cal. Rev. G. R. Doxon volunteers to act as secretary and organizer for Alameda, Cal. They are two noble souls, and under their labors the Union will prosper.

The Working Girls' Club, which I addressed the same evening, is a child of Mrs. Morse's brain and sympathetic heart. She has gathered around her some thirty or forty young women, all employed in business, who meet weekly in her beautiful parlors and receive the inflow of the refining influences they there encounter, as well as the inspiring teachings which Mrs. Morse inculcates. It is a truly noble piece of work, and the earnest woman who is carrying it on deserves a monument for her splendid labors. Many of these girls are of Jewish birth, but are progressive in their ideas, thanks to Mrs. Morse's instructions. On the occasion of my visitation, I was especially honored and enlightened by finding myself associated with Miss Ray Frank, the distinguished woman rabbi, the first Jewish woman who ever spoke in the pulpits of the synagogues. She is a young woman, possessing truly remarkable mental qualities, bordering very much on the masculine order, although her personal manners are thoroughly feminine and fascinating. She delivered a most clear and logical talk to the young women. When she had finished, I presented our cause. The working girls were thrilled with enthusiasm, and quite amazed at the movement; they enlisted their interest in energetic sincerity. Miss Ray Frank cheerfully expressed her interest, and, although the plan was new to her, the promise of her hearty cooperation as far as her busy life would permit.

Since the above was written a large mass meeting has been held in San Francisco which has been liberally reported in the city press. Over three thousand persons were present. It is greatly to be regretted that some of the speakers did not manifest the broad spirit which should have pervaded the meeting, and there was a tendency to air religious prejudice and personal views, which should never be obtruded in such a movement. The great objects of the union work are (1) to unite and not separate moral forces; (2) to carry on a great education and agitation looking toward securing conditions fundamentally just and bringing about in reality a human brotherhood. The discussion of surface evils has its value, and the administration of charity as a palliative is necessary at present; but the advocacy of charity as an ultimate is vicious. The study of social problems with an eye single to what is ethically right or what is just is incumbent upon every man and woman of our time who believes in the Golden Rule.

Denver Union.—Denver has formed a strong Union for Practical Progress; at the preliminary gathering over twenty churches and organizations were represented. Dr. A. M. Holmes, A. M., whose able paper on "Heredit and Environment" appeared in a recent issue of THE ARENA, was elected president *pro tem*. Mrs. Eva Higgins, president of the Colorado W. C. T. U., and Mrs. L. M. Stansbury, of the *Daily News*, were appointed to draw up a platform. Mrs. Higgins has entered earnestly into the work; she is much of the time away from Denver, and in a personal letter says:—"I urge this new work from the platform and everywhere that I have an opportunity to speak for it. I consider it the grandest movement of the century, as no movement heretofore has so concerted the moral forces."

Minneapolis.—This city is moving nobly to the front in Union work. An excellent band of real reformers has been gathered—a more extended account of which will be given later.

New York Notes.—The executive committee of the New York Union is composed as follows:—Rev. Leighton Williams, Mr. Hamlin Garland, Mr. William Howe Tolman, Miss Alice Woodbridge, Mr. W. J. Ghent, Mr. Edward Thineme, Mr. G. B. Waldron, Mrs. Alexander Bremer, Mr. William Scudamore. The vice-presidents are Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, Mr. Louis Compers, Mr. James A. Herne, Rev. B. B. Tyler, Mr. M. R. Levenson. Secretary and treasurer, Miss Ella Levin, 10 East 33d Street.

On April 22, Mr. Samuel L. Batten, of the Municipal Conference, spoke on the Union subject in the Lenox Avenue Union Church. On April 24, Mr. William Howe Tolman gave a most valuable address to the Union for Practical Progress at 10 East 33d Street. Mr. Tolman discussed "The Tenement-House Evil," and exhibited a number of telling views, taken in the crowded districts of New York. On May 15, Mr. E. L. Waldron, of *The Voice*, is to speak before the Union on "The Saloon Evil." On May 17, Dr. Tolman will lecture at the Amity Baptist Church on the Union subject for June. Miss Alice Woodbridge, secretary of the Working Women's Society, will address the Union on the same subject June 12.

The work is being steadily pushed, and the Union is drawing together a band of earnest and broad-minded men and women who are practical and sincere reformers.

Our subject for pulpit discourse and agitation this month is "Child Labor." The theme is ably treated elsewhere. In this connection I had hoped space might permit my giving Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children" and some other lines from the poets in behalf of the little ones, but I find it impossible. Would it not be a fit prelude to a discourse to read Mrs. Browning's touching lines?

NEW YORK MUNICIPAL PROGRAMME NEWS.

NEW YORK'S SALOONS.

The above was the subject discussed at the sixth Municipal Conference, in the Amity Building, New York, on March 29. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the poet, and editor of *The Century*, presided. He said there was no subject on the programme more important, more interesting and more complicated.

Mr. Robert Graham, secretary of the Church Temperance Society, spoke of "Saloon Substitutes." These include: (1) Teetotum Clubs, at a subscription of ten cents a week, controlled entirely by their members, selling good refreshments at cost, but not intoxicating liquors; these to provide pool and billiard tables, bowling alleys, reading rooms, news rooms and library, and a hall for dancing, concerts and lectures. (2) Saloons on the Swedish system, placing the trade in the hands of a corporation of good standing, with limited profits, not possible in New York while interest in good government is so small. (3) Coffee houses on the English plan, established on share capital. (4) Good government clubs, political but non-partisan, aiming at clear and honest government and the control of the fittest, believing that the saloon is the worst place in which to hold primary elections, and a saloon its most dangerous controller.

Mr. Morris Tekulsky, president of the New York State Liquor Dealers' Association, came late, and wished an abstract of Mr. Graham's opening arguments. This Mr. Graham gave in a loud voice, turning to Mr. Tekulsky: "I have said that we need a substitute for the saloon because their number is out of all proportion to the needs of the most densely populated districts; because the wealth of the saloon keeper is the highest measure of the poverty of the people; because 6,000 of the 7,500 saloon keepers of New York, according to your own words, Mr. Tekulsky, are criminals, who regularly break the Sunday law and take their chances of punishment: because in municipal government the saloon keepers are political bandits, selling their votes to the highest bidders; because in state affairs, by your own admission, you recognize the supreme authority of Richard Croker, and are by him nominated to the state constitutional convention."

Mr. Tekulsky said he would not indulge in personalities, but would read his paper on "Improved Saloons." He said in part: Reading papers to conventions of reformers is not exactly in my line. The liquor dealer is a man engaged in lawful business, and as such is entitled to be heard. Had there been frank conferences between us, long ago the state of the business would have been much improved. It will be agreed that man is a social animal. He enjoys himself among congenial companions, and for ages has been improving the conditions and opportunities of social intercourse. The saloon is one of the great answers to this universal feeling after fellowship. It was founded for this purpose, and has been developed along this line. Of course it is not a perfect answer, but there are objections to nearly every human institution under the sun. The saloon is not what it ought to be, but it is a great improvement over what it was, and under right and reasonable legislation it would be greatly advanced. We assume that the saloon is here to stay, that the question is not on impossibilities, how to get rid of the saloon—for that will only be accomplished by getting rid of human nature—but how to make it a better institution, how to improve it, how to remove first of all its objectionable features, and after that how to make it admirable. No business is so often meddled with by theorists and reformers and fresh legislators. Legislation should not be so frequently altered or modified. Sometimes our critics condemn us for making our stores attractive, and furnishing them with taste. The same thing is done by every other profession; even the churches put the best foot forward. The Gothenburg system may work in Sweden, but would make things worse in New York by bringing the saloon still more into politics. In reply to a question from Mr. Gilder, Mr. Tekulsky said the way to take the saloon out of politics was to abolish the Sunday laws.

Mr. George B. Waldron of *The Voice* favored state-owned saloons, on the ground that while still permitting the individual to obtain his favorite beverage such a system would destroy the saloon, the present greatest menace to the city. He would have the state establish dispensaries wherever the majority of the people of the community demand, for the sale of liquors by a salaried official of the state, under the

restrictions named by the people themselves, the liquor to be guaranteed as to quantity and quality, and furnished by the state at actual cost. Referring to the State Dispensary system of South Carolina he commended it for having broken the political power of the saloons and for having diminished the sale of liquor fully one half, but criticised it as failing at one vital point, in that it attempted to make a profit out of the dispensary, for he claimed that liquor sold at actual cost would drive out illegal sales. He considered it much better that the state carry on the liquor business than that it be placed in the hands of a private company in each municipality as under the Gothenburg system, because he believed that state control offered less opportunity for jobbery and would much more certainly remove the business from the manipulations of Tammany. He emphasized the local features of his proposed plan of state control as permitting each community to have what the public sentiment of that locality demanded, and at the same time preparing the way for the final prohibition of the traffic.

Rev. Palmer S. Hulbert read a paper prepared by Dr. David J. Burrell, on "No Saloons." It was a brief denunciation of the drink traffic, containing such sentences as: Over ninety per cent of all criminals are made by the sleek individual in shirt sleeves, with a diamond blazing from his shirt front, who stands behind the bar. Saloons are licensed to make the world a hell and then to fill a hell below. "Rum is a demon foul as filth and black as night. With such an institution there must be no compromise; it must be war to the knife and the knife to the hilt.

Question time was very lively. Mr. Tekulsky was severely quizzed, but held his own fairly well.

Mr. Jerome Taylor said that those who took intoxicating liquors in some form are at present in the vast majority. The saloon keepers are only the agents of the people, and we have no right to attack them.

Rev. Leighton Williams said we must remember that old habits are hard to cure. The Conference provides a platform for the discussion of the saloon question as related to good municipal government. What the majority of the voters demand that they will have. Slavery was not abolished before the time was ripe for it, and if the saloon is ever to be abolished it cannot safely be done until the time is ripe.

NEW YORK'S AMUSEMENTS.

"New York's Amusements" was the subject discussed at the seventh Municipal Conference in the Amity Building, New York, April 12. Mrs. Lozier, ex-president of Sorosis, presided, and said the programme of the evening was philosophically arranged to meet the demand for play as well as for work.

Rev. Walter Rauschenbusch discussed "Winter Swimming Baths." The number of swimmers taken in the free floating baths anchored off the river front in the summer months was three and three quarter millions; one third by women, far exceeding the number in any other city. In the eight winter months, except a small tank or two in connection with expensive baths, there is no provision for a swim. The municipality of Birmingham, Eng., maintains five public swimming baths for men and women, open all the year round. The wash bowl and bar of soap of New York's tenements is a poor substitute for this, especially where a family and its lodgers are crowded into one or two rooms. In the next census one of the questions should be, When did you take your last full bath? New York ought to have a public bath house, open all the year round, in every ward of the town. There should be a vestibule, with waiting rooms, and the baths should be well heated, lighted and ventilated, neatly tiled and decorated with plants. The second floor should have private and shower baths, and on the third floor, accessible both from the men's and women's baths, should be a lunch room with light refreshments served at small cost. The cost of a bath should be five cents, with cheap tickets for the schools. From European figures Mr. Rauschenbusch showed that this might easily pay expenses. Political jobbery might result; very probably. The remedy for the wretched condition of things is not to withhold everything of importance from public management, but to commit to public management affairs so important and touching the welfare of the people in so constant and vital a way, that any mismanagement will cause every one inconvenience. Then the dear public will learn the art of scientific political growling, and officials will no more dare to meddle with the public railways or public baths.

Rev. S. Z. Batten advocated "Playgrounds and Gymnasias for the People." Fully three fourths of the people of this city live in tenements. The effects of tenement life are seen in the third generation, in the lack of the red, rich blood of healthy manhood. This means lack of brain power and energy of will. Many thus sink down to recruit the already large army of criminal and dependent classes. Model tenements have been erected in various English cities, and some of these are provided with an inner court that is used as a playground. In various parts of the city there are car

stables and power houses. These are usually low, flat-roofed structures, and at small expense could be transformed into safe, healthful and delightful playgrounds and roof gardens. Large parts of Manhattan Island are yet unimproved. Many of these lots are held for speculative purposes. The owners grow rich on the unearned increment, and return the community no benefit. These lots, so long as they are vacant, could easily be used as playgrounds. The direct purchase of land for this purpose will cost large sums; no money could be better expended. The cost of saving the children is a trifle compared to the cost of letting them go to the bad. We are building a great city, but we do not want to fill it with little men. In closing Mr. Batten quoted a saying from the Talmud, "The world is to be saved by the laughter of school children."

Mrs. Amy Sinnett Scudamore read a paper on "Reading Rooms and Libraries." The circulating library came into existence to bring together the home world and the world of literature. The library supported by subscription is very well if you could always get it at the time and place wanted, but experience shows you can not. Besides an endowment is not thoroughly democratic. We do not want to depend on charity for our reading, and there is something unpleasant in depending on the money of millionaires. We want to read our own books, from our own libraries, supported by ourselves and free to all. Under the law of 1886, which permits grants to public libraries, New York City gave \$40,000 this year to three libraries, while Boston gives \$100,000 to its free public library, besides supporting nine others, and Chicago \$113,000. As the city now gives more than half of the total income of the three libraries which receive appropriations, full control by the city was urged. The city alone is capable of taking the libraries in hand, extending them where necessary, and giving them an adequate income. The public library of the future must provide comfortable accommodations in well-lighted rooms. There should be special rooms for games and conversation. Each reader should then take an interest in the library, whose expense accounts should be published in the papers and general comparisons made with other cities.

Dr. William Howe Tolman read a paper prepared by Dr. W. A. Duncan, of Syracuse, on "Recreation and Evening Schools." The "continuation school" extends educational facilities to children of both sexes, usually the period between thirteen and eighteen. The schools are held mostly in the evening and are also called "recreation," because the time is chiefly so spent. The system is now so successful in England that it receives the recognition of the government, which has prescribed a code for it. The "continuation school" fills the gap between the close of the common school and the beginning of university extension. In London there are 120 of these schools with a staff of 2400 volunteer teachers. A vast amount of good is accomplished by using at night the playgrounds of the public schools, especially in the summer. There is no reason why the machinery of our public schools should not be used more extensively by a second set of pupils at night.

The secretary, Mr. William Scudamore, referred to a press criticism that discussion is not wanted, but votes. True, but the problem is how to get them. Several good organizations for voters exist, but until public sentiment is aroused by pointing out what our city might do and what other cities have done, votes will not be forthcoming.

Mrs. Lozier said there is a supply of voters for good government ready at hand in the as yet unenfranchised women.

Mr. Mornay Williams referred to a bill lately passed enabling the city libraries to work together in various ways.

Rev. Leighton Williams said the conferences are a distinct forward movement along many lines. The programme put forth is positive and constructive and not negative and destructive. This is an important point. Mere attacks on existing evils do more harm than good by causing bitterness and disuniting the community. The whole of the community is to blame, and not merely the politicians or any other class.

NEW YORK'S NEEDS.

"New York's Needs" was the subject of the eighth conference at the Amity Building, New York, April 26. Mr. W. Harris Roome, president of the City Reform Club, took the chair, and said that the programme of the evening was not destructive but constructive. It suggests means of bringing about an acceptable and beneficial government. Public officials are very sensitive to public opinion. Public opinion must be educated and then united in the securing of a practical programme. In the time coming there will still be parties in city politics, but they will be parties divided on city questions alone.

Dr. W. Howe Tolman, secretary of the City Vigilance League, discussed "Lava-tories and Mortuaries." He said he did not blame the bosses for our bad govern-

ment, but blamed the people for being so indifferent and so apathetic. If popular government has any meaning, it means provision for the civic comfort and recreation of the people. In our city the convenience of the people is not consulted, but the time has come when we demand that our reasonable wants be supplied by our public servants. The Conference has now entered upon the positive part of the programme, and I am to discuss two of the elements. What provision is made for the necessity of public conveniences in the leading cities of America? Boston has twenty-one lavatories, Philadelphia six, Chicago none and New York City five. In England, Birmingham has ninety-six lavatories, Liverpool 222, while Tom Mann has written that London makes such provisions as a matter of course. But five is not the total number for the city; to ascertain how many there are you must know the number of the saloons. One of the greatest blows that can be struck at the evil influence of the saloons will be the insistence that the city shall provide lavatories in every election district, and in some cases in every block. Every lavatory opened is a lessening of the evil of the saloon.

A mortuary is a place where the dead may be taken previous to burial. For the most part the mortuary is used by those who are poor, by the dwellers in the tenements. In the most densely populated part of our city, where there are large numbers of families each living in one room, the establishment of a mortuary would be of inestimable service. There are no public mortuaries of any kind in New York City. The undertakers' store or private vaults are the only accommodations for the dead. A passage was read from a novel of Helen Gardener's showing the shocking results of this want of provision. In the crowded tenements respect to the dead is an impossibility, and blunted sensibilities, not to say ill health and infectious diseases, are the result. It is true this is only a palliative, but each step to the realization of the ideal, considered by itself, is only a palliative.

Mr. John P. Faure, secretary of St. John's Guild, dealt with "Baths and Wash houses." After tracing the history of baths and speaking of the public baths of Europe, he said the fourteen floating baths on the river front of New York city were authorized by the legislature between 1868 and 1888. On June 3, 1889, the legislature authorized the building of nine additional floating baths, actually designating the location of four of them, yet only one of these is thus far constructed. Chapter 473 of the Laws of 1892 authorized "any city, village or town in the state to establish public baths and to loan its credit or make appropriations for the purpose." New York City has so far made no use of this important law. A few private charities have done their best to provide baths.

The introduction of wash houses, to which England has given much attention, is yet to receive its initiation here. By wash houses we mean a place where laundry work of a family compelled to occupy contracted quarters can be done by one woman with the aid of steam power, machinery wringing and steam drying, all at a minimum of cost; the effect being to relieve the cramped household from the discomforts necessarily incident upon the laundry work needed by the family. It is to be hoped that a wise municipality will soon make the first move in this direction, so greatly needed by New York's crowded population.

In the absence of Mr. Charles B. Stover, who was busy fighting for the trades unionist rapid transit bill at Albany, Mr. Edward King discussed "Rapid Transit." He said the labor men had actually succeeded in passing their bill last year, but it was shelved by a formality—the clerk had not time to copy it. The bill provided for a popular vote as to whether the city should build and own the railroad, or lease it to a private corporation. In the latter case there is to be another referendum vote, whether the city is to operate, and in any case the interests of the city are well provided for. The labor men had kept hard at work and had nearly succeeded in passing the bill this year, but the chamber of commerce suddenly woke up and wished to get the credit of it. They sent another bill to Albany, backed by the City and Good Government Clubs. This bill was racing with the people's bill. The chamber of commerce bill contained no referendum clause, and provided that private capital should have the first chance at rapid transit. Honorable Abram S. Hewitt and other supporters of the bill fought the referendum bitterly. They did not really trust the people. The entire press, with the exception of one paper, had backed the chamber of commerce and grossly misrepresented the labor bill and its supporters. The chamber of commerce bill has been transformed in the legislature by the introduction of the referendum clause, the chief bone of contention. Ex-Mayor Hewitt is now strongly in favor of the city building and owning the road. This shows the progress municipal socialism is making, for in 1886 the George movement, which was not at all a single tax movement but a movement for municipal socialism, found its bitterest opponent in Abram S. Hewitt.

Mr. J. P. Kohler, of the Manhattan Single Tax Club, read a paper entitled "Conditions Precedent to Municipal Reform." It argued for the abolition of all taxes but

the tax on land values. This would solve the social problem by adding rent to wage.

Rev. Leighton Williams, treasurer of the Conference, said one of the objects of the Conference is to educate public opinion. Another is to unite all the reform elements. The rapid transit battle at Albany, with labor on one side and the Good Government Clubs on the other, shows the hopelessness of victory until we are united. We can none of us have our own ideas alone represented. Each must sacrifice. He stood with Mr. King in saying that the people must be trusted. If you do not, you might as well count out the United States at once.

Mr. Roome, the chairman, in closing the Conference, said the practical question was, "What is each of you as an individual going to do about all this?"

UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS LECTURE BUREAU.

No department of the work of the Union for Practical Progress is of greater importance than its Lecture Bureau. In the interest of this bureau the national committee proposes to come into friendly relations, through correspondence, with the various reform agencies in every city, town and village of America.

By arranging carefully planned routes for the lecturers and keeping them busy five or six nights each week, and by a system of frequent stops, thus avoiding long-distance rides, the expense can be reduced to a minimum, and the best talent can be placed within reach of the smallest towns and villages everywhere. There is no reason why our Union Bureau cannot be made the most extensive and perfect lecture bureau in the world. Now is the time for churches, reform societies, radical clubs and interested individuals everywhere to correspond with us concerning speakers, dates and terms.

During the summer months it may be well to arrange out-of-door mass meetings wherever possible. But the great educational campaign will begin in September. It is our intention by that time to have routes planned for lecturers and organizers in the extreme Western and Southern states, as well as in the Eastern cities, and it is desirable that the dates be fixed as far ahead as possible. Among the lecturers who have already been engaged for the coming season by this bureau are the following:—

1. Hamlin Garland—author, poet, reformer. His lectures deal especially with economics and the causes of poverty.
2. Duren J. H. Ward, D. D., A. M., Ph. D. (titles from Hillsdale, Harvard and Leipsic Universities respectively), for two years Travelling Fellow of Harvard University in Europe, recently lecturer at Harvard on the History of Philosophy, for three seasons lecturer on Anthropology in Harvard Summer School, superintendent Working-men's School, New York, member of New York Academy of Anthropology and founder of the Evolution Lectureship, which has for its object the spread of the scientific attitude by sermons from the standpoint of modern natural science.
3. Prof. George D. Herron, occupying the chair of Applied Christianity in Iowa College, and author of "The New Redemption" and "The Christian Society."
4. Rev. E. T. Root, Baltimore, Md.
5. Rev. S. W. Sample, Minneapolis, Minn., an eloquent, intensely earnest and deep student of social questions.
6. Rev. Alexander Kent, pastor of the People's Church, Washington, D. C., a strong, logical speaker.
7. W. D. McCrackan, A. M., author, Boston. Especially familiar with everything that relates to the Swiss methods of government, such as the referendum, the initiative, and proportional representation.
8. Prof. D. S. Holman of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, the celebrated microscopist and inventor of the tele-microscope and other scientific instruments. A special card where a pay lecture could be arranged and made to cover the entire cost of his visit. With his wonderful tele-microscope he reveals the marvels of science on canvas so that they can be understood by children. He also shows the beauties of art and nature in an entirely new and fascinating manner by means of his instrument, explained in a scholarly and interesting way. He can either give his feast in the wonderland of science, and during the same evening present the objects of the new movement, or he can deliver a pay lecture the first night followed by a social reform mass meeting upon the next.
9. Percy M. Reese, the celebrated lecturer on Roman art. His lectures on "Rome and America" and "Slavery Old and New," illustrated with stereopticon, cannot help producing the most vivid impressions on any audience, and convincing them that the basis of American civilization is being destroyed by the same evils that caused the downfall of Rome.

10. Miss Diana Hirschler, president of the Young Women's Arena Club of Philadelphia.

11. Four of the six Vrooman brothers, Revs. Harry, Walter and Hiram, and Mr. Carl Vrooman. Men who are earnest and zealous for a new and higher civilization; they can occupy a Christian pulpit, a secular platform, or a stand for an out-of-door mass meeting with equal ease, thoroughly conversant with every phase of the great social problem. They speak entirely extemporaneously, and have the peculiar gift of contagious enthusiasm.

Address all communications in this line to U. P. P. Lecture Bureau, Room 16, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.



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